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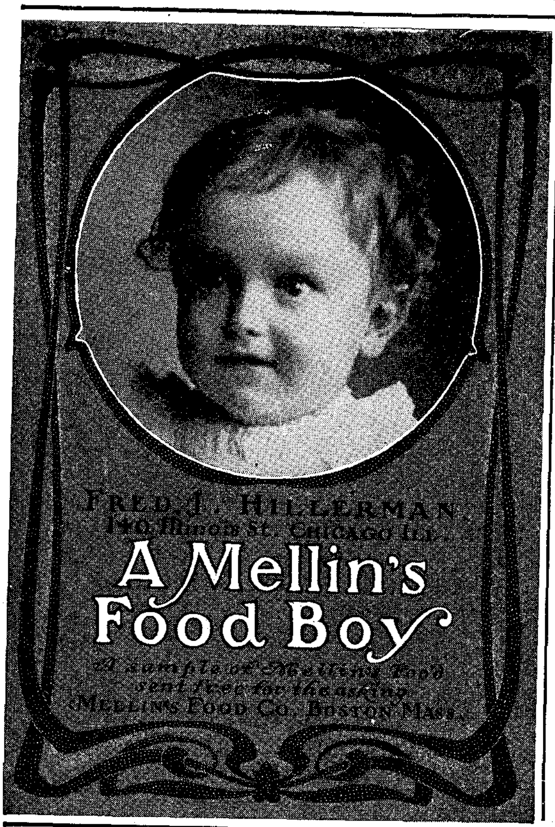

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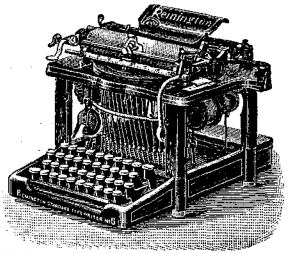

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The Outlook's Washington Representative The scene of public interest has changed within the last four years three times: first it was in Cuba, then in the Philippines, then in China, now it is in Washington. Cuba is free and independent under a *quasi* protectorate of the United States Government; the Philippines belong to the United States, and the Filipinos are our subjects, declared to be so by the Supreme Court of the United States; the Chinese problem is not settled, but it is dormant. The present pressing questions are, How are the authorities at Washington going to act toward our colonies, and what is their attitude respecting other matters quite as vital to the moral and political well-being of the Nation—respecting trusts; respecting irrigation in the West, out of which land monopoly might easily grow if the irrigation works are permitted to become private property; respecting the race problem in the South, in so far as this is a National question; respecting foreign nations in the new world-relations into which we are brought with them? The same reasons which led to our appointment in successive seasons of a representative in Cuba, the Philippines, and China have led us now to secure Mr. George Kennan to act as our representative in Washington for the next six months. He will not be, in the ordinary sense of that term, a Washington correspondent; he may or may not write Washington letters; but he will keep us in personal touch with all that is going on at the capital, informing us not only of public events but of currents of opinion, and enabling us to interpret them, or interpreting them himself, in editorial utterances, that our readers may know what their representatives are doing. Mr. Kennan needs neither indorsement nor introduction to American readers. He has gone to Washington in the spirit in which he went there for us, for the purpose of making an official investigation into the Philippine problem, last February, when he wrote, "As a newspaper man, I undertook this investigation without political or partisan bias of any kind;" and we are confident that he will be received by President Roosevelt's Administration as he was by President McKinley's, from which, as our readers may remember, he received the official assurance, "We have nothing to conceal, and want you to have everything we have." The acceptance by Mr. Kennan of this commission furnishes our readers the best possible guarantee of accurate, prompt, and unprejudiced information concerning the course of public events and the National prospects for the future, during the coming winter and spring.

⁂

Secretary Shaw A week ago it became known that, for family and business reasons, Secretary Gage was about to give up the Treasury portfolio, a decision not due to disagreement between himself and President Roosevelt, for the President, in common with all Americans, has had hearty admiration for Mr. Gage's great ability and integrity. In seeking a new Secretary, Mr. Roosevelt turned to Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, who has won National recognition by his independent administration. When Mr. Crane declined, the President turned to another Governor, one who also comes from a little town of less than four thousand inhabitants. Dalton, Mass., and Denison, Iowa, have given to their respective States Governors who represent exactly the sort of statesmen typified also by the President of the United States. These three men are of the kind that the people like to have in politics. Governor

Shaw, who has now accepted the Treasuryship, has been a lawyer, banker, and business man. In a demoralized community, financially, he insisted on upholding the gold standard. He sprang into much prominence in the Presidential campaign of 1896, and in the following year, not only at the Indianapolis Currency Reform Convention, but also in his personal campaigns, for he had now become the inevitable candidate for Governor. No sooner did he become Governor than he began reforms which have commanded the indorsement of all Iowans, whether Democrats or Republicans; among the most important being the institution of a "Board of Control" supplanting separate bodies of trustees and commissioners which had previously managed—or mismanaged—the various charitable and penal institutions of the State. The new Board consists of three members, who give all their time to the work, and who are held responsible for everything. The result has been a marked gain in efficiency and economy. We hope that Governor Shaw's administration of the Treasury will be equally noteworthy.

❀

Secretary Gage's Plan for a Bank of Banks We have already referred to Secretary Gage's recommendation in his report to Congress that a central bank should be established, not as a creation of the Government, but as a federation of individual bank units. In a speech before New York City bankers Mr. Gage has now explained his scheme in detail. The new bank may be called a bank of banks. It would be organized by permitting each of the four thousand-odd National banks, with their billion dollars capital, in the proportion of five per cent. to each bank's individual capital, to subscribe to the capital stock of the new institution, thus providing a fund of about fifty million dollars; each thousand dollars' worth of stock would be entitled to a vote; the stockholders would elect the directors, and the directors the officers; the bank would not receive the accounts of business firms and corporations, but only those of the constituent banks; it would establish banks at different points, and act as a depositary of Government public moneys, especially at points where subtreasuries now exist, these institutions being entirely abolished; in times of emergency the bank would have the exclusive right to issue notes to the extent of four times its capital, or, say, two hundred million dollars; it would supervise its stock-holding members, having power to make the examinations now made by the Comptroller of the Currency; finally, the Government would not be represented in the directory or the management. In the judgment of The Outlook this last provision will immediately prejudice popular opinion against the plan. Most men believe that any federation of banks ought to be directly under Government supervision, and perhaps ought to have a Government head. Of the two classes interested in banking and currency, the bankers and the people, the latter have still a stubborn conviction that banks ought not to regulate the currency, that a particular class ought not to control the people's money. The Gage plan, therefore, will hardly meet with any immediate general acceptance.

❀

The Isthmian Canal The resignation of M. Hutin as President of the Panama Company, and its acceptance, are regarded, we presume with reason, as equivalent to a decision on the part of the stockholders to sell the Panama Canal Company's property to the United States at the valuation placed upon it by our Isthmian Canal Commission, namely, forty millions of dollars, provided the United States is willing to purchase the property at all. It is reported, we hope correctly, that Mr. Hepburn, who has introduced into Congress the bill authorizing the President to proceed at once with the necessary preparations for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, proposes to amend the bill so as to allow the President in his discretion to enter into negotiations for the purchase of the Panama Canal. It is clear that no sentimental considerations should prevent the United States Government from selecting and constructing the best possible canal route. The real or supposed popular prejudice in favor of the Nicaragua route ought not to stop us from taking advantage of the Panama route, if that is the better one. The Isthmian Canal Commission put their choice of the Nicaragua route largely, if not wholly, on the ground that "the price fixed by the Panama Canal Company for a sale of its property and franchise is so unreasonable that its acceptance cannot be recommended by this Commission." It seems to us that, under the changed circumstances, the wisest course for the Government to pursue would be to ask the Isthmian Canal Commission which, in their judgment, would be the better route, supposing the Panama Canal could be purchased at the valuation which the Commission has put upon the property. The Outlook would be inclined to accept their judgment on this question, if it were unanimous, as decisive. To a layman, however, the advantages of the Panama Canal route appear to be very considerable. The price of maintenance and administration, the Isthmian Canal Commission tell us, would be something more than fifty per cent. less than that of the Nicaragua route. The perils in transit will be less, and the consequent insurance will be less. The Panama route can be made into a sea-level canal if in the future such a change should be warranted. Finally, all the difficulties of the Panama Canal are fully comprehended, while experience has demonstrated that the most careful surveys do not always bring to light difficulties involved in actual construction; so that the problems presented by the Nicaragua Canal are still necessarily somewhat unknown. These advantages of the Panama Canal over the Nicaragua Canal do not seem to be counterbalanced by the mere fact that the Nicaragua Canal makes a two days' shorter route between New Orleans or Galveston and the Pacific coast, nor by the hypothesis that the Nicaragua Canal, because nearer our coast, would be more easily protected in time of war.

❁

The Rebuke of General Miles The regulations governing the Army of the United States provide that "deliberations or discussions among military men, conveying praise or censure, or any mark of approbation, toward others in the military service . . . are prohibited." Lieutenant-General Miles, in a published interview respecting the decision of the Court in the Schley-Sampson investigation, said: "I think Dewey has summed up the matter in a clear and concise manner, and I believe his conclusions will be indorsed by the patriotic people of the United States. I have no sympathy with the efforts which have been made to destroy the honor of an officer under such circumstances." The President has called General Miles to account for this interview, by a letter from the Secretary of War, which, while perfectly courteous in its tone, is perfectly explicit in its rebuke. An explanation of the published statement was first called for, and the explanation is declared by the Secretary of War to be "not satisfactory." He says:

> You are in error if you suppose that you have the same right as any other citizen to express publicly an opinion regarding official questions pending in the course of military discipline. The established and invariable rules of official propriety necessary to the effective discipline of the service impose limitations upon the public expressions of military officers, with which your long experience should have made you familiar. Your duty is to express your opinion on official matters when called upon by your official superiors or in the due course of your official reports and recommendations, and not otherwise.

If any reader is inclined to say that this rule puts a limitation upon the right of free speech, the answer is that official positions do involve a limitation upon the right of free speech, and that, although for different reasons, it is as improper for a member of the army or navy to enter into a public discussion of such matters as for a member of the Supreme Court to discuss out of court legal questions which may be submitted to him. The Secretary of War states this principle with great clearness:

> Any other rule of action in the military service would be subversive of discipline. It would not be tolerated in a subaltern, and it will not be tolerated in any officer of whatever rank. . . . It is of no consequence on whose side your opinion was, or what it was. You had no business in the controversy and no right, holding the office which you did, to express any opinion. Your conduct was in violation of the regulation above cited and of the rules of official propriety, and you are justly liable to censure, which I now express.

❁

Its Beneficent Effect This action of the President and the Secretary cannot fail to have an excellent effect upon the army. Like the previous affirmation of the President that personal and political influence would not count in the matter of promotions, it gives public notice to all concerned that the discipline of the army will be maintained, that the highest officers will be held to the same standards as their subordinates, and that no rank, however eminent, will prevent an officer who disregards army regulations from being called to account for so doing. A few personal and political friends of General Miles may resent the merited rebuke; the great mass of the American people and of the army will be alike glad that it has been administered and sorry that it has been deserved. Not the least value in Secretary Root's letter is the emphasis which is unconsciously put upon the subordination of the military to the civil authority. Such a letter would be impossible in either France or Germany. Coupled with the unofficial announcement that the President will veto any resolutions that Congress may pass concerning the miscalled Schley-Sampson controversy—miscalled because the two Admirals have taken little or no part in it—it will go far to put an end to a continuance of an unseemly wrangle which has brought discredit on the service and dishonor to the Nation. This rebuke of General Miles cannot possibly be construed as partisan action; if any one were disposed so to regard it, the impression would be removed by the fact that the Administration has acted with equal severity toward Mr. Edgar S. Maclay, the author of the history of the navy which contained an unwarrantable accusation of cowardice against Admiral Schley. Mr. Maclay at first declined to comply with a request for his resignation as a "special laborer" in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, holding that the civil service rules entitled him to a hearing on definite charges. President Procter, of the Civil Service Commission, in reply to a request for information from Mr. Maclay, has stated that the rule referred to was intended only to prevent political removals or removals upon secret charges, and that no issue of this kind was involved in Mr. Maclay's case.

❀

Negotiations with the Vatican

The rumor that the United States Government is considering the question whether it will send an Ambassador to the Vatican may be dismissed as an illustration of the kind of gossip on which newspaper correspondents sometimes feed their readers when there is paucity of real news. To send an Ambassador to the Vatican would be to recognize the Pope as a sovereign, and thus give official approbation to his claim to temporal power. This would entangle us in a question which does not concern us, and in which we should take no part; and it may be taken for granted that the Administration has no such purpose. Neither England nor America is represented by an Ambassador at the Vatican, and neither is likely to be. We hope, however, that the way will open for the Administration to send a special envoy to negotiate with the Vatican respecting the friars' lands in the Philippines. Whether the title to those lands is vested in the friars as independent corporations, or in the Roman Catholic Church, we do not undertake to determine; but it is certainly of the first importance that such a disposition of this perplexing question should be made as will be satisfactory, in the first place, to the Filipinos, in the second place to the Roman Catholic Church, and, in the third place, to the people of the United States. We do not believe that it will be found difficult to satisfy the American people. It is very clear that the purchase of the friars' lands and their sale or lease to the cultivators of the soil will be eminently satisfactory to the Filipinos. The only real difficulty presented in the case is to make the purchase not only on such terms but in such method as will be reasonably satisfactory to the Roman Catholic Church. There is no reason why our Government should not be entirely free to send a special envoy to negotiate with any organization, political, ecclesiastical, or commercial, with which it has occasion to have dealings of any description. We hope that the absurd rumor of an intention by the Administration to appoint a permanent representative at the Vatican indicates that the informal negotiations with Roman Catholic authorities have proceeded far enough to open the way for more direct formal negotiations with the Vatican by a special representative of our Government, and that thereby we may draw nearer to the settling of a troublesome problem.

The Election in Cuba The election, or rather series of elections, which is to take place in Cuba will be practically uncontested, and there is now no doubt that General Palma will be chosen President of the Republic to be instituted as soon as possible under the auspices of the United States. The withdrawal of General Maso from the contest is a typical example of Spanish-American political methods. In England and the United States a political party fights a contest out to the end, even if that contest is hopeless, in order that it may preserve its continuity and fight again another day. Among the Latins, however, this idea of politics does not seem to be understood. What has now happened in Cuba in General Maso's withdrawal is exactly what happened in Porto Rico in the first contest between political parties. General Maso, seeing that he had no real chance for success, declared that the influence of the United States was being used unfairly to aid his opponent—a declaration which has no evidence whatever to support it—and then withdrew from the fight with a rhetorical flourish of trumpets. A regrettable incident of the campaign was the attack made last week upon the famous Cuban patriot leader General Gomez, at Puerto Principe; General Gomez had been speaking in favor of the candidacy of General Palma, and the radical supporters of General Maso, who are strongest in power at the greatest distance from the capital, broke up by a disgraceful disturbance the meeting at which General Gomez was to speak.

❀

A Referendum Proposed in Chicago The special committee appointed by the Chicago City Council to outline the provisions of an ordinance renewing the street railway franchises has reported against immediate municipal ownership of the street-car lines, but in favor of extending present franchises upon such terms as will permit municipal purchase after ten years. The terms of purchase which the committee would make a part of the renewal ordinance distinctly specify that nothing shall be paid the companies for the franchises which the city lends them, but that the price of the lines shall be the cost of duplication less depreciation for wear and tear, the city, however, to give the companies six months' notice of intent to purchase and a five per cent. bonus for requiring them to sell. The committee does not insist upon any substantial reduction of rates, urging that a superior service is more important. It nevertheless recommends that the companies be required to sell six tickets for twenty-five cents, recalling the fact that "this was the price of street-car transportation more than twenty-five years ago, when cars were propelled by the most expensive (animal) power." The committee's report, though one that would be received with enthusiasm by the advocates of public rights in most Eastern or Southern States, does not give such general satisfaction in Chicago, where the whole body of people has been discussing the possibility of low fares for the past five years. There is a strong sentiment in favor of immediate public ownership as soon as present franchises expire and legislative sanction is secured; and Mayor Harrison, who was twice elected upon a platform demanding the municipal ownership of municipal monopolies, now champions submitting to the voters at the next city election the question whether immediate public ownership of the street-car system shall be established. Already, it is reported, over fifty thousand voters have signed a petition in favor of such a referendum; if this number is doubled a referendum is mandatory.

❀

War Averted Last week war between Chili and the Argentine Republic seemed almost certain. Such a war would have been a far more serious conflict than the recent disturbances between Venezuela and Colombia, or even than the formal war which may still break out between those countries. Both Chili and Argentine have navies of some force; both are capable of raising armies of strength, and the peoples of both countries have before this shown that they can fight with determination. Happily, an arrangement has been reached between the two countries which will avert, for the present at least, the danger of war. The matters in dispute between the two countries reach back for over fifty years, and in various phases this dispute has been under arbitration more than once. The territory about which the dispute exists is in the southern part of South America, in the Patagonian region, and is traversed by the main range of the Andes. Some of the boundary questions raised have a certain similarity to those existing in Alaska between the United States and Great Britain, as in most cases the line of the main range of mountains is the boundary, and it is open to dispute as to precisely what the main range is in places where it is broken into several groups of mountains. The boundary question proper was submitted in 1896 for arbitration to Great Britain, but the arbitrators have not reported to this day. The present trouble arises out of alleged incursions into the disputed territory by Chili for the purpose of making roads, contrary, it is declared, to the temporary agreement which has existed between the two nations. A new protocol establishing a *modus vivendi* between the two countries was signed last week, and it is hoped, although it is by no means certain, that the questions at issue will be finally solved before long by the British Arbitration Commission, and that meanwhile the agreement just entered into will keep the two countries from hostilities. Another probability of a crisis in South American affairs exists in Venezuela, where it is believed Germany is about to make a naval demonstration and possibly may seize one or more ports to enforce the collection of debts due by Venezuela to German citizens. It is known that satisfactory assurances have been given to the United States that no intention of permanent occupation exists on the part of Germany, and the Administration at Washington has let it be understood that, in the judgment of President Roosevelt, there is no cause of offense toward the United States by such an action by a European power as is contemplated by Germany, and that such an action does not in any way infringe on the rights of South American States to protection from the United States under the Monroe Doctrine.

❀

New Zealand's Prosperity Since New Zealand achieved its international reputation as an exponent of advanced democracy, a succession of reports has had wide circulation to the effect that the colony was suffering financial embarrassment by reason of its social and economic experiments. These reports have been denied by various friends of New Zealand, but have continued to gain currency until they have now received the attention of her Prime Minister in his annual address to the Colonial Parliament. Premier Seddon's address has been summarized by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd in a remarkable letter to the New York "Evening Post" of December 7. His statement is briefly as follows: During the ten years since the Radical party came into power the population of the country has increased 19 per cent., the exports 40 per cent., and the bank deposits 60 per cent. The wealth of the country per family has increased from $5,700 to $7,400—a figure exceeded nowhere in the world. The increase in the colony's debt is large ($54,000,000, or $300 per family), but the three-quarters of it invested in railroads, land settlement, advances to settlers, etc., etc., not only pays interest on the bonds issued therefor, but yields a profit of $300,000 a year to help pay the interest on the remainder. Even the remaining debt is indirectly profitable, as nearly all of it was incurred for new roads, bridges, and public buildings, and for the purchase of native lands. There is no war debt whatever to depress industry. The gains of the decade have been exceptionally marked during the past five years of international prosperity, and most marked of all during the year just ended. During this year the Government reduced railroad rates 6⅔ per cent. in pursuance of its policy to reduce these rates whenever the reduction could be made and the roads still net the Government enough to pay the interest on their bonds. Instead of causing a deficit, this cut in rates was followed by such an increase in traffic as to yield the Government more than ever before. Further reductions were made in its customs duties, postal rates, etc., but all these combined, instead of causing the loss of £350,000 (which would have resulted had not business increased), caused—or were followed by—an increase in the Government revenues amounting to £1,660,000. The widely circulated report that the Premier had confessed that the colony was approaching financial embarrassment had nothing back of it, it seems, except his statement to a delegation that new bonds could not now be issued for new undertakings except at a higher rate of interest, because (and this, of course, was omitted from the Tory reports) the rates of interest in the London money market had been advanced by the loans to carry on the Boer war!

❀

Roman Catholicism in France

Nearly all France is Roman Catholic in religion, and for exactly one hundred years the country has been existing under a Concordat which Napoleon I. negotiated with Pope Pius VII. This provides that bishops shall be nominated by the Government, but shall receive papal approval before being instituted; that bishops shall nominate priests, these nominations to be approved by the French Government; that bishops shall permit nothing in their dioceses contrary to public order or prejudicial to the State; that bishops and other clergy shall be paid by the State, which, however, may stop a stipend in case of treason. It might be supposed that Government control of clerical purse-strings would emphasize civil supremacy over ecclesiastical power as could nothing else; as a matter of fact, however, this expectation has not always been realized. The State pays fifty million francs ($10,000,000) a year to the clergy. The number of persons among whom this sum must be divided is so large that individual stipends are by no means princely. The French Government has been monarchical; it is now republican. Many bishops still secretly prefer the monarchy; they have been strengthened in their opposition to the Republic by knowing, first, that their loss of stipend would be made up by a contribution from the monarchical parties; and, second, that the Government has no power to remove a diocesan from his diocese; only the Pope may do this, but not even he may appoint a new prelate until the offending bishop resigns or dies. Furthermore, the French bishops have power to transfer priests from one diocese to another at will; and the priests have no power of appeal to the State. In this way, also, some bishops have concentrated opposition to the Republic. The most fertile hotbeds of conspiracy, however, have been the monastic orders.

❀

M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Course

The monastic orders were properly proceeded against by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the present and perhaps the greatest of French Premiers. He justly contended that the provisions of the Concordat do not apply to the orders, since, as early as 1801, these had been suppressed, and the Concordat gave no liberty for their re-establishment. When the Associations Bill, which he introduced into the French Parliament, providing that all the orders must have State authorization for existence, became law, and the Republic's life was thereby insured, the Radicals in general, and the Socialists in particular, urged the Premier to proceed against reactionary bishops, who had been more than suspected of conspiracy. The Prime Minister declined. In order to force his hand, the Socialists introduced a resolution into the Chamber of Deputies a fortnight ago favoring the separation of Church and State. Thereupon M. Waldeck-Rousseau made a memorable speech upholding the honor of France in her engagements, and declining, also on the lower ground of mere policy, to countenance such a resolution. He hinted that the country might be threatened by Socialists as well as by Monarchists; and this was courageous, since his own Radical Cabinet includes two conservatively Socialist ministers. By a large majority the Chamber then rejected the resolution. We started the American Republic with the complete separation of Church and State, and this is fundamental doctrine; but we must remember that it is one thing to establish a State Church and quite another to disestablish it. The question whether old arrangements entangled with past history may be displaced or annulled is very different from any question which might arise here.

❀

A Congregational Encyclical

Dr. A. H. Bradford has set an example which we hope future Moderators of the Congregational Council will follow. With the approval and advice of the Provisional Committee, he has issued an address to the Congregational churches of the United States, which we believe is to be published in full in the denominational organs. Dr. Bradford's editorial experience in condensation stands him in good stead when he attempts to summarize some of the conclusions reached at the Council, which he does in the following words:

> Fellowship should be more strongly emphasized among us. Co-operation is essential to the highest efficiency in Christian work.
>
> Thorough intellectual training should be regarded as indispensable to ordination or installation. An uneducated ministry cannot cope with the problems of our time. We should cry halt to those who are seeking our pulpits with little to commend them except a frothy fervor and a fatal fluency of speech.
>
> Ministerial standing when possible should always be certified by a council of the vicinage.
>
> Those who have worn themselves out in the service of Christ should not be left to suffer in old age or weakness. The National Council Trustees are the Ministerial Relief Committee. The various State societies are urged to co-operate with them.
>
> Should Congregationalists have a uniform liturgy? There is a strong tendency to answer this question in the affirmative.
>
> The number of Congregational students in the State universities is greater than that in the denominational colleges. How may the churches best minister to them? This question was referred to the next National Council.
>
> Uniform divorce laws are desirable. The people should be taught the Scriptural ground of divorce; and the sanction of religion should never be given to unhallowed marriages.
>
> We are the enemies of intemperance and all of its causes, and in sympathy with all wise efforts for its suppression.
>
> The pulpit should keep the people reminded of their obligation to the best interests of the municipality, the State, and the Nation.
>
> A fair compensation for labor and a just distribution of wealth are quite as much moral as economic questions, and should be settled in accordance with the teachings of Jesus.
>
> The brotherhood of man is a fundamental doctrine, and all discriminations against any, on account of race or color, are violations of Christian teaching.
>
> The reunion of Christendom should be a subject of prayer and endeavor. The place to begin this movement is among the local churches of every community. Such action is urgently advised.

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Some Added Suggestions To this summary of the conclusions of the Council Dr. Bradford adds his own interpretative judgment on some other matters of more than merely denominational interest. He anticipates the time when the various missionary organizations of the Congregational churches will be merged in one, and thus a single body representing them will administer their missionary enterprises; and he hopes that simultaneously not only comity but co-operation among the various Christian communions will be developed in the mission fields. He raises the question whether there is not "too great a tendency to use the churches as collecting agencies for various charities." He thinks that the charitable work of the churches should be spontaneous, and less dependent upon the presentation of causes by agents. He charges the neglect of religious training in the home and the decreasing attendance at Sunday-schools in part upon the failure of the pulpit to meet the new questions with intelligent scholarship. He urges greater loyalty on the part of the Pilgrim churches to their specific message and mission, together with a frank recognition of the fact that new times require, not indeed a new gospel, but a new application of the Gospel to new conditions. The address is throughout pervaded by a spirit of hopefulness. It has long seemed to us desirable that in some way the Moderator of the National Council, who is presumably chosen for his representative ability, should frame and express to the Congregational churches his own convictions respecting the important issues of the hour, and what he believes to be the convictions of those who are in some sense entitled to be regarded as leaders; and we hope that this address will be put into pamphlet form for general distribution among the Congregational churches.

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A New Departure in Theological Instruction The successive election of Dr. George F. Moore, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, and his brother, Edward C. Moore, a Congregational pastor at Providence, R. I., both of them well-known orthodox Congregationalists, to chairs of theology in the Divinity School of Harvard, which has heretofore been regarded as a Unitarian theological seminary, is one of the very significant events of our time. It is true that Professor C. H. Toy was called to his chair in the same Seminary from the Baptist denomination, that Professor Joseph Henry Thayer was called there from Andover Theological Seminary, and that his successor, Professor James Hardy Ropes, belongs also to the orthodox school. It must, therefore, be said that the election of George and Edward Moore does not so much signalize a new departure as put a new emphasis on the long-cherished purpose of the President of Harvard University and those associated with him in the direction and control of that institution—a purpose to make the Divinity School undenominational by a process of inclusion, not by one of exclusion; that is, by including among its instructors eminent representatives of various schools of thought, not by excluding from the instruction all teaching that would be disapproved by any school of thought. The Summer Schools have finely illustrated this idea of inclusive denominationalism; but the permanent schools have never thoroughly essayed it, and most of them would find it difficult to do so because of limitations imposed by creed and charter.

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Conditions of Success The success of the present endeavor will depend primarily upon how it is regarded by both teachers and pupils in the Seminary itself. If teachers and taught think that courtesy requires the polite suppression of all differences of opinion, by the exclusion of much that is positive in conviction, and with, as an ultimate issue, a compromise which is negative and powerless, the experiment will come to naught. If they both recognize and ardently seek for the genuine comprehension of all that is positive and full of power, however antagonistic the expressed convictions may seem to be, the experiment will be watched with interest, though with varying degrees of confidence, by the general public; but, in our judgment, it must result in great increase of moral and intellectual virility in those who graduate from such a seminary. We should like to see a still wider range attempted; we should like to see such a seminary secure lectures by the ablest available representatives of Roman Catholicism on the one hand, and of Ethical Culture on the other, so that the students of the Seminary might get first-hand representations of the schools of thought with which they will have to deal when they go out into active life. Even if we thought—as we do not—that there is one system of truth which is complete and comprehensive, and all which lies outside of it is error, still we should regard it as an advantage for the teachers of this one complete and comprehensive system to learn about the error from its advocates, not from its opponents. Believing as we do that truth is larger than the apprehension of truth entertained by any school of thought, that every teacher ought to say with Paul, "We know in fragments and we prophesy in fragments," we are sure that an apprehension of truth large enough to reach in each community men of different convictions and different temperaments can be secured only by the method which the Harvard Divinity School appears to be bent on carrying through to a successful issue.

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Zionism The first Zionist Conference was held five years ago at Basle, Switzerland, where this year's Conference is also sitting. A thousand delegates are in attendance. The most prominent speakers have been Dr. Herzl and Professor Nordau. Dr. Herzl referred to his recent audience with the Sultan, in which that monarch expressed sympathy with the Zionist movement, declared the Jews to be desirable colonists, and proclaimed himself their friend. M. Nordau denounced the degeneration of Jewish millionaires. Allowing that there were exceptions, he declared it to be a general rule that the richer a Jew became the more he was lost to Jewry. This sentiment was echoed at a meeting of Zionists held in New York City last week, where the speakers criticised the coldness of the wealthy American Jews towards their suffering brethren in Europe. We believe that these criticisms are somewhat too sweeping; for it is well known that Hebrews are generally models in generosity whenever and wherever their co-religionists are affected by adverse circumstances. There is another reason for any lack of sympathy with the Zionist movement, and that is the belief among many that the Jewish nation in itself is thought to be the world's Messiah; that wherever it goes it carries the world's deliverance; hence it is not necessary for it to concentrate itself again in the Holy Land. This might be called the radical Jewish view; many conservatives believe that God will restore the Hebrews to Palestine and that the Hebrews will become the head over other nations. In its ultimate analysis, then, Zionism, with all its poetic appeal to the imagination, rests upon a literal interpretation of the Old Testament as a covenant between God and Israel.

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Christian Endeavor Civic Clubs

The Christian Endeavor Societies are now making a noteworthy effort for good citizenship. They have established in each community where they are represented a congress of Civic Clubs. This movement has already interested many young men in the problem of municipal government, and should be a real educative force for the future among the millions of young people in the Endeavor Societies. It can safely be asserted that the problem of the city is now the greatest of all American political problems. Christian citizenship is a religious duty. This is nothing new to the members of the Christian Endeavor Society; but the question among them now is, "How can we qualify ourselves for better citizenship?" They are sacredly bound to be intelligent upon questions connected with the well-being of the cities where they reside. The Civic Clubs will study questions as to the best organization of city governments, as to the care of criminals and paupers, atbitration between capital and labor, tenement-house and liquor laws, public baths, parks, schools, and streets. Finally, the question is coming to the front in many States of making the caucus an initial election, under the control of election commissioners instead of party officers: following this plan, polling-booths would be open all day, instead of a few hours, and all parties would hold their election on the same day, thus diminishing the power of the word boss. The study of such questions as these and their discussion in debate and parliamentary practice once a fortnight or a month would soon make a generation of intelligent young people fit for good civic service. Furthermore, to provide such opportunities in the Christian Endeavor Societies may help to hold some members who otherwise might drift away.

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Especially Commended to the Clergy

The report which has found currency in certain papers that the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology favors beer-drinking assemblies of the students has led us to secure a copy of his letter to the Methodist ministers in which he states the facts out of which this report has grown. We may add, in introducing this letter, that President Pritchett is succeeding in establishing personal relations between himself and the students, who have enjoyed in the past very little of college life, owing to the fact that the Institute has no dormitories and no public grounds or campus, and that the majority of the students live relatively isolated lives in separate boarding-houses. Dr. Pritchett's letter, after stating that the particular gathering in question was held in a building partly controlled by the Institute, that it was a harmless and pleasant meeting, and that only about a half-pint of beer for each student was consumed, continues as follows:

> I desire to be most frank with you, and as your letter really asks for my own attitude in such matters, I am perfectly willing to state it. I regret that I have been put forward as an advocate of a beer cultus. I am not likely to advise any man to drink beer or wine. At the same time I believe that there is a use of beer and wine which is right and proper, and another which is wrong and degrading; and whenever I have had occasion to speak with students on this subject I have put forward some such statement as this. The question comes before me in this practical form. Shall students be allowed to come together in informal gatherings for discussion of topics of technical and general interest, in buildings under my control, with instructors present, where an inexpensive and simple lunch is served and the drinking is restricted to a moderate use of beer, or shall they be sent to hotels and restaurants where expensive dinners are the rule and all restrictions are removed? In my judgment, the first position is the truthful one, and that which will help the boys to temperate and clean living.
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> Permit me to add one word more. I am profoundly interested in these young men and in any effort which will serve to touch their lives in such wise as to minister to manliness, and manliness ought to mean godliness. I will gladly welcome the help and co-operation of any Christian man or body of men who are

willing to do service in this direction. But I do not believe that this service can be done at long range. The men who can influence these students—bright, alert, and responsive as they are—to turn from the material interests which press upon them to the thought of higher things must have some real contact with their lives, some real understanding of its temptations and difficulties, some sympathy born of personal knowledge of its discouragements. It has been a revelation to me to find how little the combined churches of Boston count in their influence on the character and lives of the constantly growing army of students who resort to Boston for instruction. If your purpose is to make this influence more direct and more helpful, no one will welcome it so gladly as I.

I should be pleased, if any of you should care to have me do so, to attend one of your meetings, and give what information I have concerning the circumstances and the problems of student life in large cities. Or I will be delighted, and I am sure that our students would welcome such visits, if any of you will come to student gatherings and make brief talks to them on this or on other questions. In any case, I take it that we all wish the same end, namely, the strengthening of these young men in character. Perhaps if we talked together we might find that there is no great difference between us in the way in which we seek to promote this end.

Yours very truly,
HENRY S. PRITCHETT.

December 19, 1901.

If the question involved were merely whether college students should be encouraged or even permitted to drink beer, we should not give so much space to the matter. But this letter appears to us to be an admirable statement of the spirit in which the clergy must act if they hope to exercise any real influence over the lives of college students or, for that matter, over the lives of any men who are not habitual church-goers. If any healthful influence is to be exerted by the ministry upon such men, it can never "be done at long range," nor ever done without a thorough personal understanding of and sympathy with the actual conditions of the lives of the men whom the ministry wish to reach.

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The "Tribune" Fresh-Air Fund In 1901 the "Tribune" Fresh-Air Fund, the forerunner of all fresh-air enterprises, completed twenty-five years of service for the poor and sick tenement-house children of New York City. It grew out of an experiment of the pastor of a small church in Sherman, Pa., the Rev. Willard Parsons, in the summer of 1877, when, without thought of anything beyond that summer's work, he took from the city to a number of homes in his parish in the course of the season sixty needy tenement-house children. Now it has become one of our prominent charities. The annual report of the Fund just made public exhibits some interesting figures of its work. In the twenty-five years 193,348 children have received outings of two weeks in the country at an expense of $485,538.09. The average cost per child for these outings for the quarter-century has been $2.51, a very low price for the definite good done. One may gain an idea of the widespread interest in this work from the fact that last summer children were invited to and entertained in 354 different places in the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Based upon a computation of the mileage of the children sent out this year, the total mileage for the twenty-five years is over sixty million miles. It is remarkable that not a child has been lost or injured while traveling under the care of the Fund. The low per capita is made possible by the humanity of the officials of the railroads having termini in New York, nearly every one of which transports the children at quarter rates. Special cars are attached to their trains, and unscheduled stops are made for the accommodation of the little travelers. The trainmen look upon the children as special charges. The benefits are twofold—physical and moral. The Fund takes a child out of his tenement home of two or three close, dark rooms and sets him down as an invited guest for two full weeks in a real home surrounded by sunshine, blue sky, fresh air, green grass, flowers, and an abundance to eat. A noteworthy fact is that the work has been supported by voluntary contributions that are voluntary in fact. Not a cent has ever been solicited. The expenses of administration are paid by the "Tribune." For many years a man who withholds his name has used the machinery of the Fund to conduct day excursions on the water for mothers and children. The total number of beneficiaries of his generosity is 333,321. The Rev. Mr. Parsons still continues to be the manager of the Fund, and much of its success is due to his untiring energy and his application of business methods to its conduct.

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Young Men's Christian Association Dormitories The Harlem branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City has lately purchased a block of four dwelling-houses adjoining its edifice, which, when due alterations are made, will have rooms for ninety members of the Association. The dormitory as an expansion of the work of the Association has already been initiated in a few cities, New Haven and Scranton for instance. The West Side branch of the Association in New York has dormitory room for about fifty, the Second Avenue branch for forty, the Colored Men's branch for a dozen or so, and the Railroad branch for more than any of these. The widely ramified educational work of the Association gives it a sort of university character, according to the ancient definition of a university as a society of teachers and pupils; and a dormitory is a traditional as well as serviceable adjunct of a university. The Associations that have ventured forward in this new direction have found it so advantageous and profitable that their example is likely to be widely followed.

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An Employment Bureau Without Registration Fees In the new year-book of St. Bartholomew's Parish in this city is a chapter by Mr. T. W. Hotchkiss which is of exceptional interest to all concerned with social reform work. During the past year the great employment bureau of the parish—a bureau which for several years has found situations for fifty people a week—has carried on its work without charging fees to applicants for positions unless positions were secured for them. Dr. Greer ordered this change to be made partly because he disliked a system which put a tax upon work-seekers at a time when they could least afford to pay and for a service which might prove valueless to them, but chiefly because one clause in the State law regulating employment bureaus seemed to forbid such charges. Another and more conspicuous clause in the same law seemed to allow registration charges, but Dr. Greer was unwilling that his church bureau should construe any portion of the law away from its natural meaning for the sake of promoting its own financial interests. The result of the innovation is best stated in the words of Mr. Hotchkiss's report: "The main fact in our experience of this year is that we have filled more positions than in any other year of the Bureau's history, and, while doing so without charging registration fees, our receipts have covered our expenses. While being fair to the applicants, we have not been unfair to ourselves." During the first five months the Bureau ran behind over two hundred dollars, but during the last seven months this deficit was more than made good, and the year's balance-sheet showed $5,800 of receipts against $5,600 of expenses. Thirty-one hundred persons received employment, including twenty-three hundred domestic servants and eight hundred laborers, clerks, and others. The average fee paid when or after the positions were filled was less than two dollars. St. Bartholomew's bureau is free from certain expenses for rent, etc., which a private employment bureau has to bear, but the fact that this parish should be able without economic loss to stop charging applicants for work unless work was found them indicates that the present practice of private bureaus is less necessary than we had supposed. Often, as every one knows, the applicants for work at private bureaus are simply defrauded of the sums they deposit. The experiment at St. Bartholomew's indicates that it is perhaps no more necessary for an employment bureau to charge for work which proves to be of no value to the applicant than for real-estate agents to charge for similarly unfruitful work.

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Clarence King Mr. Clarence King, who died at Phœnix, Ariz., on Tuesday morning of last week, was widely known both in this country and in Europe as a scientist and as a writer. He was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University in 1862, joined the Geological Survey of California, and during a stay of four years in that section collected material for his spirited and interesting "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada." His services were so important that he was put in charge of the United States Geological Survey, charged with the examination of the section of country between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. Five years were devoted by Mr. King to this work. It was at his suggestion that the different surveys then being conducted by the National Government were consolidated into the United States Geological Survey, of which he was the first Director, holding the office until 1881, when he resigned in order to enter certain large business enterprises. He was a member of the National Academy of Science, and of many scientific societies abroad. Mr. King was a man of exceptional brilliancy as a conversationalist, and the good things which fell from his lips passed current among a great group of friends. His loyalty to his friends was one of his prominent characteristics; and he has left behind him a large group of men, including Secretary Hay, Mr. Stedman, and many other men of prominence, whose attachments to him were deep and abiding.

A Strong, Elastic Currency

The ability to survive defeat is one of the marks of a good cause, for all good causes have lost many battles before they won their final triumphs. During the hard times a generation ago, when the banks, to save themselves, were forced to call in their loans and withdraw credit from solvent as well as insolvent borrowers, innumerable business men were forced to sell their property at panic prices because of the suddenly increased demand for money to meet obligations. Even the owners of Government bonds, who were then more numerous than now, as but little of the war debt had been paid off, were in many cases obliged to sell at a sacrifice in order to get legal-tender notes naturally less valuable than their bonds. At this time it was suggested that the Government ought to make some of its bonds "interconvertible into currency," so that, in times of panic, when money was needed to take the place of the vanished credit, the owners of the bonds might deposit them with the Treasury Department and get notes in exchange—their bonds to draw no interest so long as they remained in the Treasury as security for the notes. When the abnormal demand for money relaxed, the owners of the bonds could get them back by returning the amount of money which their bonds had secured. Inasmuch as only during panics would the owners of the bonds be willing to go without their interest in order to have additional currency, this additional currency would always be returned to the Treasury in exchange for the bonds when the money panic was over.

This simple, automatic plan of securing additional currency when additional currency was needed, and retiring it when the need was past, found increasing favor in all parts of the country until the international revival of trade in the early eighties put currency questions into the background. When, however, they came to the front again in the latter part of the decade, the interconvertible bond plan had among its champions William Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury. Secretary Windom's argument in favor of it was an unanswerable one, but popular attention at that time centered upon the increase of the currency by the purchases of more silver, and when the Sherman Act was passed and trade again revived, the subject of the interconvertible bond was again pushed aside. When the panic of 1893 came, there was again the same need that there had been twenty years before of more money to meet the sudden demand. If the National banking law, requiring the banks to keep in reserve a certain percentage of their liabilities, had been enforced, nearly every National bank in the country would have been forced into bankruptcy. By universal consent the banks were not required to conform with the law, and they themselves, through their clearing-house associations, issued "certificates" by which banks in need could discharge their obligations to other banks in the clearing-house association. The situation was anomalous even where it was not unlawful, but by the extra-legal currency thus created the need of more money was in part supplied, and the panic in a measure stayed. The clearing-house associations realized that their emergency certificates ought to be used only during the emergency, and stipulated that the banks borrowing these certificates should pay such a rate of interest as insured their

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retirement as soon as normal conditions were restored.

At the present time, thanks to Secretary Gage, the country is discussing in a season of prosperity a question which it commonly considers only during hard times. Secretary Gage, like Secretary Windom, believes that we should have an elastic currency, but Secretary Gage would have this currency issued by the banks on the security of bank assets, while Secretary Windom wished it issued by the Government on the security of Government bonds. The fundamental difference between the two plans—whether the Government or the banks should control the currency—we have previously discussed. What concerns us now is the point which the two plans have in common—securing an elastic currency of unquestionable value. Which plan best secures the end which both seek?

This question is not an academic one; for simultaneously with the publication of Secretary Gage's plan for securing an elastic currency a bill has been introduced into Congress by Representative Graham, of Pennsylvania, reviving Secretary Windom's plan in all its essential features. Congressman Graham's bill, it is announced, was drafted by a Pittsburg banker. It authorizes all owners of Government bonds to deposit them with the Treasury as security for additional currency, which shall be issued subject to a tax of four per cent. a year. While the currency is out the Government would temporarily withhold the accruing interest on the bonds. The weight of the tax, together with the temporary loss of interest on the bonds, makes it sure that the depositors will return the currency for the bonds as soon as the stringency in the money market is over. The currency issued is made legal tender so that its full face value cannot be questioned.

This Pittsburg banker's plan is in one respect more akin to that followed by the German Government than that proposed by Secretary Windom. The German Government provides for an elastic currency by authorizing the Imperial Bank, whenever a money stringency arises, to issue additional notes subject to a five per cent. tax per year; the Government gets the amount of the tax and the high rate insures the retirement of the currency as soon as normal interest rates return. The Graham bill may have been consciously modeled upon the German plan rather than the Windom plan, but the essential features of both are the same. Both plans provide that the currency shall be expanded in times of business depression and automatically contracted when the abnormal demand for money is past.

Substantially this plan seems certain to be revived every time the public considers the need of an elastic currency, until in some form it shall be adopted in this country as it already has been in Germany. Secretary Gage's plan—apart from its feature of federating the banks—is essentially that followed in England prior to the passage of the Bank Act of 1844. Before that time the English banks were allowed to issue their notes on the security of their assets, but the privilege was withdrawn from them because they issued notes in great quantities when business was booming and prices were high, and when the panic came were forced to redeem their notes in gold, thus contracting the currency in the time of greatest public need. Secretary Gage would try to avoid these evils by creating a central Bank of Banks with exclusive power to issue increased currency in a time of panic; but, as its notes would not be a legal tender and their issue would come at a time when all the local banks were subject to a demand for legal-tender money, the central bank issues might not furnish adequate relief. The local banks at least would be in the same danger as the old English banks of feeding the fever of speculation in times of over-confidence, then starving the chill of depression in times of panic. The plan proposed by Secretary Windom, and now offered again in the bill introduced by Congressman Graham, seems not only far more conservative in the matter of the possible inflation of that currency, but far more certain to make the currency responsive to the public needs—expanding in times when money is scarce, interest high, prices low, and credit hard to get, and automatically contracting in times when money is plenty, interest low, prices high, and credit free. This certainly is the kind of an elastic currency the country wants, and the fact that the German Government has secured such a currency makes more imperative the effort on our part to do the same.

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The Waiting Figure

A host of stars watching in the vast silence of the night; the earth, a great ball, still and white and dim with sleep, sweeping through illimitable space; fading in the distance the long, faint glow of time, visible for a moment like a beam of light on a measureless sea; suddenly an apparition, born of the night and the stars and the endless movement of the years as they steal out of eternity and recede again into its depths, which every man sees and no one knows. The figure is vague, mysterious, veiled from head to foot in soft radiancy; a form undefined and elusive, but with hidden nobility of line, molded like a goddess, and like a goddess shielded from the intimate gaze of men. About this sublime figure a mist, in which light and darkness are magically blended, floats, half revealing and half concealing, as if a soul were in the process of birth—a soul penetrated with strange, dim, obscure radiations of the remote past and waiting for the plastic touch of the future; old as the stars, but wearing the garb of immortal youth; bearing the impress of immemorial years, and yet sensitive to the stir of the forces that play through the life of to-day, and to the shaping touch of to-morrow. A mysterious figure, seen by all and known by none, with a face that seems on the verge of clear revelation into familiar features, with intimations of lifelong acquaintance, and yet waiting for some final act of creation, some touch that shall define and fix and turn the plastic stuff of life into perfect distinctness and immortality. Beside every man the figure seems to stand silent, expectant, mysterious; waiting the impress of his hand; full of all nobility of line and feature; a shape for the touch of genius to mold into a beauty akin with the stars, and yet at the mercy of the hand that strikes blindly, passionately, idly, ignobly; the stuff of immortality waiting for myriad-handed time to mar or glorify; coming from the Infinite to set the eternal beauty again in the ways of men, or to bear again the old marks of those who waste and spoil and destroy the fair visions of the soul: the veiled figure of the New Year, standing mysterious and silent beside every man, under the vast and solemn arch of the midnight sky.

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Walking to College

In the impressions of Berea College which the Spectator gave to the readers of The Outlook through its columns two weeks ago, special emphasis was laid upon the success with which the College has appealed to the interests of the young men and women among the mountain people, and to the remarkable proofs which they are giving of their thirst for knowledge and their eagerness to make use of the opportunities which the College offers. A paragraph from a letter recently received from President Frost strikingly illustrates this zeal, and proves that the College is doing a work of the highest importance, but that it needs largely increased facilities:

> These are exciting days in Berea, as we have "overdone" the work of kindling a desire for education, and cannot turn back boys who come in on foot one hundred and fifty miles! Last night twelve young men lodged in my house. I have just bought the largest dwelling-house in Berea and shall turn it at once into a men's dormitory. A party of three young men and two young women arrived yesterday whose journey was interesting. They started from Letcher County, Ky., riding thirty miles on horseback to Stonega. There they found that a washout had cut off the train they had expected to take. They walked ten miles along the railroad track to Big Stone Gap, carrying their baggage. From that point to Berea they came by rail, about one hundred and forty miles. Two of them had never seen the cars before, and only one had ever ridden upon them before!

Nothing has been more striking in the history of the country, nor more suggestive of the aspiration and idealism in the American character, than the eagerness with which young men, from the earliest colonial times, have fought their way in the face of great obstacles to the sources of knowledge, and have made themselves educated men against tremendous odds. Every New England college could report scores of instances of men who have not been self-made, but who have been self-educated in the sense of being self-supporting; beginning with nothing, they have paid for their own educational opportunities. This has been the romance of college life in the New World. In every generation the torch of aspiration has been caught up by new hands and carried forward with undiminished zeal. The feeling has grown in some quarters that this ancient faith in knowledge has waned, and that our colleges have become largely the resort of well-to-do youths, more eager for pleasure than for knowledge. Every one who knows the American colleges knows that this is untrue; that in every college there are to be found all the old evidences of earnestness and enthusiasm, with new illustrations of the passion for education. This is as true of Harvard, of Columbia, and of the University of Virginia as of Berea; but the extract from Dr. Frost's letter is a conclusive answer to the pessimist who thinks that America is given over, body and soul, to the pursuit of money.

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How Shall We Think of the Dead?

Dear Dr. Abbott:

For many years I read The Outlook aloud to my dear mother. Last winter she died. Will you make The Outlook tell me how to think of her now; how best to endure the separation and give me all the reasonable hope of meeting her again of which you can think?

R. C.

I cannot do that; I can only tell you how I think of the dead. And I cannot tell you how I think of the dead without telling you how I think of the living, for my thoughts respecting the two are essentially identical; certainly my thought of the dead is founded on my thought of the living.

It is the postulate of all my thinking that there are two worlds—an outer and an inner, a material and a spiritual, a world governed by inflexible law and a world of self-governed liberty, a world discerned by eye and ear and touch, and a world discerned by consciousness. If the philosopher assures me that these two are one, I do not dispute him; perhaps they are; nay, probably they are; but in all my thinking I think of them as two worlds, co-operative but contrasted. I think of the spiritual world as ever manifesting itself through the material world—a perpetual but invisible Presence, veiled yet revealed in all phenomena: a love of beauty in all forms of beauty, an intellectual skill in all mechanical contrivances, a true spiritual consciousness in all seemingly unconscious operations of nature; an ever-present and eternal Energy from whom all things proceed—an Energy whose thought is in all Nature's ingenuities, whose purpose is in all life-processes. I conceive of Him, the ever-conscious Artist in every flower, the ever-conscious Artisan in all correlated forces, the All-Father in all history and in all lives. I conceive Him setting me off from himself, as a spark is struck by the hammer from the red-hot iron, to be, like Him, a lover of beauty and a creator of beauty, a lover of truth and an utterer of truth, a lover of righteousness and a doer of righteousness; and yet, like Him, free to choose the ugly, the false, the unrighteous; and because thus free, fitted to be His companion; able to be at one with Him or to separate myself from Him, able to think His thoughts, share His purposes, be partaker of His life, or to be indifferent or averse to Him; capable of being His companion and His friend, and therefore capable of being His enemy.

This spirit which has sprung from Him and makes me in my powers divine, however undivine I may be in the use I make of these powers, also manifests itself in material forms. These material forms may be the creation of my powers yet wholly apart from me, as is the picture from the artist; or my creation and in their nature at once a part of me and separated from me, as the song is at once one with and apart from the singer; or a part of the habitation in which I dwell and which I have built up and remodeled from within, as the eye when it flashes with the fire of anger or the lips when they part in the smile of love. But neither picture, song, nor smile is myself nor any true part of myself; they are but manifestations of myself, as the flash of lightning or the flower of the field is no part of God but only a manifestation of God. The picture is not the artist, the song is not the singer, the smile is not the child; the smile is only a subtler and finer manifestation of the soul than any which the song or the brush can furnish.

This is the postulate of all my thinking—about God, about myself, about my fellow-men, about life. What I think about the dead could be comprehended only as one first comprehended this larger thought which includes alike the living and the dead; the past, the present, and the future; science, mechanics, art, and poetry; nature, history, and biography; God and the individual soul.

If one accepts this postulate as, let us say, a hypothetical basis for his thinking, he can easily distinguish three vaguely defined stages in the growth of the individual. In the first stage the material organs minister to the life of the spirit. The spiritual life of father, mother, teacher, friend, is manifested by the eye, the ear, the touch, and through these avenues of approach the spirit of the child is developed. By means of these organs he learns to observe, to reflect, to reason, to feel, to purpose. If these organs are wanting, the process of development is much more difficult, though, as if to show that there is a spiritual life as well as a physical life, spiritual development is not impossible. In the second stage, such growth of the spirit as can be inspired through physical organs has been substantially attained, and the organs are used as means whereby the still growing spirit ministers to other embodied spirits. By his painting the artist develops the latent love of beauty in others; by his voice or his pen the teacher or the orator develops their intelligence or their affections. In the third stage the organs begin to appear as a drag upon the spirit. The artist is conscious of a beauty which he cannot interpret through the brush; the poet of truths which he cannot frame into verse; the orator of a life which transcends all his powers of expression. While all others are praising his creations he is growing increasingly dissatisfied with them. His life has grown at once too large and too delicate to be expressed by the tools with which he is furnished. He longs at times for a subtler brush with which to depict beauty, a finer language than words afford to express his inexpressible life. Moreover, as he begins to feel the need of finer tools they begin to grow poorer. His eye begins to lose the keenness of its vision; his hand the deftness of its touch; his sluggish brain refuses to obey his call, and the words which used to come in flocks at his bidding come slowly and singly or not at all. Sometimes the spirit remains in its prison long after it has ceased to be a palace beautiful, as if to show us how dreadful this world would be were we all to live our life here after the material organs had ceased to be a help and had become a hindrance. But generally before this time comes the prison walls fall away, and the emancipated spirit enters upon a new though unseen habitation fitted for its larger development; the dulled tools that are losing their value are taken away and the worker is given a new equipment in the new world for the richer, finer life to which, after this brief earthly schooling, he is called. The body, its purposes all served, returns to the earth from which it came, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" and the spirit, set free, enters upon the career for which it has been unconsciously preparing.

"Will you make The Outlook tell me how to think of her now?" No! I cannot do that; I can only tell you how I think of the dead. I think that there are no dead; I think that there is no death; I think that there is no long and dreary sleep, no waiting for a future resurrection of a body which has served its purpose and has no future purpose which it can serve; that life goes on unbroken by what we call death; that the resurrection of Jesus Christ was not an extraordinary event, but only an extraordinary evidence of an ordinary event; that he was the firstfruits of them that sleep; that all rise from the dead as he rose from the dead and live as he lives; that to die is "to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better;" that every death is a resurrection, and that to every spirit God giveth a body as it pleaseth him. I think of death as a glad awakening from this troubled sleep which we call life; as an emancipation from a world which, beautiful though it be, is still a land of captivity; as a graduation from this primary department into some higher rank in the hierarchy of learning. I think of the dead as possessing a more splendid equipment for a larger life of diviner service than was possible to them on earth—a life in which I shall in due time join them if I am counted worthy of their fellowship in the life eternal.

L. A.

The Spectator

In the December sunshine the Spectator was making his slow way along an Adirondack valley, when, at a bend of the river, suddenly and into full view appeared the lumber camp, with its russet browns fairly etched on the white background; it was not unlike Parkman's picture of the Jesuit missionaries coming upon an Indian village in the Huron country. At a near approach the camp showed walls of spruce logs battened with moss and mud, roofs of bark and water-proof paper. Standing in the low doorway of the office—store and bunk-room combined—the Spectator noticed narrow counters displaying wares tempting to woodsmen, cots of a certain neatness, and chairs on which the camp dignitaries lounge in kingly capacity. Then his eye turned to the wider prospect—scenes now so familiar—the smith's shop, the light from its gleaming forge flashing through the window; then the barns; then, lower, toward the valley, the sleeping camp, with bunks around three sides, two deep, and, in the middle of the long space, the roaring fire; last, the dining camp, where paring, heating, and cooking processes are continually going on, the long tables with their rude abundance, at which sit men of official dignity, ranging down to the lowest laborer, recalling Scott's stately pictures of feudal feasts. These, then, are some of the institutions of a wide-reaching industry, as necessary and well defined as are the structures of a great corporation or a municipal government.

⁂

All the life here, materially speaking, radiates to the spruce-tree, which, massed and serried, environs the camp. All other trees are estimated in terms of the spruce; here it is supreme, the unit of the forest. With its leading terminal, its conical top, its glistening cones, its twigs which may be boiled and evaporated into old-fashioned root beer or healing medicines; its lumber, useful and ornamental; its bark roofing the shanties of sportsmen and woodsmen; greatest of all as a pulp-producer—it is as striking a figure in this forest life as is the dominant Saxon among the peoples of the great Aryan family. Between this density of spruces walling in the camp and the paper which records this winter picture are the great forces of the world, turned—after what an interval!—to man's advantage: wood, coal, steam; mechanical and chemical appliances; the accidents of winds, storm, drought; the danger and hazard of human life; common sense, judgment, education—in short, the story of our progress in the last century.

⁂

The sleeping camp is the center of social life; here, with easy nonchalance, the group sit puffing their pipes of an evening around the red-hot stove, the wet garments steaming and drying, and huddled piles of foot-gear scattered around, while without is a hurricane of wind and snow. Here sit the Canadian and the Italian; the "down-easter;" the man from "parts below" or parts unknown; the man "just now out of a job;" the man who has mined on the Pacific coast or lived on the ranch; rovers to whom anywhere is a home; or perhaps a waif from civilization is here for his health, who stays on and on, becoming hopelessly assimilated in these surroundings, as, for the time, they all are, by the robust native whose strong personality focuses these wandering and separate influences. See the various race traits exhibited in the forms of speech, tones of voice, attitude, gesture, the language of facial expression! Listen to the bandying repartee, the direct, pointed humor, the events of the day gone over, the yarns told, the songs sung, the clog-dance; hear the musician of native gift drawing from his violin a rude pathos, or, with the jew's-harp, running the whole gamut of feeling! The Spectator was for the time transported, and heard only the talk of Shakespeare's rustics or Hardy's "woodlanders," and saw the strong portraits of George Eliot's groups in the Raveloe Inn. Here they sat beside him and around him, for the time his boon companions; a cosmopolitan, haphazard company, with no binding tie save the slender one of a common labor, soon to scatter in the great world. But here they are a distinctive class, which has its technical vocabulary—tote, skid, tow-hill, stumpage—as do the trades and professions in larger life.

⁂

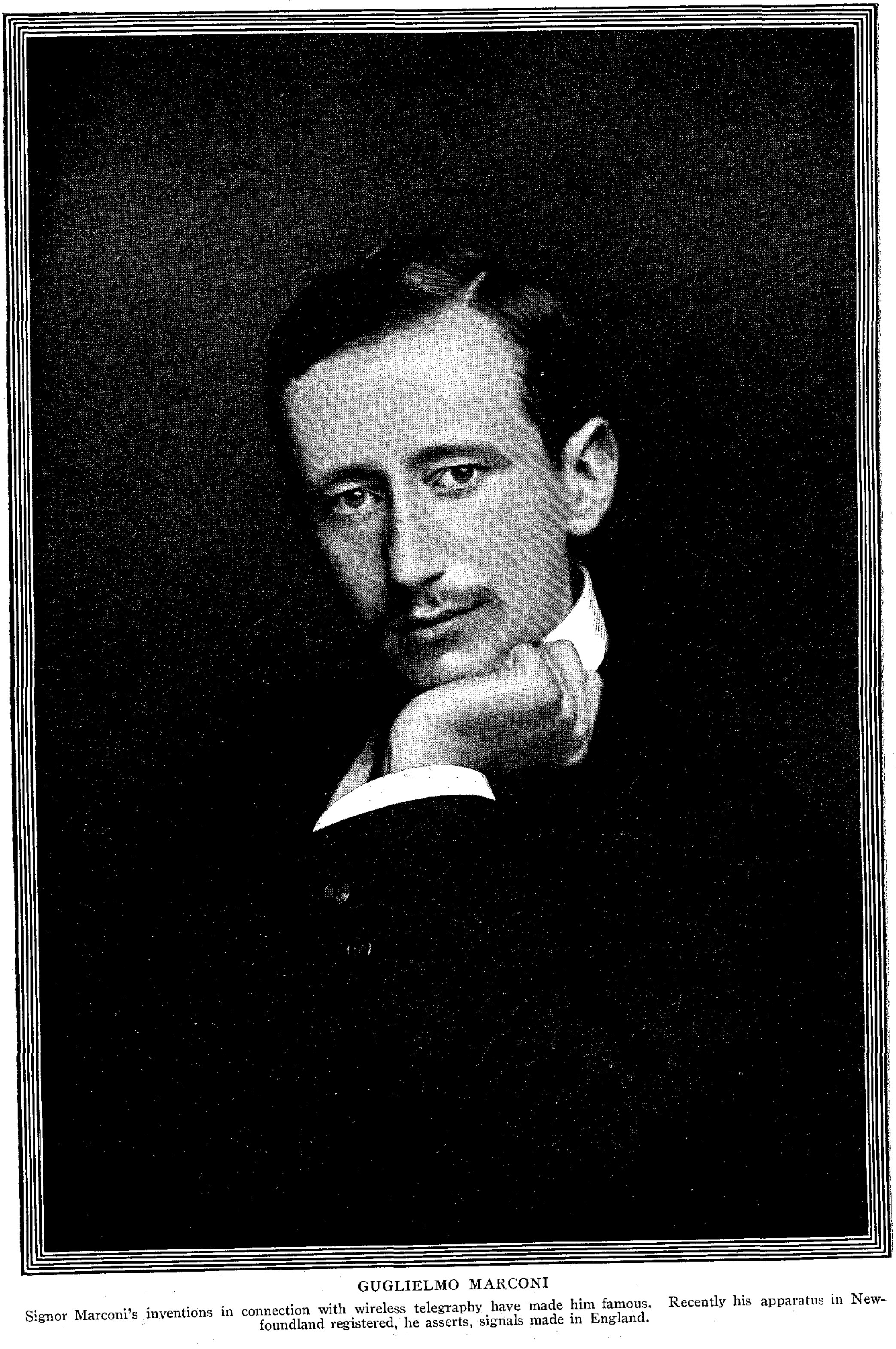
No part of this limited world is more characteristic than the log road. It, too, has its institutions—the sprinkler "loading up" at a living spring, turning the sled ruts to glare ice; the bulging log loads swinging along with no apparent motion but the onward; the corduroy with its log ends shining at the road's edge; the road itself overarched with bending boughs; the sinuous trail of the lash on the fresh snow; the dainty track of some light-footed, stealthy traveler; the hay or earth scattered on the steep down grades; the odor of the freshly cut trees; the sharp staccato of the voices of the teamsters, loading in the dark of the morning, their oaths seeming colorless in the ferocity of the elements—the Spectator a solemn, bewildered listener—the whole scene made even more weird in the light of the shifting lanterns.

❀

All the varying aspects of winter which poets have seen and dreamed and sung the Spectator experienced in this tiny area of forest earth. The snow standing in walls on the tender twigs and arms of the spruces brought back Whittier's "low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed." Its thick rattle on the camp roofs recalled the "powthery snaw" of Burns; Judd in his "Margaret" and Blackmore in his "Lorna Doone" have also left strong impressions of these dry, shifting aspects of the snow. The Spectator found Lowell's little brook tinkling underneath its palace of ice; in the clear dawn Thoreau's smoke-cloud greeted him at the low door of the camp; the snow-tracks of animals, feathered and furred, which Burroughs so delights to follow, were a delight to him as well. The monotony of this outdoor life is agreeably varied by sights and sounds in nature. The wind-storm has stripped the bark from the walls of the camp and leaves it flapping; the river lies deep buried, except in the swift current where the new logs are already being swept down. Then, too, the booming of the freezing pond, the rustle of the clinging leaves, the rattle of the dry twigs; the click of the ax, the whir of the flying chips, the buzz of the saw, the creak of the sled; the notes of wood-birds, the bark of the fox—these many a woodsman truly appreciates and knows in their manifold relations. Here are pictures, too, which the Spectator, though fresh from civilization, cannot monopolize: purple smoke wreaths, clouds of varying hues; the russet browns of the camp, the grays of the tree-trunks, the varying greens of the foliage; the firelights from within, the sunsets almost blood-red in the window-panes, and over all the shifting shadows.

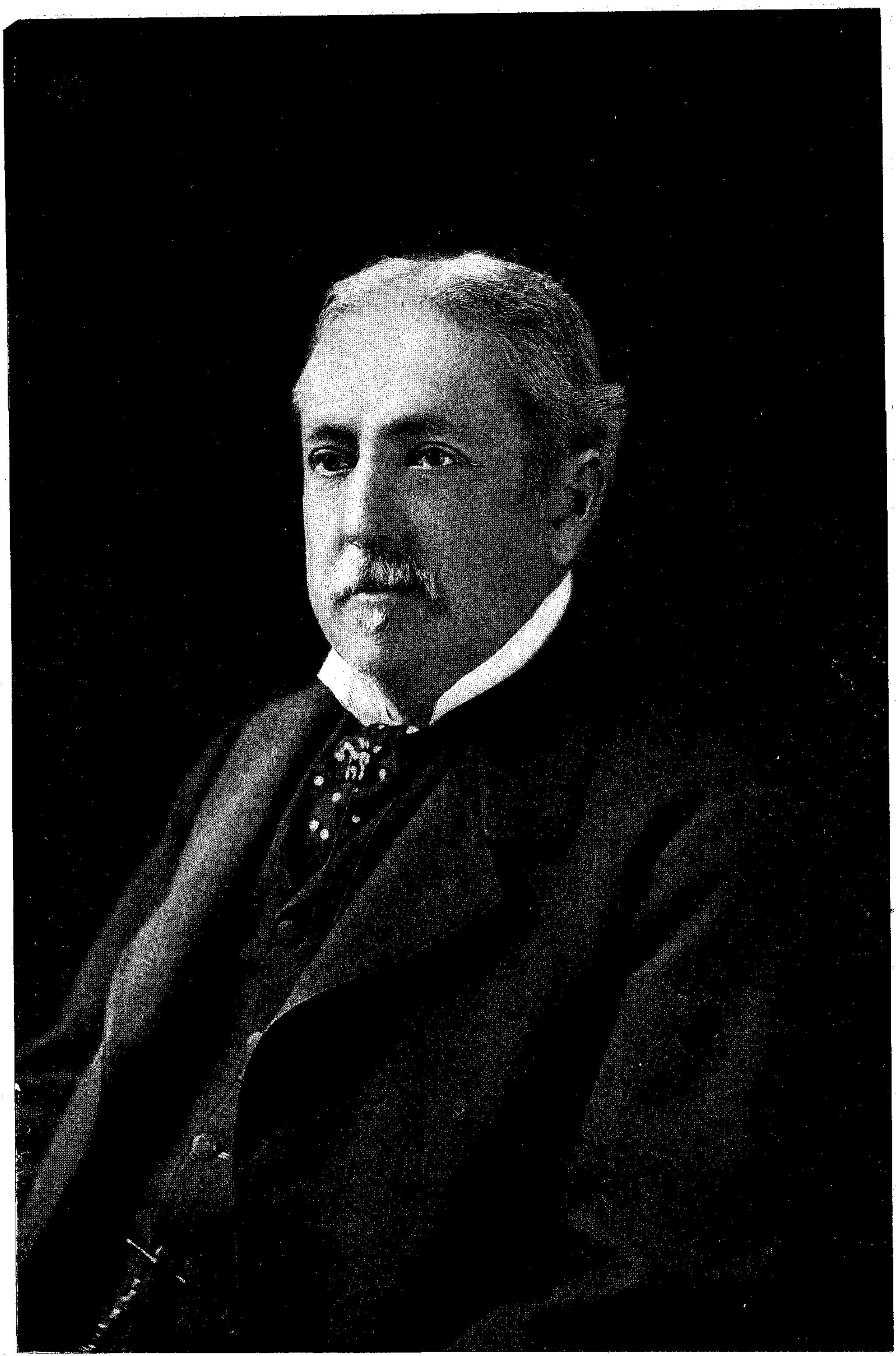
❀

The camp has its historic features also. Here are roads long ago abandoned, mere marks, which would show like scars on the tawny earth; in the heyday of lumbering, when this new country had "prospects," they were the thoroughfares of widely known industries full of dash and enthusiasm. Just where the Spectator stands, in front of the dining camp, crosses the old military road cut from Lake Champlain to Lake Ontario during the War of 1812. A mile farther down the road is a decaying lumber camp, and the spot remains lifeless, like villages whose industries have collapsed. In the valley at the left, in the winter of '42, a cook, famous up and down the river in his vocation, died after a lingering illness, and was buried near the three spruces back of the camp. Nearer the river is a ruined cabin, in a small clearing, showing traces of a scanty grain-patch, picturesque in its very desolation, and to some, no doubt, rich in memories. Across that slope is the track of the great windfall of half a century ago, marked by tamaracks with their soft hangings. Just over that rock was found the body of a famous sportsman, who, while this region was yet unexplored, lost his bearings and died from exposure. These high stumps tell of the great snowfall of '47, when all boundaries were obliterated, and of the cold Friday which followed, when men sat in their camps with a fence of blankets behind them, and when water froze almost in the blaze of the fire. Men who once lumbered this region are long since dead, or have grown old in the same level life, or have risen to greatness in this very world where they served their apprenticeship. This heavily timbered forest will soon be cleared, and either lie a very wilderness in stark desolation, or railroads and machinery will infuse into it the fresh, buoyant spirit of modern life.



GUGLIELMO MARCONI

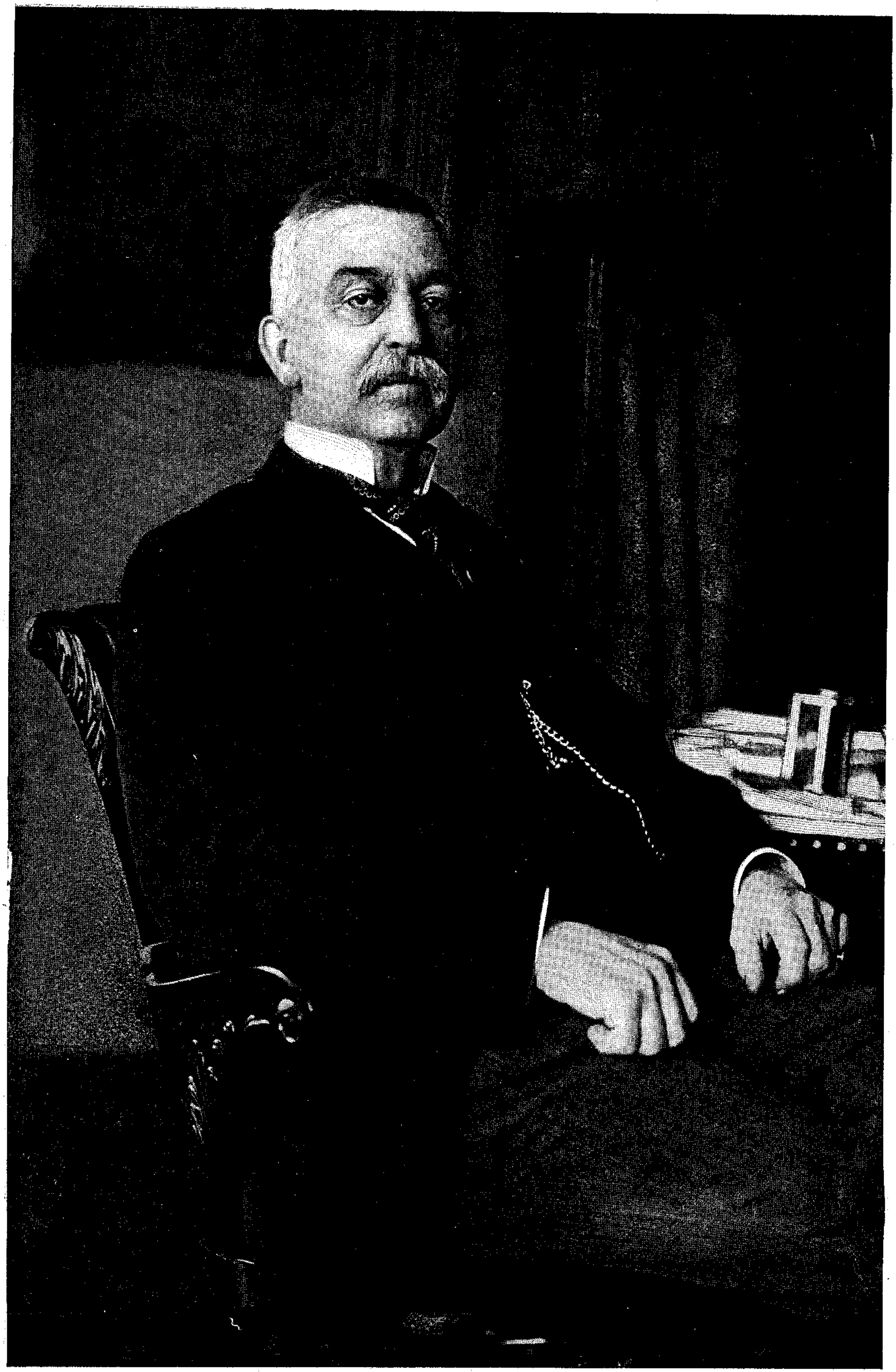
Signor Marconi's inventions in connection with wireless telegraphy have made him famous. Recently his apparatus in Newfoundland registered, he asserts, signals made in England.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK AT WASHINGTON BY B. M. CLINEDINST

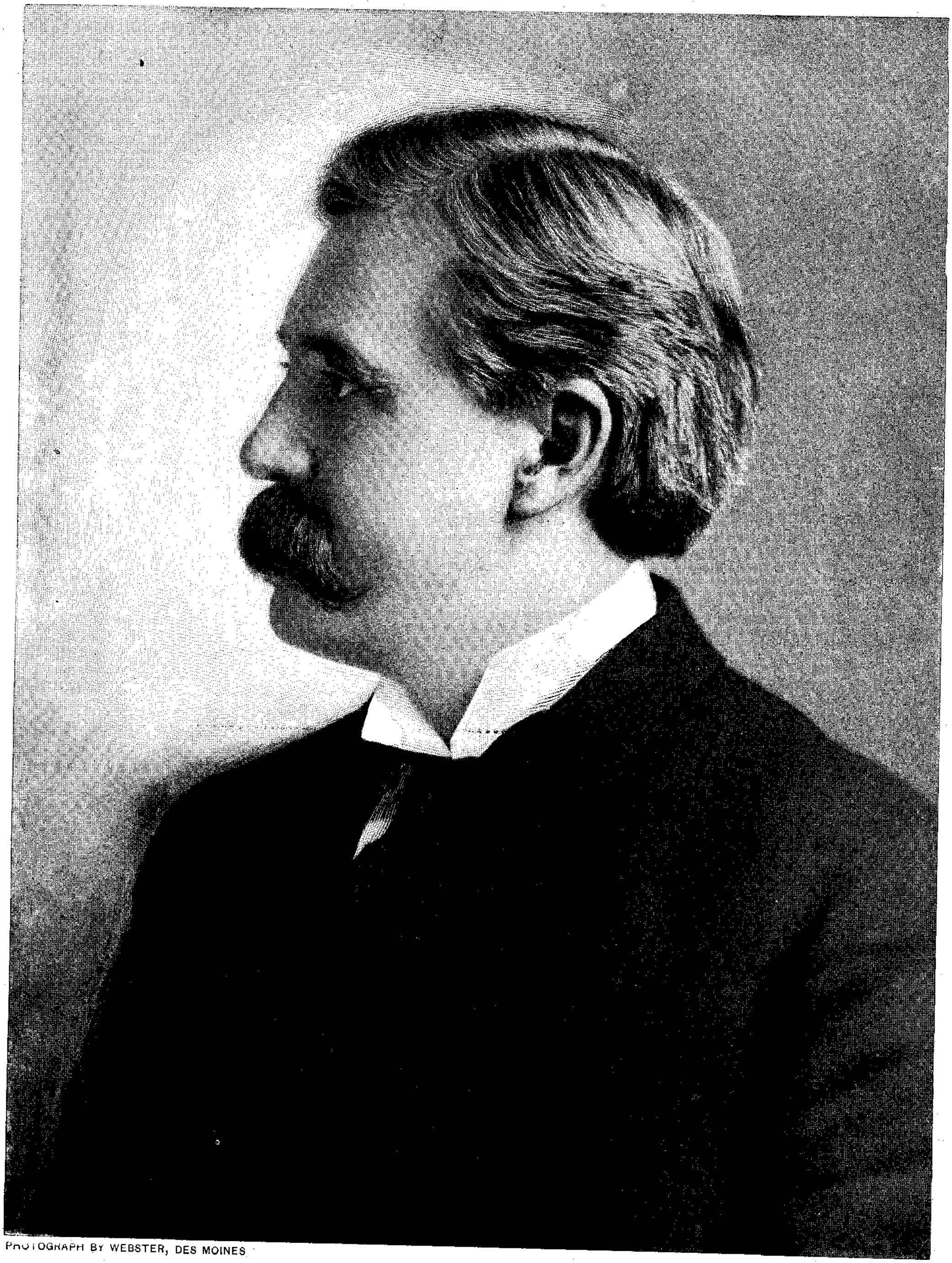
THE HON. WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE

The new Civil Service Commissioner.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

COL. JOHN N. PARTRIDGE
The new Police Commissioner for New York.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WEBSTER, DES MOINES

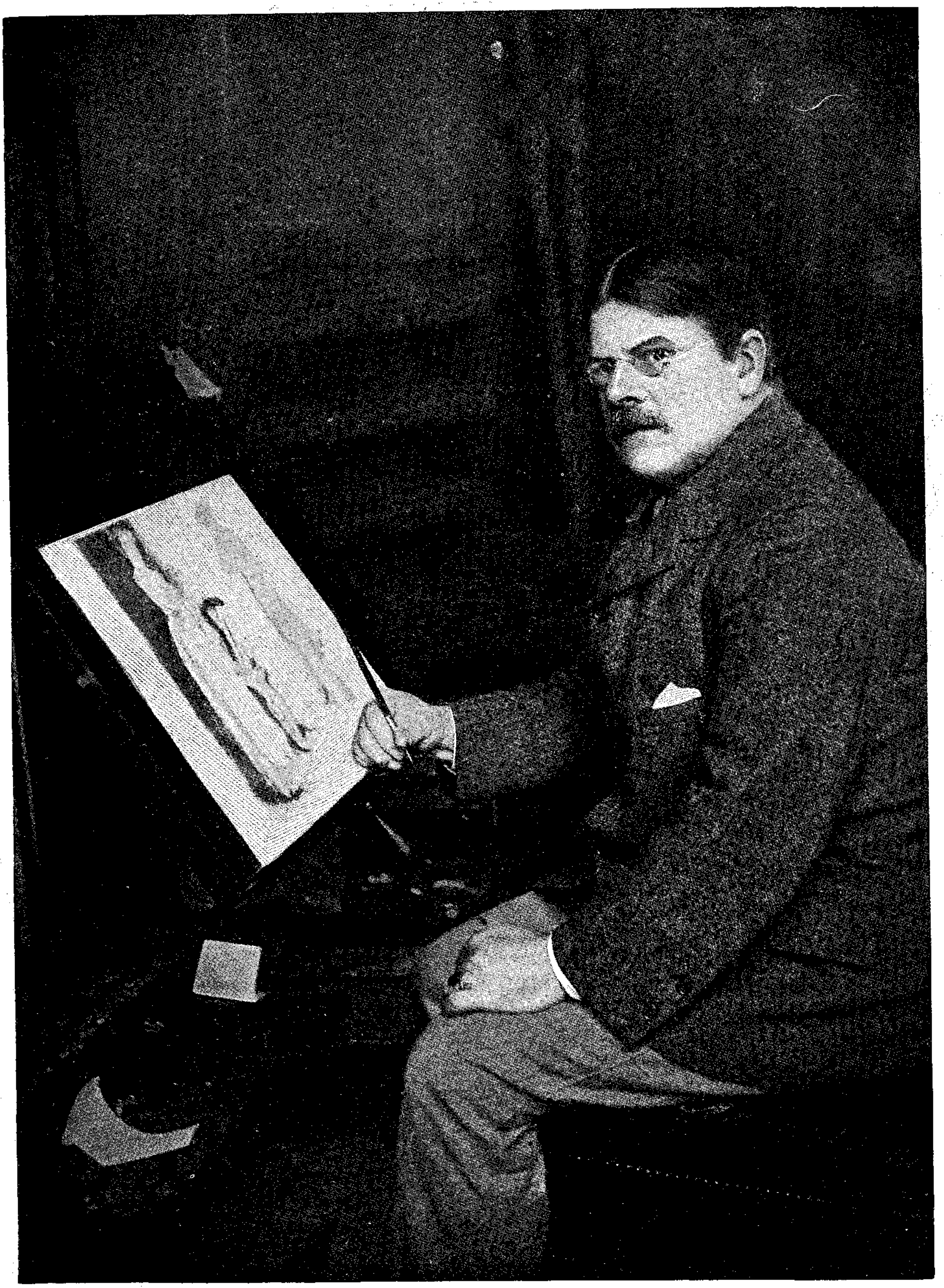
HON. ALBERT B. CUMMINS
Governor of Iowa.

and had meanwhile brought up a family and accumulated property upon a maximum salary of $2.50 a day. As a city Councilman his watchword was to take care of the public money with the same concern as if it had been his own, and he held to this principle when it forced him to antagonize the leaders of his own party, and to fight the contractors who had seemed to dominate the machines of both parties. The enemies he thus made among the tax spenders made him friends among the tax-payers, and when the latter determined to institute systematic economy, they voted for Mulvihill almost regardless of party ranks, giving him an overwhelming majority in an ordinarily Republican city. Since he was elected Mayor his public utterances, so far as reported, have had a dignity as well as a force which were not commonly anticipated. In a recent interview he spoke with frank simplicity of the criticisms directed against him because of his want of education. The substance of what he said was this:

> "It is a good thing for a man to be cultured and educated and all that. It's a good thing, if he knows how to apply it, and has the more necessary qualities to go with it."
>
> "What are the more necessary qualities?"
>
> "Good sense and enduring power. Do you know what I'd do with every rich man's son? I'd put him in a factory for a year, and let him shovel coal, or break stone, or run machinery. I'd teach him the value of money from the laboring man's standpoint. I'd harden his muscles with work that would show him why workingmen go on strikes. And if he wanted to be mayor of a city or hold a government position, I'd show him that the only way to learn the workingman's needs and know how to help him is to be a workingman himself, and work as they work, and live as they live, and feel what they feel."

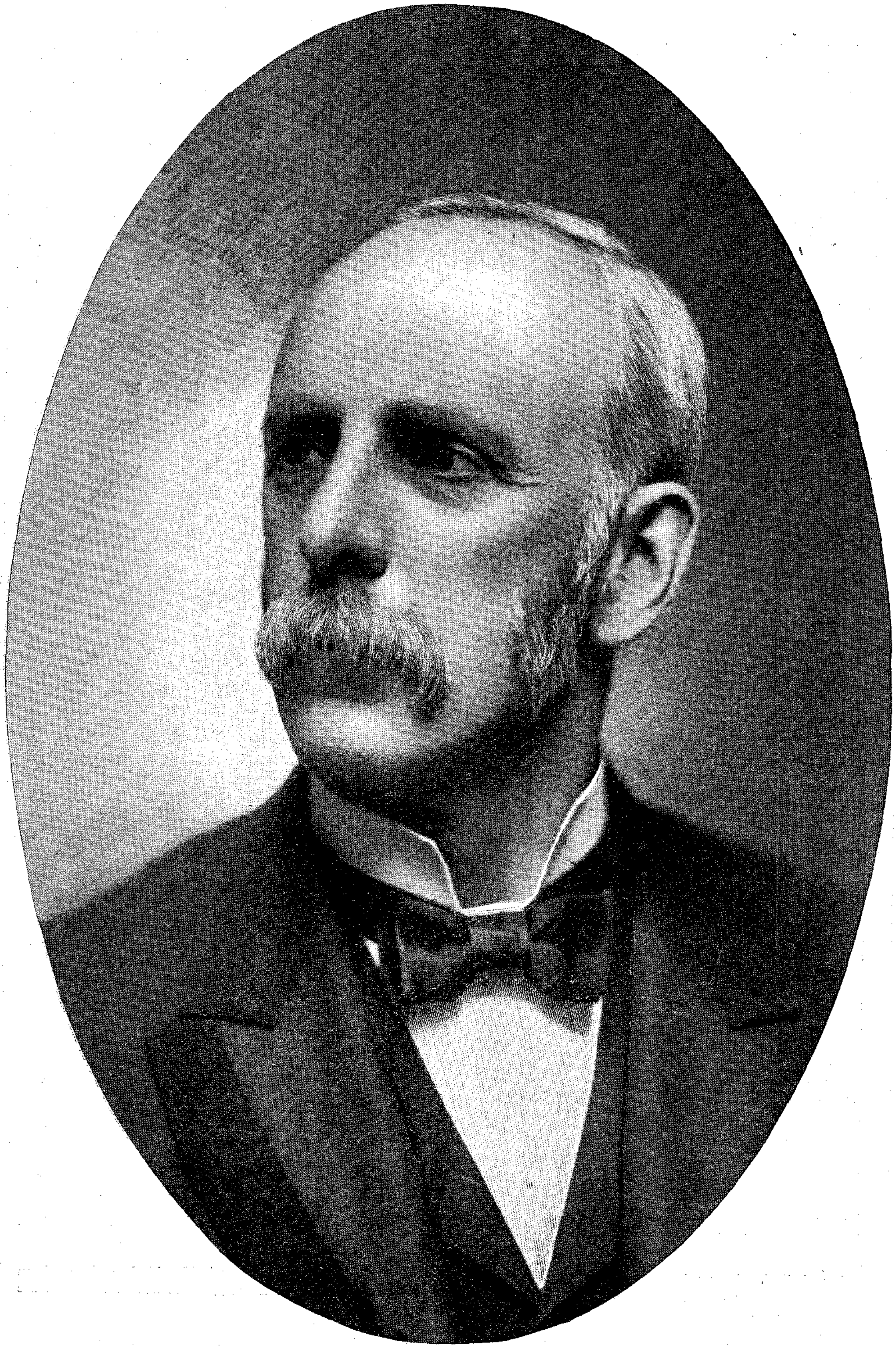
The new Mayor of San Francisco, though elected distinctively upon a labor ticket against the nominees of both the great parties, is not so distinctively a laboring man as Mayor Mulvihill, for whom many "capitalists" voted. Mr. Eugene E. Schmitz is an accomplished musician, and was the leader of an orchestra when elected President of the San Francisco Musicians' Union. It was not his service here, however, that made him the candidate of the trades-unions when, as the outcome of the class feeling engendered by the great strikes, they decided to have a mayoralty candidate of their own. Mr. Schmitz was named for the position chiefly because, as the manager of a gas-engine works and the employer of machinists, he showed his loyalty to union principles by at once granting the demand of the National Machinists' Union for a nine-hour day, when the employers of most of the machinists on the Pacific Slope preferred to accept a strike. Mr. Schmitz, who is thirty-seven years old, has heretofore been a Republican. The "labor" platform which he champions, and upon which he was elected, is not distinctively a laborer's platform, but would benefit, he believes, all classes except those who get dividends from fictitious capital by extortionate charges. He advocates the general principle of municipal ownership of municipal monopolies, and particularly the construction of a great municipal water-works system for the city of San Francisco. He states unreservedly that he will not stand for a class interest, but for the American maxim of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

Mr. Low, the remaining Mayor whose personality commands so much public interest at this time, has been before the Nation so long in varied capacities as not to need biographical notice or characterization. There is one phase of his activities, however, which is perhaps less known than others, and which might furnish an occasion for grouping him with Mayors Mulvihill and Schmitz. He has been a pioneer among men classed as capitalists in the work of extending the application of arbitration to the settlement of labor disputes. As an impartial arbitrator he has won the confidence of the working people in this city, and in the campaign just ended received the general support of organized labor. In fact, even in 1897 he received a large share of this support, dividing it pretty evenly with Henry George. The platform upon which he stood also—for Mr. Low indorsed without reservation the platform of the Citizens' Union—strongly asserted the right of the public to the value given to municipal monopolies by public franchises, and the duty of public officials to prevent the further alienation of such values. Mayor Low, therefore, as well as Mayor Mulvihill and Mayor Schmitz, stands for a progressive labor platform.



EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

Mr. Abbey's pictures illustrating the story of Sir Galahad have lately been on exhibition in New York, and have been enthusiastically praised by the art critics. They are designed for the Boston Public Library, where five of the series are already in place.



LESLIE M. SHAW

The New Secretary of the Treasury.

NOTABLE FIGURES
IN THE
POLITICAL FIELD

IN appointing William Dudley Foulke a Civil Service Commissioner, President Roosevelt must have felt as if he were setting apart almost a piece of himself. Senator Depew's description of Mr. Roosevelt as "an Eastern man with Western characteristics" would fit Mr. Foulke equally well. Born and reared in the heart of New York City, he had no thought of living elsewhere till a matter in which his family was concerned called him to Indiana. There he became associated with one of the great carrying companies as counsel, and concluded to stay. But the dull routine of railroad law could not long repress his interest in the under dog wherever found; and ere many days he had undertaken, as an act of mercy, the defense of five Winnebago Indians on trial in Nebraska for the murder of a ranchman. His Western experience generally has broadened his horizon, kept his human sympathies alive, and made of him a better-rounded man than he would have been without it. In the concentrated life of the Atlantic coast he might have remained a lawyer and nothing else; in the freer air of the Mississippi Valley it is quite natural that he should have been lawyer, banker, author, lecturer, educator, reformer, all in the span of one career, and still be here to tell the tale.

It will be seen from this, by the way, that Mr. Foulke's resemblance to President Roosevelt does not stop short with boxing the geographical compass. Both belong to the class of men who "do things"—the kind whose minds leap directly from a discovered wrong to its remedy, and who, in less time than it takes their neighbors to formulate a programme, have begun the execution of one. It seems almost like a paradox to say that these are the men on whom the weight of years sits lightest; perhaps they are so quick of movement that Father Time is overmatched in trying to keep up with them. Certainly the ease with which the new Commissioner at fifty-three shoulders his daily task in the early morning and rolls it off at dusk is a tribute to the healthfulness of energy well spent.

Descended from a long line of pious Friends, all the pugnacious impulses which his ancestors repressed for so many generations seem to have accumulated in Mr. Foulke with such force as to defy further control. He is a fighter to his very marrow; but on the field of combat he greets each comer with a smiling face, as if satisfied that the blows he deals will be accepted, as they are given, in the spirit of a thinly disguised benevolence. No man is less uncharitable in his judgment of those against whom his most candid denunciation is aimed. What he seeks is to accomplish results, not merely to worst a foe or glorify his own prowess; and he feels the condensed joy of a whole ninety-and-nine over one rascal whom he has cudgeled into repentance when moral suasion has failed.

In politics, a man of this temperament cannot be pinned down forever to a single spot. He must be continually doing something, and if he feels cramped in one position he makes no ado about moving to another. Mr. Foulke is now, and for most of his life has been, a Republican; but when Grant was a candidate for a second term as President he became a delegate to the bolting convention at Cincinnati, where he worked hard for Charles Francis Adams. Greeley's nomination made it convenient for him to go abroad and not return till the election was over. In 1884 he voted for Cleveland. Meanwhile he had helped to organize the Civil Service Reform Association of Indiana; the Association investigated the misgovernment of the State Hospital for the Insane, then under Democratic control; and in the off-year campaigns which followed, the fruits of this inquiry furnished a live party issue and turned the State over to the Republicans. In the next Presidential canvass he took the stump for Harrison; but his candidate had not been in the White House many months before Mr. Foulke was in the field again as a member of an investigating committee—this time of the National Civil Service Reform League—uncovering the performances of the spoilsmen in the Post-Office Department, the Census Bureau, and other branches of the Federal service.

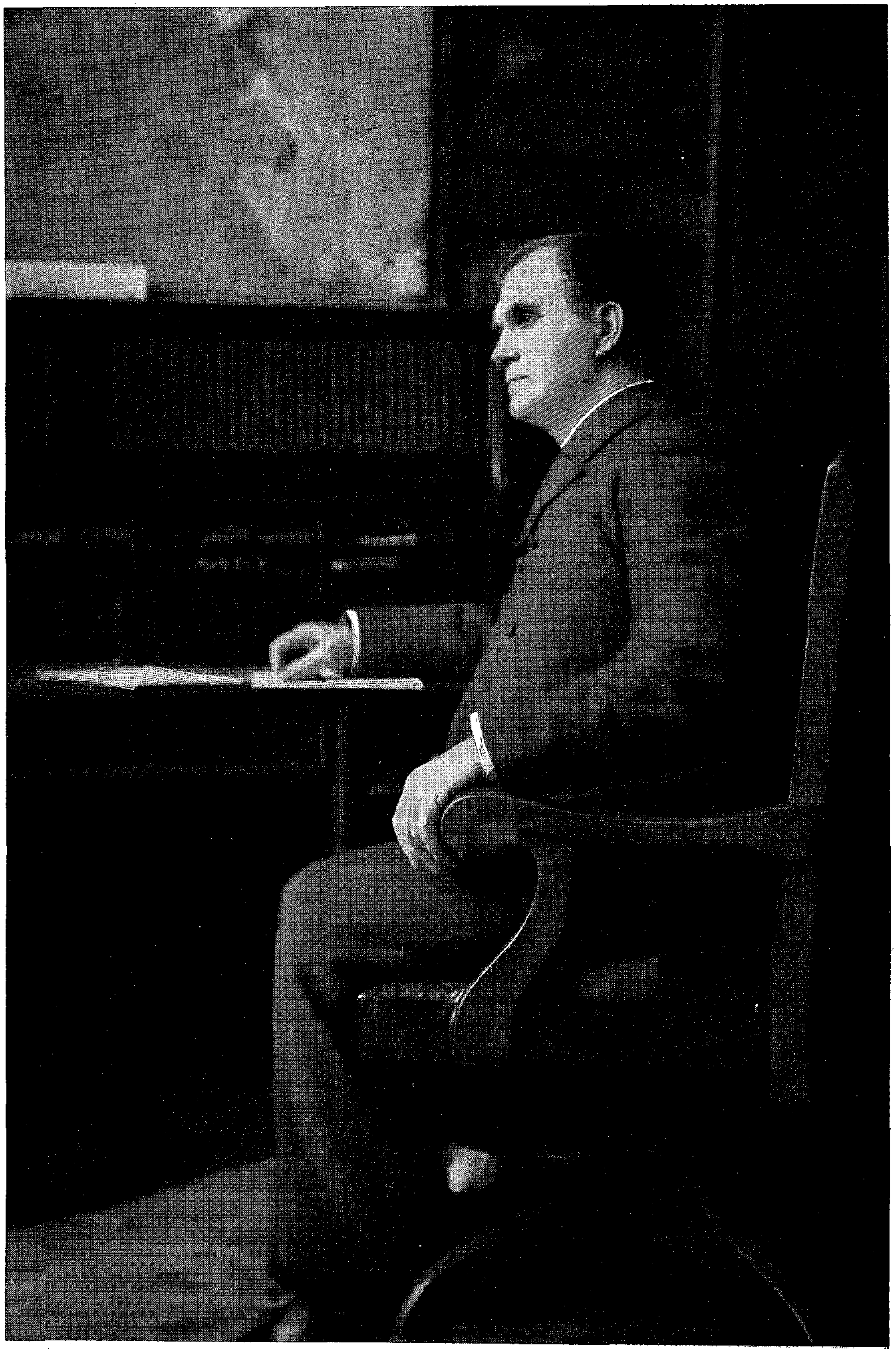
It was in this enterprise that he displayed his remarkable faculty for asserting a principle in the form of a mathematical demonstration. In a report on Congressional patronage published by his committee it was shown that, after a change of administration, each member of Congress belonging to the successful party controlled about five hundred appointments to office; that for each batch of appointments there were between seventeen and eighteen hundred applicants; and that, on the average, every member of either House devoted more than one-third of his time to the single task of finding place and pay for his dependents. No more startling presentation of the wasteful and demoralizing tendencies of the patronage practice was ever made.

What drew Mr. Foulke into so warm advocacy of the merit system in the civil service was his Yankee love for "a fair field and no favor." The same idea lies at the bottom of his championship of the ballot for women. A disciple of Mill and Spencer, for several years he was President of the American Woman Suffrage Association, of which George William Curtis and Henry Ward Beecher were among the shining lights. It is safe to say, however, that if the country had been under Amazonian rule and his own sex had been the one subject to political disqualification, he would have headed a revolt in its behalf quite as cheerfully. What always appeals to him first in a cause is its measure of righteousness; being once convinced of that, all he needs to know is that there is hard work to do, and no one else as strong as he quite ready to undertake it.

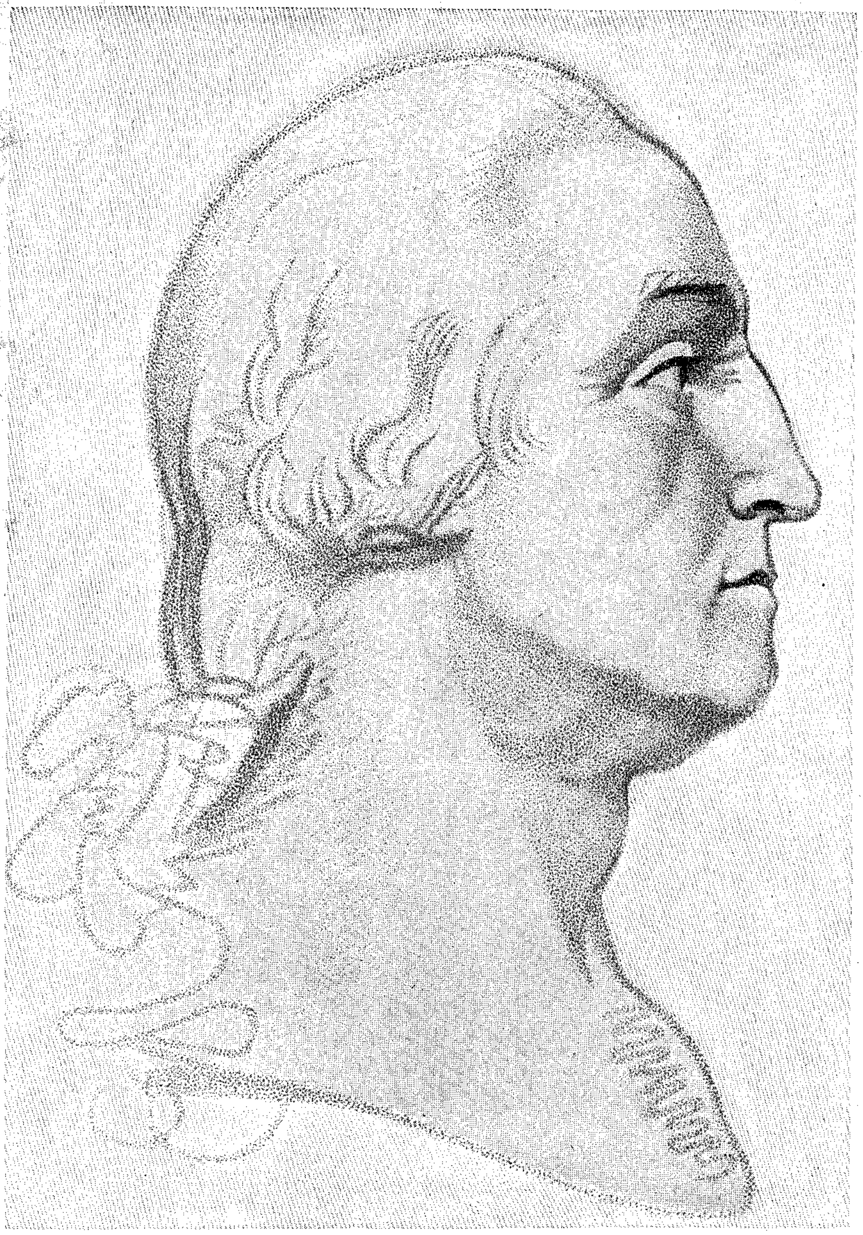
To the country at large, though not to the people of their respective States, the Governors-elect in Iowa, New Jersey, and Virginia are new men in politics. Each one of these successful candidates now emerges as the leader of an aggressive and virile element in his party—a distinct personal force that may some day have to be reckoned with in the Nation as well as in the State. But Governor Cummins, of Iowa, Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, and Governor Montague, of Virginia, are not the only personalities brought into National prominence by the State elections of 1901. In no case was the candidate's personal triumph so complete as in the election, for the third time, of Governor Crane in Massachusetts, after a campaign in which not a speech was made in behalf of the ticket, the acknowledged excellence of the State administration being deemed the strongest possible argument, in itself, for a continuance in power.

No one of these four leaders could have reached his present eminence except for the confidence reposed in him by the young men of his party. All are the favorites of "the younger element" in State politics. Two of the group, indeed—Governor Cummins, of Iowa, and Governor Montague, of Virginia—were nominated in open defiance of the wishes of the party bosses. For the time being the Republican managers in Iowa lost control of the nominating machinery as completely as did the Democratic managers in Virginia.

The Hon. Albert B. Cummins, commonly regarded as one of the ablest practitioners at the Iowa bar, had twice been an unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate—in 1894 and in 1900. He had been active in the movement for increasing the assessment of railroad property in the State, and while a member of the Legislature had voted for at



DENIS MULVIHILL
Mayor of Bridgeport.



G: Washington

From a rare stipple engraving after the Houdon bust.

Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By *Edward Everett Hale*

III.

BOSTON IN 1808

THE Boston which welcomed my father after his two days' ride from Northampton was a town of gardens. A few years after that time an ingenious Frenchman made a model of the town in cork, cutting out his separate houses and churches and painting them in their proper colors. In the little handbill which explained this pretty reproduction of the town he says that there are in it nine blocks of brick buildings, of which one or two are new. The largest of these blocks were the two curved sides of Cornhill, which still stand. The name Cornhill, however, then applied to that part of Washington Street between Milk Street and Dock Square. The Cornhill of to-day was then called Market Street.

Most of the private houses in Washington Street had little yards or gardens, as we should say, on one or both sides, and on the street only windows, the front door opening into the garden. You may see the same arrangement in the Main Street at Charlestown to-day, the other side of Charles River. In many cases there were orchards of considerable size immediately adjoining the houses. The account which Marshall Wilder gave in "The Memorial History of Boston" of the early gardens makes one's mouth water. "One of the largest gardens of that day was that of Governor James Bowdoin, who had a large house and extensive lot of land on Beacon Street, at the corner of Bowdoin Street, reaching quite over the hill—what is now Ashburton Place. This large garden abounded in the finest fruits, pears, peaches, apples, and grapes." Mr. Kirk Boott's garden was spread around the present site of the Revere House. "Fruit trees and vines and foreign grapes and other tender fruits which now succeed only under glass grew in the open air." In Summer Street the gardens of the Amorys, the Salisburys and Gardners, ran back to Bedford Street; in some instances these gardens covered two, three, or even more acres.

These memoranda of old vacant spaces in Boston will have a certain interest for people who buy their thread and needles, perhaps, where I have picked and eaten pears, or have aimed my arrow at a target a hundred yards away.

But the exterior social changes between the active maritime town of thirty thousand people into which, after two days, the Brookfield "stage" brought my father in 1808, when Boston life is compared against the more conventional life of to-day, are perhaps more noteworthy. A memorandum now before me, by the late James Hale, of New York, of 1806 or 1807, speaks of Colonel Perkins, for many years the prince of Boston merchants, as trudging home for his eight o'clock breakfast from old Faneuil Hall with the market-basket containing his one o'clock dinner. The same memorandum says that Harrison Gray Otis, the eloquent Senator of the State in Washington, might be seen doing the same thing; and that William ("Billy") Gray, whose ship discovered the Columbia River, Benjamin Bussey, the founder of the Agricultural School of Harvard College, Peter Chardon Brooks and Israel Thorndike, both of them among the richest men in New England, might be every morning in the same company.

These gentlemen had bought their dinners personally at Faneuil Hall Market. It is a little queer that when one goes into the historic Faneuil Hall, which we Boston people call "the Cradle of Liberty," he

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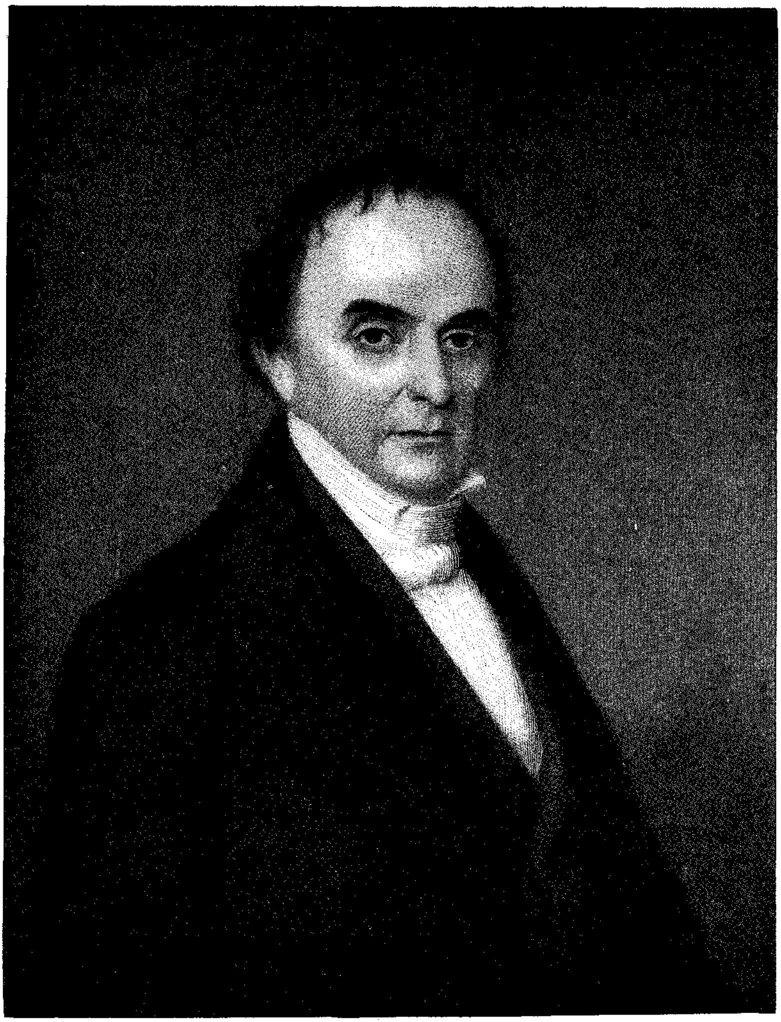


DANIEL WEBSTER

After the portrait by R. M. Staigg.

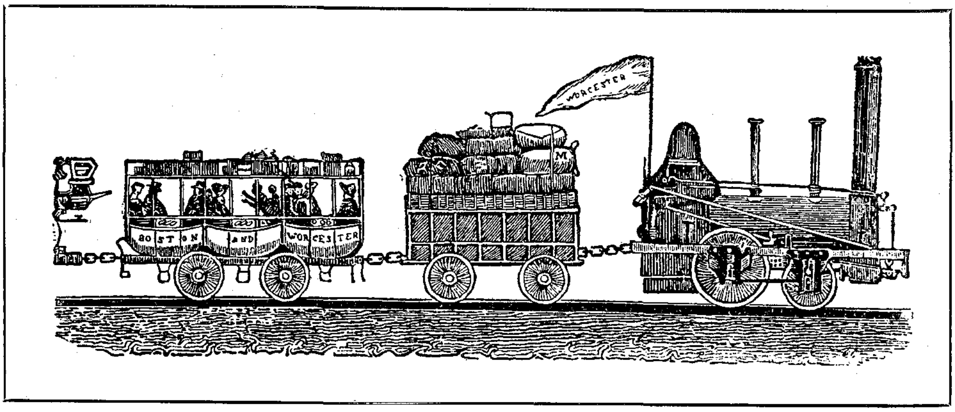
passes upstairs between the stalls of a market where he sees beef and pork, cabbages and lettuce, for sale. This is because Peter Faneuil, the son of a Huguenot, built the hall for the town of Boston when twenty thousand people lived there. He gave it to the town that the lower part might be used for a market, the upper part for a place of assembly for the citizens. At this moment, if any fifty citizens agree that they want to hold a public meeting in his hall, they can have the use of the hall for that purpose. And the lawyers have long since instructed the government of the city that if she does not continue the use of the lower story as a market, some Huguenot of a new century might appear from France and establish his claim for this historic property.

In the business and pleasure of thirty thousand people there had to be large stables. And of the region now most crowded in the daily life of the town a large part was then given to such stables. Niles's stable ran back from School Street northerly. On Bromfield Street a large stable served the customers of the Indian Queen Tavern. This extended southerly. The Marlboro Hotel stood where the booksellers' arch now is. The taverns which stood where the Boston Theater and Keith's now stand, and opposite them, were called the Lion Tavern and the Lamb Tavern. Their stables ran back there. On the south side of West Street was another large stable. There was a very large stable on the west side of Hawley Street, where the great retail shops of Washington Street now run back and cover the whole territory.

The very queer lay of the streets in one and another part of Boston may be referred frequently to the former existence of these great lots, all but forgotten, which were covered by barns for hay, and other cheap wooden buildings.

Into a town like this there shambled in very different stages, which were never called stage-coaches, from all parts of New England; or, very likely, travelers arrived in their own chaises. Observe that no wagon of four wheels for pleasure traveling was known until General Dearborn introduced such a wagon from the West in the period of the English War; and the light four-wheeled wagon in which people began to ride from place to place was called the "Dearborn wagon."[1] Besides the spring of the wagon proper, the seat hung on a spring of its own; it was, therefore, well adapted for corduroy riding. This seems to have been a Western invention, when New York was a Western State.

The first steam railroad line which carried passengers out of Boston was the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company, which sent a train, mostly as a matter of curiosity, nine miles out to West Newton, in the summer of 1833. Before that time the communication with the interior was made on the common roads with horse traction, with the exception, which is hardly an exception, of the few passengers and slight freight which came on the Middlesex Canal from the Merrimac River. Boston was supplied with lumber, as our good American English has it, and with most of the fuel for burning from Maine, and such products of the forest were brought by water. Such supplies as this made fuel very cheap in eastern Massachusetts. Our trade with the West Indies made molasses a very easy product to import here. Putting these two easy and cheap commodities together, that is to say, wood under a boiler and molasses into the boiler, and you obtained New England rum. For the first forty years of the century, therefore, the manufacture of rum was a principal manufacture of the town of Boston; and to this hour, whoever digs a new cellar for any large building in what was *then* the South End of Boston runs against the old excavations which were made for distilling-vats in those days. The population of Boston in 1808 was about thirty thousand. The space occupied by the old peninsula was about seven hundred acres. My father used to say, when he was seventy years old, that when he came to Boston the enterprise of internal improvement which attracted the most interest on the part of Boston people was that by which they should dig down Beacon Hill and fill up the mill-pond celebrated in Franklin's early biography, at the northern end of the town. This was successfully done, so that Mr. Thurston, of the house in Bowdoin Street destroyed only lately, used to say that the



THE BOSTON AND WORCESTER RAILWAY
From an old print.

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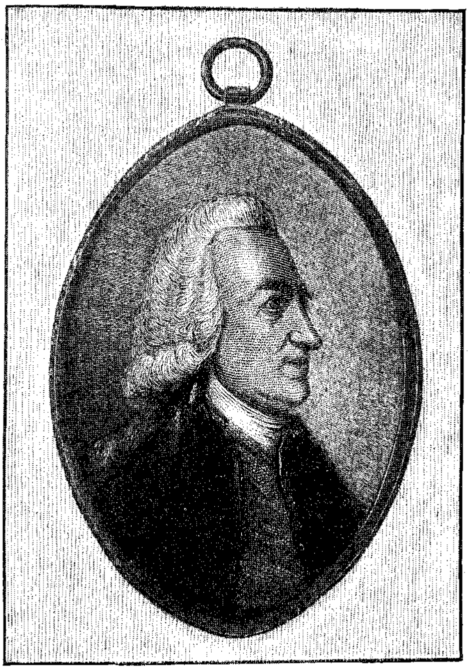
[1] I am sorry to say that the Century Dictionary says that this wagon was invented by a man named Dearborn. But I tell the tale as it was told to me.



JAMES BOWDOIN

After the miniature by J. H. Daniels.

chimney of his new house, four stories high, was at the same spot in space as where the doorsteps were some years before. This condition of things lasted until the end of 1847, when it was the business of my father, as head of the water commission of that time, to rebuild Beacon Hill, in order to give sufficient height to the reservoir which should supply the highest levels of water in Boston. Time rolled by, and in the last week of 1889 it was my privilege, in the company of Governor Oliver Ames, to offer in words the prayers of the great assembly when we laid the corner-stone of the annex to the State House, for which corner-stone my father's reservoir had been pulled down and Beacon Hill again reduced in its altitude.

THE LAST LEAVES ON THE TREE

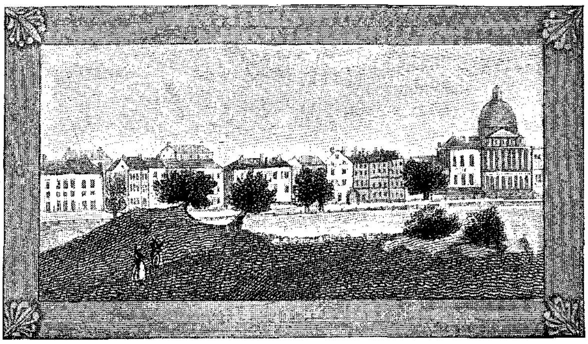
The Boston to which my father came in 1808, and to which Mr. Webster came in 1814, was separated by a generation from the Boston of the Revolution. Mr. Webster alludes more than once, I think, to the fact that he was born the year before the treaty of 1783; and I always liked to tell my father that he was as old as the country. When he came to Boston, the Revolutionary men were still on the stage as old men. Even Jefferson had not dared remove General Benjamin Lincoln, who had been made Collector of the Port by Washington. He resigned in 1808. Peter O. Thacher, with whom my father studied law, was born in 1776, the son of that Dr. Thacher who wrote, from his personal observation, the American official account of the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was minister of Malden, and, with half his flock, he saw on the "Rail Fence" side, across the Mystic River.

So, in 1808, one saw men to whom the Revolution was as fresh as the Civil War is with us, and as distant. And, just as the generation stepping on the stage now does not care to be bound by the traditions of Bull Run or Antietam or Gettysburg, just so then the younger school of politicians were finding out that they had a country of their own.

For myself, I did not see men to know them for yet a generation more.

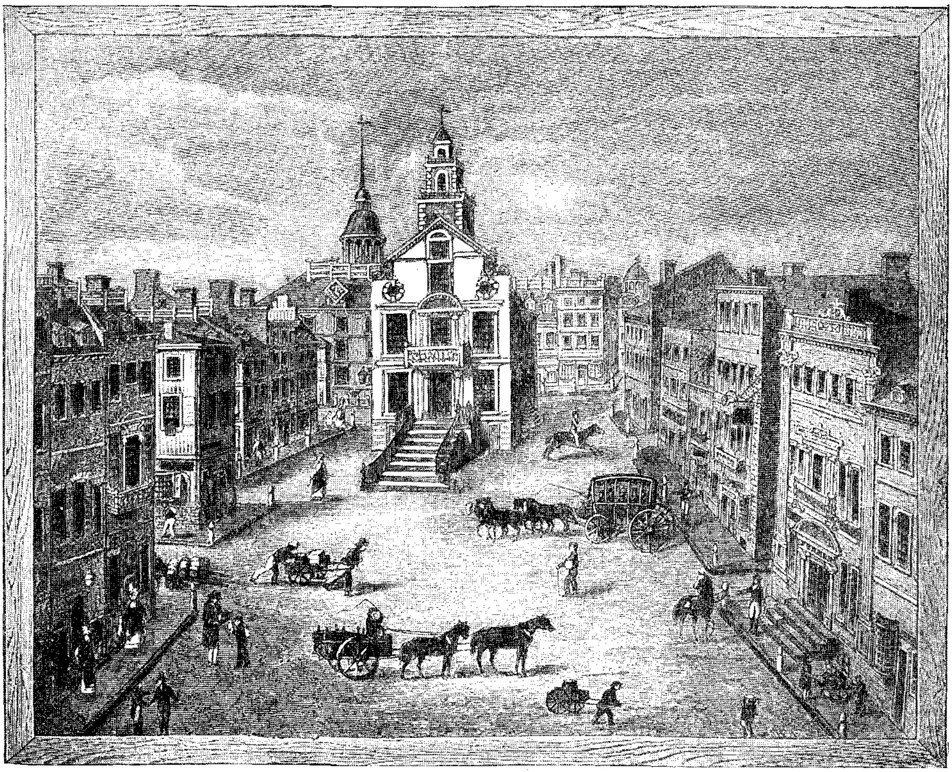
I was born in 1822, fifty-seven years after the Stamp Act and the Stamp Act Riots. Fifty-seven years after my birth, in 1879, Mr. Justin Winsor asked me, as one of his co-workers, to write the history of the Siege of Boston for the Memorial History.

I did the work as well as I could. I was a little amused—more than amused, I was interested—to observe that my birthday was half-way between the time which separated me and mine from King George and his. When my work was done, I was curious to test the value of personal tradition by seeing how much



BEACON STREET

Where James Bowdoin lived.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE

From a picture owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

my own memories had contributed to my own article. I believe that there were twelve anecdotes in that chapter which I had heard and had not read, not one of the slightest real importance. But I propose now to go into a little detail with regard to them, because I think that such detail furnishes comment of some use on a habit, far too general, of relying upon tradition.

My dear old friend James Savage, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, really thought, I believe, that the traditional anecdote was false because it was traditional. This goes much too far, but, on the other hand, such a series of reminiscences as my twelve seem to me to show of how little worth personal tradition is at the end of the century. Here was I, growing up in Boston, within a century of the outbreak of the Revolution, and here are the facts which come to me from other sources than written history. For local color, yes, for what the artists call the broken lights in the foreground, such anecdotes have a certain value; but for the foundation facts, from which the truth of history is to be discovered, we must be very careful how we trust to the memories of men.

I must have seen Lafayette himself with the eye of the flesh, on the 17th of June, 1825. I was three years and more than three months old, and on that day Lafayette went in procession from Boston to Charlestown to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.[1] I was a little boy, recovering from scarlet fever, and I was lifted up at the window to see the procession pass which escorted Lafayette. The place was opposite the Tremont Building of to-day, where the Tremont House stood for a half-century. At that time there was a large garden or orchard there, with three wooden houses upon it.

Alas and alas! such are the memories

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[1] This battle is so far forgotten that, in a careful revise, which had passed the correctors in the best printing-house in America, within sight of the Monument, I once had the words come to me as the Battle of Bunker-Kill! This gives a sort of Boer sound to history.

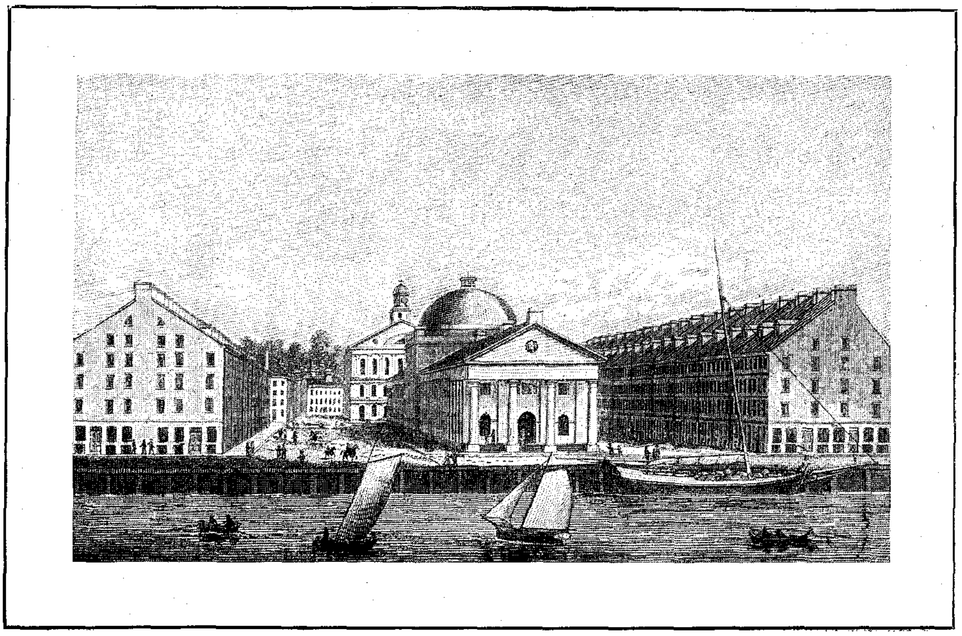
of childhood that, while I can recall the green feathers of the Rifle Rangers, a crack military company of that day, and also the yellow badge that was given to me which had Lafayette's head printed upon it, I have now no recollection either of the carriage in which he rode or the horses which drew it, far less of the hero himself.

My father then lived in the second house from the southern corner of School Street, but not long after he removed into a new house which was then built on the corner lot, occupying, as the other house did, part of the site of the present Parker House. As we children stood at the window to see the people pass, we used to see Major Melvill, who was really a hero of the Tea Party. He is the "last leaf upon the tree" of Holmes's song:

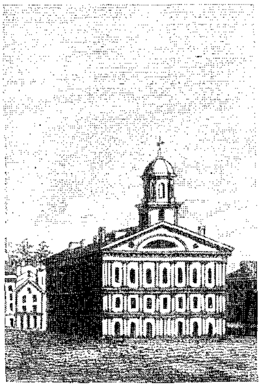
> But now he walks the streets,
> And he looks at all he meets
> Sad and wan,
> And he shakes his feeble head,
> That it seems as if he said,
> "They are gone."

One knows that he really was of the Tea Party because he never said he was. It is to be noted, in any study of what tradition is worth, that if in the last century any man said he was of the Tea Party, you knew that strictly he was not. If, on the other hand, when the subject was alluded to with an old Boston man, he smiled and winked and perhaps said nothing; if he turned the conversation in some other direction, you were almost sure that he was one of the two parties which were organized to throw the tea overboard. These members met at Griffin's wharf, coming from the North End and the South End by appointment. They placed sentries at the head of the wharf to prevent interference from any one. Their faces in some instances, and I think in all, were blackened, that they might not be recognized. And they went to work as stevedores would do, in a systematic way, to haul up the tea from the vessels, to break open the chests, and to throw the tea into the water. All these men had sworn with a masonic oath that they would never implicate any one in the transaction. If, therefore, when these men were old men, they did not say they were there, that is no reason for supposing they were not.

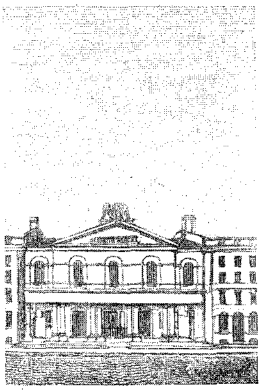
On the other hand, every man and boy in Boston who had two legs repaired to the scene to look on. Some of them even struggled through the guard, as did the father of the late Charles Sprague, the poet. Mr. Charles Sprague told me this story. His father struggled through



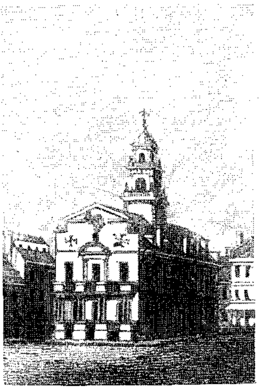
EAST VIEW OF FANEUIL HALL MARKET



OLD STATE HOUSE



CUSTOM-HOUSE



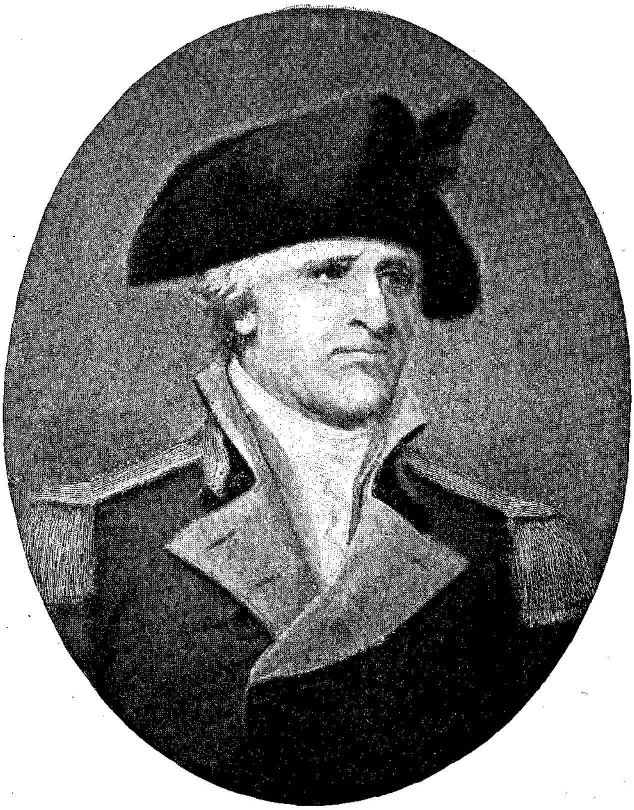
FANEUIL HALL

because his master, who was at work in the Tea Party, recognized him. He blackened the boy's face with soot from a blacksmith shop, as the rest were blackened, and permitted him to join in the work; but young Sprague was not, and never pretended that he was, one of what is technically called the Tea Party. Major Melvill was, and never said he was. Any amount of the tea as the tide went out drifted on the beach at South Boston, and there are few old Boston people who have not seen vials of the tea which were taken from the mounds which were then upon the beach.

I remember no one else who actually wore a blue coat and leathern breeches, as the hero of Dr. Holmes's ballad does.

I think that Major Melvill was the first survivor of the Revolutionary soldier whom I saw, knowing that he had been a Revolutionary soldier. I must have seen many such men, but in 1830, when my real memories begin, people would hardly point them out in the street. By which I mean that a man who was twenty-one on the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill was in 1830 seventy-six years old. In all notices for public processions, for many years after that time, there was a place reserved for "survivors of the Revolution." The one exception of a veritable Revolutionary soldier with whom I have ever talked was Mr. Eben Clapp, of Northampton. I preached in Northampton in January and February and March, 1843. Mr. Clapp was one of the constant attendants at our church. I dare not say one of my constant hearers, for the old man asked me once to give out the text distinctly and address it to him personally, as he sat in the front pew. He said, "When I hear the young men's texts, I know what they are going to say," and implied that he did not care for much beside the text. Mr. Clapp had been out "ag'in' Burgoyne" in 1777. The whole of the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts was swept by conscription, and every man from sixteen to fifty-five was enrolled and had to march with the militia of Hampshire County to join the army under Schuyler, Gates, or Lincoln. Then there came another draft for the "exempts." Mr. Clapp's grandfather, who was nearly sixty, would have been obliged to march with this contingent, but Eben Clapp, a boy of fifteen, begged that he might be accepted as his grandfather's substitute, and was so accepted. With this company of "exempts" he marched as far north as what was known as "Number Six" in New Hampshire, which is now the town of Charlestown, New Hampshire. There they heard of Burgoyne's surrender, and they returned to their homes. The conversations which I used to have with Eben Clapp are, so far as I know, the only conversations I ever had with a Revolutionary soldier. It may be readily imagined that I did not learn from him much of the interior conduct of the war.

As late as 1857 or 1858 I knew Mrs. Brown, a nice old lady, well preserved, who must have been at that time eighty-



JOHN STARK

From the painting by U. V. Tenney after the Trumbull portrait.

seven years old. She told me that she was a North End girl; that the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill every one who lived there was, of course, intensely excited. The cannon on Copp's Hill were, from time to time, firing across at Charlestown; the children must have seen Charlestown burning, though I do not remember that she spoke of that. But she did tell me that when the carts began to come up from the ferry with the wounded English soldiers, the children ran after the carts as they went up what are now Lynde Street and Staniford Street; and they could see the gouts of blood running out from the tails of the carts as they stood upon the roadway. Even in the hardest press of a cab, when eager to strike a train on the Northern railways, I never can drive through Staniford Street without thinking of that dripping rain.

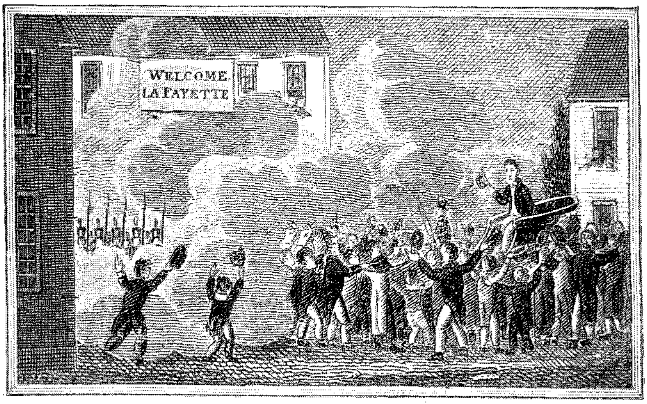
At the foot of Winter Street in Boston, on the north corner, there has stood since my memory a wooden house, where is now Tuttle's shoe-shop. This is on the spot, I may say in passing, where I first met John Brown, of Kansas, where the New England Emigrants' Aid Board held its office for years. The daughter of the lady who occupied this house in 1775 told me that an English private was billeted there in the winter before the siege of Boston. At nightfall on the 18th of April he came into the house for his kit, his musket, cartridge-boxes, knapsack, and the rest, being one of the detachment which was ordered out under Smith for the surprise intended by the night march at Concord. The lady said to him, "When shall you be back, Gibson?" and Gibson said, "God knows, madam," and bade her good-by. They never saw him again. This anecdote has some worth, for it completely relieves Mrs. General Gage from the scandal in the early histories, which intimate that because she was an American by birth she confided her husband's secrets to the American patriots. If, in every house where a soldier was billeted, it was known at six o'clock that a thousand men were going out, we need not look to the Province House for the source of the information which Paul Revere and William Dawes carried out north and south at eight o'clock that evening.

In the year 1837 the accomplished student Mr. James T. Austin delivered a lecture on the siege of Boston which I heard, and which I afterwards read. It is rather a pity that this lecture should not now be printed. He had a good deal of local information which he had derived from survivors of the Revolution. I remember that he said that, as the sun went down, Beacon Hill was crowded with the Boston people who were wholly ignorant of what had happened in Middlesex County; that, as night came on, they could see the flashes of the muskets of the returning British forces and the victorious militia as they fired upon each other in the retreat of Milk Row, which we now call Kirkland Street.[1]

It is only a few years since the old stone powder-house was removed which stood, in Revolutionary days, surrounded with salt marsh, where the Cottage Farms bridge now crosses the Charles River. When General Washington was first making the rounds to the posts of the Continental Army besieging Boston, he visited this powder-house. The day of the visit is to be found in the "American archives." As he came out, the officer in charge called him aside and said that he supposed he understood that the kegs of powder which they had been inspecting were filled with black sand. This had been one of the precautions of General Ward, who had deceived even his own staff as to the amount of what is called, in the letters of that time, "the essential article." It is of this visit that the tradition is that Washington did not speak for an hour afterwards. At that moment, without allowing anything for the cannonading, he had but nine musket-charges of powder for each man for his whole army.

When I was in college, Jared Sparks, always a near friend, was lecturing on American history. I stopped after the lecture to ask him some question, and he told me this story of the Battle of Princeton. I dare not call it my personal touch with the Revolution, but it removes me from it by only one gap. Sparks told me of the Massachusetts officer, whose name he did not give me, who was at Princeton on the day of the battle. There is a certain bridge, which the well-informed reader will remember, which it was important to destroy. Washington instructed this Massachusetts captain to take a file of men and destroy the bridge. The captain touched his hat and said, "Are there enough men?" and Washington said, "Enough to be cut to pieces." This gentleman told Dr. Sparks afterwards that as he went back to his men he pinched his cheeks for fear that they should see that he was pale; and they destroyed the bridge.

When John Stark cut off Burgoyne and his party at Bennington, the history of the world changed, if we may trust Colonel Chesney. Stark was at this moment very angry with the Continental Congress, which had snubbed him in some way. He would not tell them of his victory, but he wrote to the government of Massachusetts and of New Hampshire, whose militia he had commanded at Bennington, and he sent to Massachusetts "one Hessian gun and bayonet, one broadsword, one brass-barrelled drum, and one grenadier's cap, taken from the



LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO BOSTON

From an old print.

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[1] In a barn at Milk Row Ephraim Bates and Monroe and Baker and Abram and I made a bed.

enemy in the memorable battle fought at Wallomsac on the 16th of August last;" and requests that the same may be kept "in commemoration of that glorious victory obtained over the enemy that day by the united troops of that State, those of New Hampshire and Vermont, which victory ought to be kept in memory and handed down to futurity as a lasting and laudable example for the sons and daughters of the victors, in order never to suffer themselves to become the prey of those mercenary tyrants and British sycophants who are daily endeavoring to ruin and destroy us."

The General Court said in reply: "These trophies shall be safely deposited in the archives of the State, and there remind posterity of the irresistible power of the God of armies and the honours due to the memory of the brave. Still attended with like successes, may you long enjoy the just rewards of a grateful country."

With these eyes with which I read this proof, I have seen these trophies in their entirety. But, unfortunately, about 1831, the venerable "messenger" of the General Court, whose name was Kuhn, found that moths had got into the grenadier cap, and he therefore, with a New England nicety, put the cap into the dust-barrel, from which it cannot now be rescued. How different this from the customs of our ancestors in England, where to this hour you may see the Black Prince's armor hanging where they say he left it hanging in Canterbury! I have seen these trophies—in fact, all that is metallic of them may be seen now in the old Senate Chamber in the State House in Boston. I took the liberty to found upon them the following lines in the ballad of the Old South. But when I sent these lines to correspondents in Germany, they were swift to tell me that no flags were taken at Bennington, and, to tell the whole truth, I am afraid none were. They were taken at Saratoga. I think if Stark had had any he would have sent them. All the same, when we decorate the Old South Meeting-House, as we mean to do "when we get round to it," I propose to have some Hessian banners there:

"Hang there, and there, the dusty rags
Which once were jaunty battle flags,
And for a week, in triumph vain,
Gay flaunted over blue Champlain,
Gayly had circled half the world,
Until they drooped, disgraced and furled,
That day the Hampshire line
Stood to its arms at dress parade,
Beneath the Stars and Stripes arrayed,
And Massachusetts Pine,
To see the great atonement made
By Riedesel and Burgoyne."

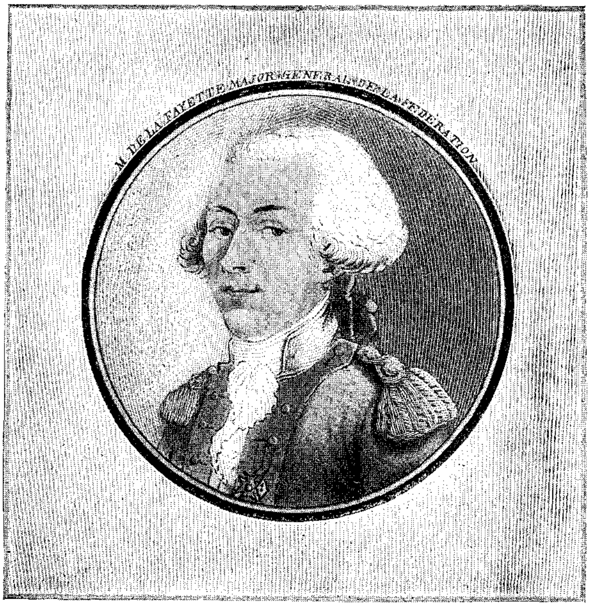
The truth of history requires that I should here acknowledge that Riedesel is really a word of three syllables.

I ought not to abuse Mr. Messenger Kuhn without saying that, as a child in the attic of my father's house, I have placed on my head, I think, the cap of Nathan Hale, who was hanged by General Howe in New York on the 26th of September, 1776. This cap, "because it was moth-eaten," was consigned to the dust-barrel—I suppose by Abel Fullum, who is the "Ransom" of one of my novels.

As a school-boy I used to take my sled up to the hill on Boston Common where the monument to the heroes of the Civil War now is. The redoubts thrown up by the English in 1775 were still in good condition, so that we could "play soldier," if we chose, in the protected trenches behind the works. These trenches, however, collected water, which became mud, and since I have become a man the ground has been wholly smoothed over.

Lord Percy was a young man of spirit who commanded a brigade of two or three regiments, and was disposed to teach them what war really was. Instead of putting them into quarters for the winter of 1774–5, he established them in tents on the line which extended from the head of West Street as it is now, as far as the parade-ground where Charles Street separates the Common from the Public Garden. He found it pretty cold, and he doubled his tents, crowding the spaces between with hay and straw. All this left a good deal of vegetable matter in the circle covered by each tent, and of this the result was that the grass in those circles started earlier in the spring than other grass in the neighborhood. Until within thirty years these circles of grass could be distinctly traced. But in the progress of civilization it has been necessary to lay a flagstone sidewalk there, for the accommodation of the people who used to come up from the Providence Railroad station to go to their business in Boston every day, so that the circles of grass, which till thirty years ago were so many memorials of the Revolution for so many years, have been destroyed.

One of the familiar traditions in my own family told to us children was that my great-grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Hill, was suffering from an illness which I suppose was a consequence of the hard rations of the siege. Her husband, Alexander Hill, went downstairs before light in the year 1775–1776, and, as he opened the back door of their house at the North End, he stumbled across a bag which proved to contain a bit of fresh mutton. Fresh mutton was something which he and his household had not seen for months. From the fresh mutton, mutton broth was made for my great-grandmother as long as it lasted.


M. DE LA FAYETTE MAJOR GENERAL DE LA FEDERATION

LA FAYETTE

From a colored print.

As this story was told on successive Thanksgiving days, we children had the vague impression that the Angel Gabriel descended from heaven with the bag of mutton, which he left at "Grandpa Hill's" door. But, as time rolled on, history revealed the truth that Major Moncrieffe, who was an old brother in arms of General Putnam, received from Putnam a "present of fresh meat." And, on the 31st of July, Dr. Eliot thanks Daniel Parker for two quarters of mutton smuggled in from Salem.

In January of 1776, Burgoyne, who was among the people besieged, wrote a play which was called "The Blockade of Boston," and this play was acted at Faneuil Hall. A venerable kinswoman of mine, Miss Letitia Baker, told me, as late as the year 1835, that she went to Faneuil Hall that night to see the play under the escort of an English officer. As the play advanced, a sergeant rushed in, crying, "The Yankees are attacking Bunker Hill!" This seemed a part of the play, until the highest officer present came out, saying, "Officers to their posts!" and Miss Letitia Baker, then sixteen years old, I believe, had to find her way home without the attendant who had taken her to the play.

I am afraid that these desultory anecdotes, if I may call them such, of my personal relations with the Revolution must end when I say that, under the guidance of that charming gentleman Mr. Armitt Brown, of Philadelphia, I visited Valley Forge some twenty years ago. The most interesting thing in the visit which I recall is this: that the fortification by which the barracks were protected from any sudden incursion from Philadelphia, having been thrown up in the midst of arable land, presented a certain difficulty to the plowman in after years. By this, the consequence is that a large square "reservation," so to speak, is now covered by a heavy growth of woodland which would all have been under the plow for a hundred and twenty years but for the accident that these works had been thrown up there. So it happens that the forest, now more than a hundred years old, is the monument of the Valley Forge encampment.

Harrison Gray Otis, afterwards Senator of the State of Massachusetts in Congress and Mayor of Boston, read to me in the year 1844, on the 17th of December, these notes:

"On the 19th of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Percy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay Building [where Scollay Square now is] through Tremont Street, nearly to the bottom of the Mall [by this Mr. Otis means the Mall of English elms, and the "bottom of the Mall" means the head of West Street], prepared to take up their march for Lexington. The Corporal came up to me as I was going to school, and turned me off, and told me to pass down to Court Street, which I did, and came up School Street to the school-house. [This is where the ladies' room at Parker's now welcomes lunching people every day.] It may be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up a few yards from the school-house door. As I entered school I heard the announcement, 'Deponite libros,' and I ran home for fear of the regulars."

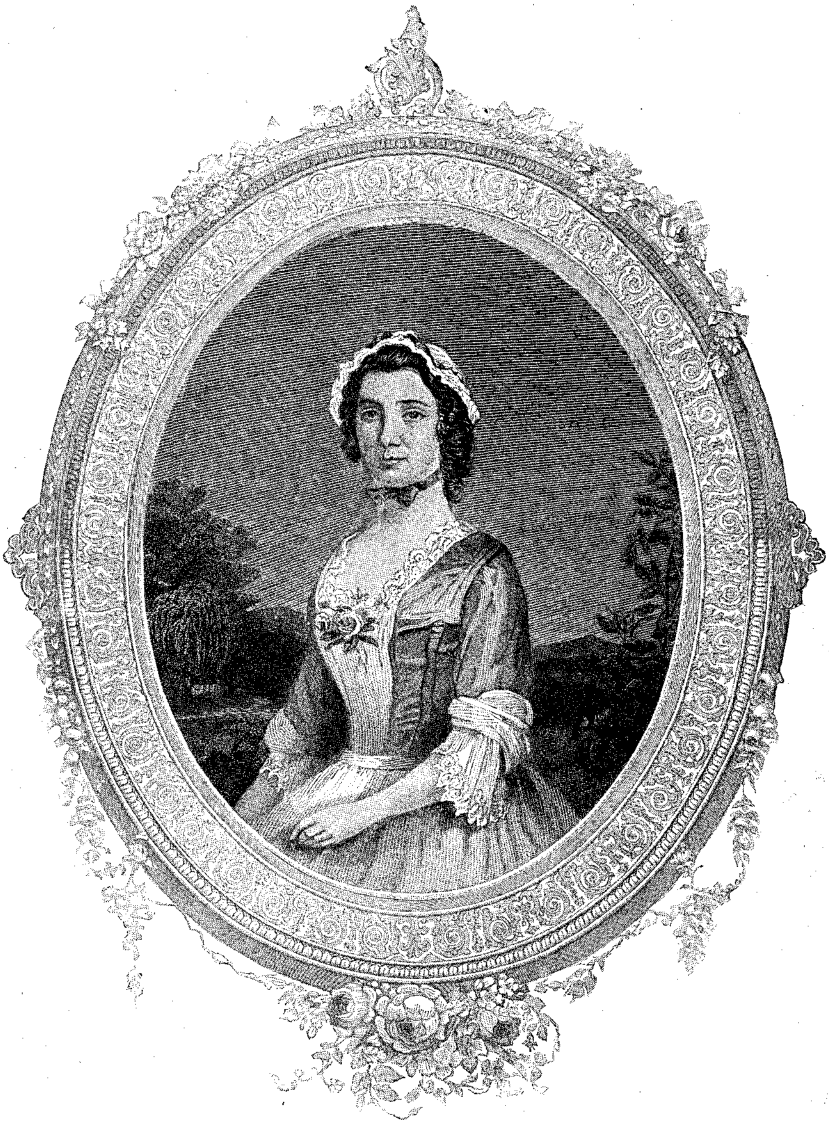
The coasting scene, almost celebrated in local history, belongs on School Street, where the sleds of the Latin School boys ran down daily on the snow from the point where is now the Bellevue House, as far as Washington Street. General Haldimand was quartered at the corner of what is now Province Street. His servant broke up the coast by putting ashes and dirt upon it. The first class of the Latin School waited upon Haldimand, and told him that coasting was one of their "inalienable rights." Haldimand was very civil to them. He did not want to make more disturbance than he could help. He sent for his servant and scolded him, and told him to put water on the coast every night when it would freeze. He asked the delegation from the Latin School to take a glass of wine with him. This may be called the first triumph of the Revolution. The story of this interview was told to me in 1844 by Jonathan Darby Robins, who was one of the committee who interviewed Haldimand on this celebrated occasion. I am sorry to say that I cannot find any reference to the matter in Haldimand's rather voluminous correspondence.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I began these papers in the November Outlook with a story of a little Italian girl who paid me the high compliment of asking if I were George Washington. I was obliged to confess that I was not. It was only the summer before that I had been reading a lecture on "Washington in Private Life" at the Pennsylvania University in Philadelphia. A courteous lady joined me in the street-car as we rode home and asked me if I were personally acquainted with my hero. I was well pleased at the tribute thus paid to the vividness of my pictures of him. To have had any intimate conversation with him, I must have been one hundred and fifteen years old at the time when we met. I did not, however, suggest this to her, but I was obliged to disown her compliment, as afterwards I disowned that of the little Italian.

As the reader will have to follow along with more or less memorials of all the other Presidents, I think I will put in here, as a sort of prologue to the memories of the century, some notes of different reminiscences of George Washington which I have stumbled upon sometimes, when I have come in touch with people who had seen him and known him. I have outlived the period when there was a determination to make him a demigod, but that period continued well down in the nineteenth century. As late as 1864 I served as the junior member of a committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society which was to edit the Heath-Washington letters, owned by the Society. So soon as the committee met I said that I would not serve unless we determined from the first to print the letters as we found them, "swear-words" and bad spelling and all. We had fresh in memory the discussion between Dr. Sparks and Lord Mahon as to Sparks's treatment of the MSS. which he had published. The veteran chairman of the committee, my kind and accomplished friend Mr. Thomas Coffin Amory, said at once: "I think Mr. Hale is right. I think the time has come when we can *afford to tell the truth* about Washington." He really meant that, at the beginning of the century, it was better to hold up Washington's authority as that of a superior being—not to be discussed, and far less to be doubted.

I am sure he was wrong. I have studied Washington more carefully, I think, than I have studied any life except Franklin's, and I am sure that the more we know of Washington, and the more we can tell of him, the better all round. Writing, as I do, at the period of the Judge



MARY PHILIPSE

From an engraving by J. Rogers.

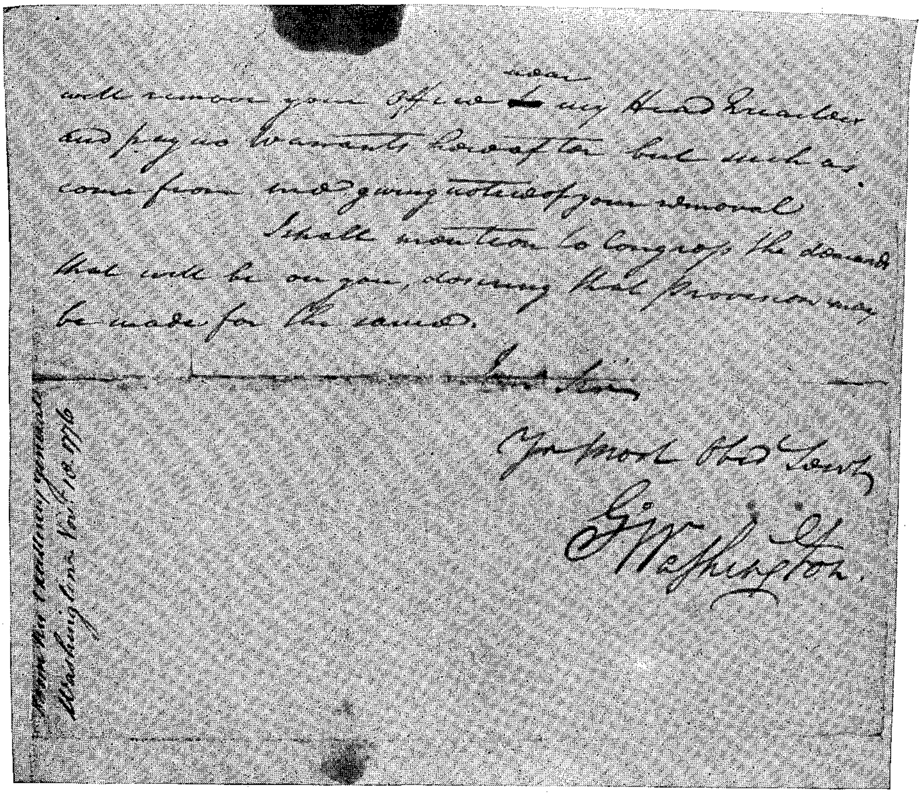
Marshall Centennial, I am tempted to say that a careful reading again of some of Marshall's chapters in his "Life of Washington" is well worth the while of any one who wants to know the Truth.

As I lost my chance of talking with Washington by being born a quarter of a century too late, I have but a few anecdotes of him which have not, before my time, been put on paper. In the Washington Number of "Old and New," edited by me and published in February, 1872, the student will find a few studies of that time which are worth taking down the volume for.

There is an account of Braddock's defeat, where you would not look for it, in Day's "Sandford and Merton," where an old soldier tells the story, in 1783, observe, to the prigs who are named Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford. The year after that defeat Washington came on to Boston for the first time. He came on horseback, remember, with two aids, with four or five black servants. There were also led horses to ride upon as relays for the others. It is pity of pities that the original diary of that year, writ by his own hand, has been "conveyed" from the collection now at Washington. Sparks saw it, but made little use of it. I think it was stolen, and that afterwards it appeared in some auction. And I print this in the hope that a faithful Outlook reader can give a hint as to where it is now.

I believe I will put in a parenthesis here what seems to me a good story about this valuable lost manuscript. There was some suspicion that it was in one of the great Chicago collections, and our friend Mr. Robert Lincoln was kind enough to try to look it up for me. But he did not succeed. Let us hope that this number of The Outlook may bring it to the light. But Mr. Lincoln told me that he did go to a great collector and ask him to trace it for him. When, the next week, he returned to inquire about it, the virtuoso said, "Send to Mr. Hale to say that I have not Washington's diary for 1746, but that I shall be glad to show him a lock of General Washington's hair."

An enterprising Philadelphia publisher once asked me to furnish for him twenty original stories of Washington. The contract was too large even for my audacity, and I had to decline. But I did try my hand on starting a tradition, and if we all acknowledge that we take a part, there is no harm in handing it along. I wrote a story which represents Washington with his aids, Mercer and Stewart, as clattering along "Marlboro Street," now Washington Street, in Boston, coming in from the great Governor Shirley's house in Roxbury, and stopping at the "Cromwell's Head," in School Street, then the best inn in town.



will remove your Office ~~to~~ near my Head Quarter and pay no warrants hereafter but such as come from me & giving notice of your removal

I shall mention to Congress the demand that will be on you, desiring that provision may be made for the same.

I am Sir

Yr most Obed Servt

Go: Washington.

[illegible] Washington [illegible] 10. 1776

THE WASHINGTON LETTER

(Good doctrine, this, for young Colonel Washington, if, as people choose to think, he was of Cavalier family. Observe that this was one hundred and five years since Charles the First's head had been cut off, when we stand under Cromwell's and we give our bridle-rein to the groom. Washington's memories of Charles were about as old as ours of Washington are.)

In my story, which the reader will find in its place, the Latin School boys, from the school just above, on School Street, where the Franklin statue now stands, come down to see the little Virginian company. Washington asks one of them to mount his horse. He sees that the boy has an older friend, and calls a servant for a horse for him, meaning to take a short ride with them. But, alas! he is called into the Town-House to meet Shirley, and the two Bostonians take their scamper alone.

But, half an hour after, they all three meet again under Cromwell's Head.

"Have you enjoyed your ride?" the Virginia Colonel asks them.

"Oh, certainly," says the boy, who proves to be Josiah Quincy. "We went right up to the Common, and I made Mr. Hancock ride three times round the Wishing Stone. And, Colonel Washington, what you wish there will certainly come to pass."

"And what did you wish?" asked the Virginia Colonel, laughing.

The boy blushed, but he answered bravely, "I wished that all the Continental troops might be in one great army, and that Colonel Washington may be Commander-in-Chief."

They all laughed heartily, and Mercer, who had joined them, laughed as well. And Washington said, "And I will wish that our friend Mr. Hancock here may be President of the Continental Assembly, when that grand day comes round."

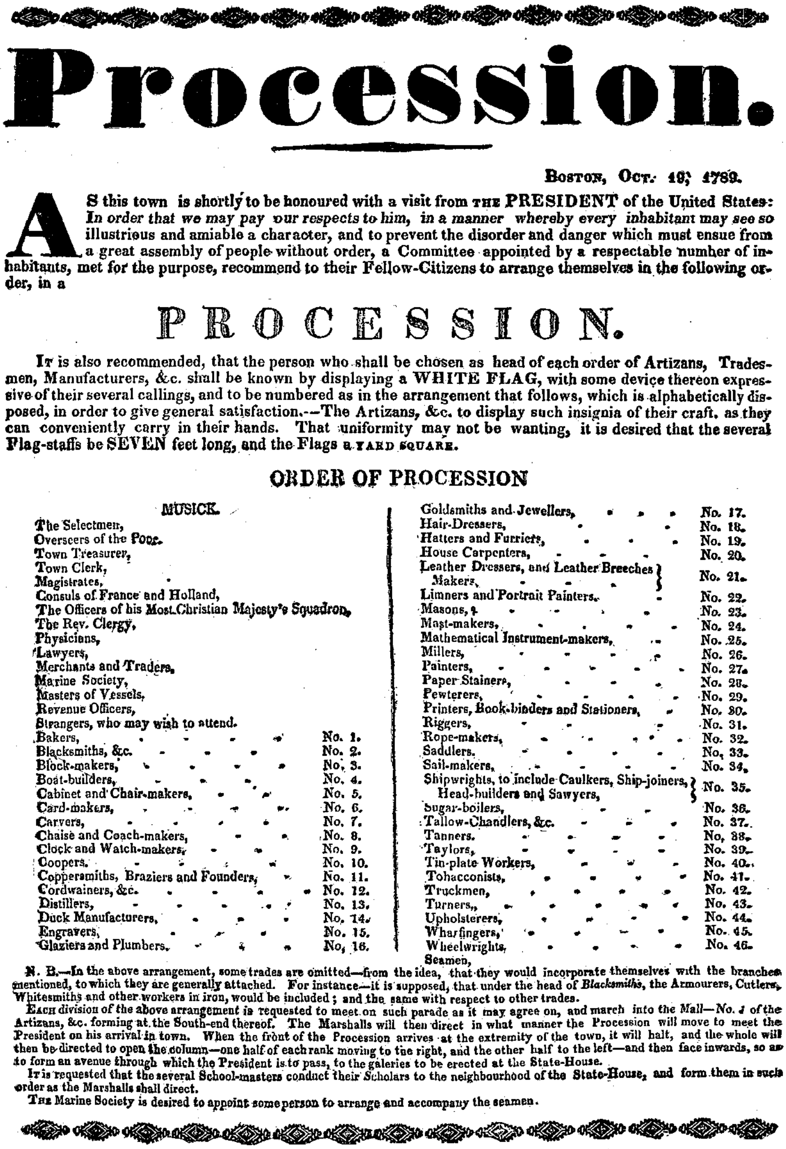
Now there are many stories in Plutarch which have no more foundation than this. There is no proof that this is false, so let us hope that it is true. To the New York "Observer," with which I have an old battle on this point, I will observe that the story belongs to a class of literature sometimes called parable and sometimes fiction.

It was on this journey that Washington fell in love with Mary Philipse, who married, not George Washington, alas! but Colonel Morris, who had been, like Washington, an aid of Braddock's. Not many years ago I visited the Braddock battle-ground, through which the Pennsylvania Railroad now runs. As you go from Bessemer to Braddock, a few miles from Pittsburg, you pass through the scene of the Braddock massacre. From this place I took the train home, to find on my table, of course, a note from an English correspondent, asking me if nobody wanted pretty Mary Philipse's picture—picture by Copley, observe. I tried to make the Yonkers people buy it, but they did not "seem to want it." And I suppose the picture is in England still.

Governor Edward Everett awakened a new enthusiasm for Washington by his oration which he delivered everywhere in 1856 and later. The object, as publicly announced, was to raise money for the purchase of Mount Vernon; and in this enterprise he succeeded. The estate is now the Nation's, and one likes to say that everything in the arrangement of the home itself is just what we could wish. But his own wish, everywhere freely expressed, was to make one effort for uniting in a matter of sentiment the Northern and Southern people, who were so hopelessly divided in politics. It was his one last effort to reconcile the two.

His life of Washington, published in the same interest at the same time, contains a good deal of what he had himself picked up in conversation and elsewhere. His father, my grandfather, had delivered an oration on Washington in 1800, when the whole country was mourning him just after his death. In this address I found the suggestive and important statement that so thoroughly did Washington reckon himself a citizen of the country, and bound by the duties and habits of the Virginia country gentleman, that after he had retired from the Presidency of the Nation he served once at least as foreman of a jury in the regular business of the county court.

It is with some hesitation that I add here what I am afraid is true, though I never heard it said aloud until the year 1901. It belongs with the discussion as to the third term for the Presidency. The statement now is that Washington did not permit his name to be used for a third election because he had become sure that he could not carry the State of Virginia in the election. He would undoubtedly have been chosen by the votes of the other States, but he would have felt badly the want of confidence implied in the failure of his own "country," as he used to call it in his earlier letters, to vote for him. It is quite certain from the correspondence of the time that, as late as September of the year 1796, the year in which John Adams was chosen President,



Procession.

Boston, Oct. 19, 1789.

As this town is shortly to be honoured with a visit from THE PRESIDENT of the United States: *In order that we may pay our respects to him, in a manner whereby every inhabitant may see so* illustrious and amiable a character, and to prevent the disorder and danger which must ensue from a great assembly of people without order, a Committee appointed by a respectable number of inhabitants, met for the purpose, recommend to their Fellow-Citizens to arrange themselves in the following order, in a

PROCESSION.

It is also recommended, that the person who shall be chosen as head of each order of Artizans, Tradesmen, Manufacturers, &c. shall be known by displaying a WHITE FLAG, with some device thereon expressive of their several callings, and to be numbered as in the arrangement that follows, which is alphabetically disposed, in order to give general satisfaction.--The Artizans, &c. to display such insignia of their craft, as they can conveniently carry in their hands. That uniformity may not be wanting, it is desired that the several Flag-staffs be SEVEN feet long, and the Flags a YARD SQUARE.

ORDER OF PROCESSION

MUSICK.

The Selectmen,
Overseers of the Poor.
Town Treasurer,
Town Clerk,
Magistrates,
Consuls of France and Holland,
The Officers of his Most Christian Majesty's Squadron,
The Rev. Clergy,
Physicians,
Lawyers,
Merchants and Traders,
Marine Society,
Masters of Vessels,
Revenue Officers,
Strangers, who may wish to attend.

Bakers,	No. 1.
Blacksmiths, &c.	No. 2.
Block-makers,	No. 3.
Boat-builders,	No. 4.
Cabinet and Chair-makers,	No. 5.
Card-makers,	No. 6.
Carvers,	No. 7.
Chaise and Coach-makers,	No. 8.
Clock and Watch-makers,	No. 9.
Coopers.	No. 10.
Coppersmiths, Braziers and Founders,	No. 11.
Cordwainers, &c.	No. 12.
Distillers,	No. 13.
Duck Manufacturers,	No. 14.
Engravers,	No. 15.
Glaziers and Plumbers.	No. 16.
Goldsmiths and Jewellers,	No. 17.
Hair-Dressers,	No. 18.
Hatters and Furriers,	No. 19.
House Carpenters,	No. 20.
Leather Dressers, and Leather Breeches Makers,	No. 21.
Limners and Portrait Painters.	No. 22.
Masons,	No. 23.
Mast-makers,	No. 24.
Mathematical Instrument-makers,	No. 25.
Millers,	No. 26.
Painters,	No. 27.
Paper Stainers,	No. 28.
Pewterers,	No. 29.
Printers, Book-binders and Stationers,	No. 30.
Riggers,	No. 31.
Rope-makers,	No. 32.
Sadlers.	No. 33.
Sail-makers,	No. 34.
Shipwrights, to include Caulkers, Ship-joiners, Head-builders and Sawyers,	No. 35.
Sugar-boilers,	No. 36.
Tallow-Chandlers, &c.	No. 37.
Tanners.	No. 38.
Taylors,	No. 39.
Tin-plate Workers,	No. 40.
Tobacconists,	No. 41.
Truckmen,	No. 42.
Turners,	No. 43.
Upholsterers,	No. 44.
Wharfingers,	No. 45.
Wheelwrights,	No. 46.
Seamen,	

N. B.—In the above arrangement, some trades are omitted—from the idea, that they would incorporate themselves with the branches mentioned, to which they are generally attached. For instance—it is supposed, that under the head of *Blacksmiths*, the Armourers, Cutlers, Whitesmiths and other workers in iron, would be included; and the same with respect to other trades.

Each division of the above arrangement is requested to meet on such parade as it may agree on, and march into the *Mall—No. 1* of the Artizans, &c. forming at the South-end thereof. The Marshalls will then direct in what manner the Procession will move to meet the President on his arrival in town. When the front of the Procession arrives at the extremity of the town, it will halt, and the whole will then be directed to open the column—one half of each rank moving to the right, and the other half to the left—and then face inwards, so as to form an avenue through which the President is to pass, to the galeries to be erected at the State-House.

It is requested that the several School-masters conduct their Scholars to the neighbourhood of the State-House, and form them in such order as the Marshalls shall direct.

The Marine Society is desired to appoint some person to arrange and accompany the seamen.

THE BULLETIN ISSUED ON THE OCCASION OF WASHINGTON'S ENTRANCE INTO BOSTON IN 1789

neither Adams nor Washington knew whether Washington meant to serve a third time.

I have been assured by gentlemen who lived in northern Virginia that the universal impression there was that the slaves of the Washington plantation hurried Martha Washington's death because their own liberty was secured by Washington's will after her death. I do not believe that this bad statement can be authenticated, but there is no doubt, I believe, that Madison had made a similar will liberating his slaves after Mrs. Madison's death, and that he changed his will on account of this rumor with regard to the Washington slaves.

Mr. Everett told me that Colonel Pickering told him that Washington's hand was the largest hand which he remembered to have particularly noticed. I suppose the anecdote is in print, but I heard it in conversation, which gives the detail of his anger at Monmouth when he met General Lee. Washington asked him why such a column was retiring, and

Lee said that the American troops would not stand the British bayonets. Washington replied, "You damned poltroon, you have never tried them!" As this relates to the exact truth of the battle, the story seems probable.

Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President with Abraham Lincoln, told me that when he entered Congress in 1842 there were Virginians still there who knew Washington personally. They said that the neighbors regarded him as a clear-headed, sensible man, whose opinion was worth having, and who was well worth consulting in farming matters or in common business. He thought that in Washington's later years this neighborly feeling quite overruled the estimate which the same people had of his service to the country.

Our dear old Josiah Quincy, college president when I was an undergraduate, was one of John Hancock's aids when Washington came to Boston in 1789. When he was ninety years old, Mr. Quincy told me that, in one way and another, he frequently saw Washington in the days when he was in Boston, trying to render to him the fit courtesies of the State. He said that although Washington had then had very wide experience in life, there appeared, mixed in with the manners of a perfect gentleman, a certain shyness, such as you might see in any man who lived a good deal without the society of other people. "Exactly," Mr. Quincy said, "as you have met a fine country gentleman from one of the smaller towns who was spending the winter in the Legislature at Boston." He implied, that is, that in Washington's personal manner, while he quite understood the important dignity of his position as President, there lingered still the traces of what might be called the shyness of the life of a plantation. I am almost sure that Mr. Quincy used the word "shyness."

An old parishioner of mine once told me that the day when Washington entered Boston in triumph, that is, on the 17th of March, 1776, he took up his headquarters at the best public house in Boston, which was at the head of State Street, until then called King Street. According to my old friend's account, General Howe had occupied the same inn. The mother of my informant was the daughter of the keeper of the inn, and was a little girl playing about the house, and, of course, interested in all that passed. Washington, with his usual kindness to children, called the child to him and said, "You have seen the soldiers on both sides; which do you like best?" The little girl could not tell a lie any more than he could, and, with a child's frankness, she said she liked the redcoats best. Washington laughed, according to my friend's story, and said to her, "Yes, my dear, the redcoats do look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." This is one of many well-authenticated anecdotes which disprove the old demigod theory that Washington never smiled.

Every new biography of Washington is better and better, because it reveals him to us as a man, and he is no longer a demigod. On another page is an autograph from a letter which has never been published. Older readers must excuse what may interest younger readers—the little history of this particular scrap of writing. I was sitting one night, when I had nothing better to do, examining and destroying old papers of my father's. I came to an old letter, in a handwriting which I did not remember, which seemed like an article on the character of Washington. I said to myself, "Surely, if papa did not choose to print this ten years ago, I need not save it now." I crushed the paper in my hand to throw it into the fire, when the signature which the reader sees arrested my eye, and I found that the letter which I had been criticising inclosed an autograph of Washington which a Virginia friend had thought my father would like to see. So near did I come to destroying the autograph! Moral.—Remember the Chinese law: that no piece of paper with writing upon it should ever be destroyed.

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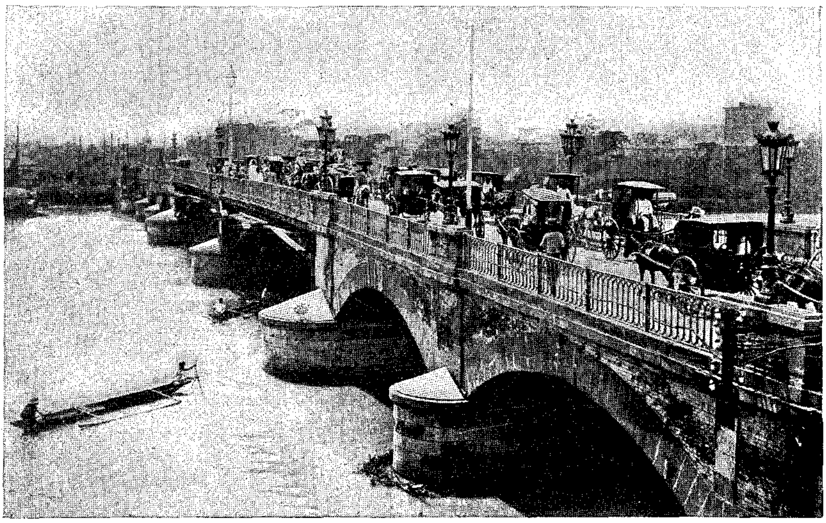


ESPAÑA BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER PASIG

MANILA

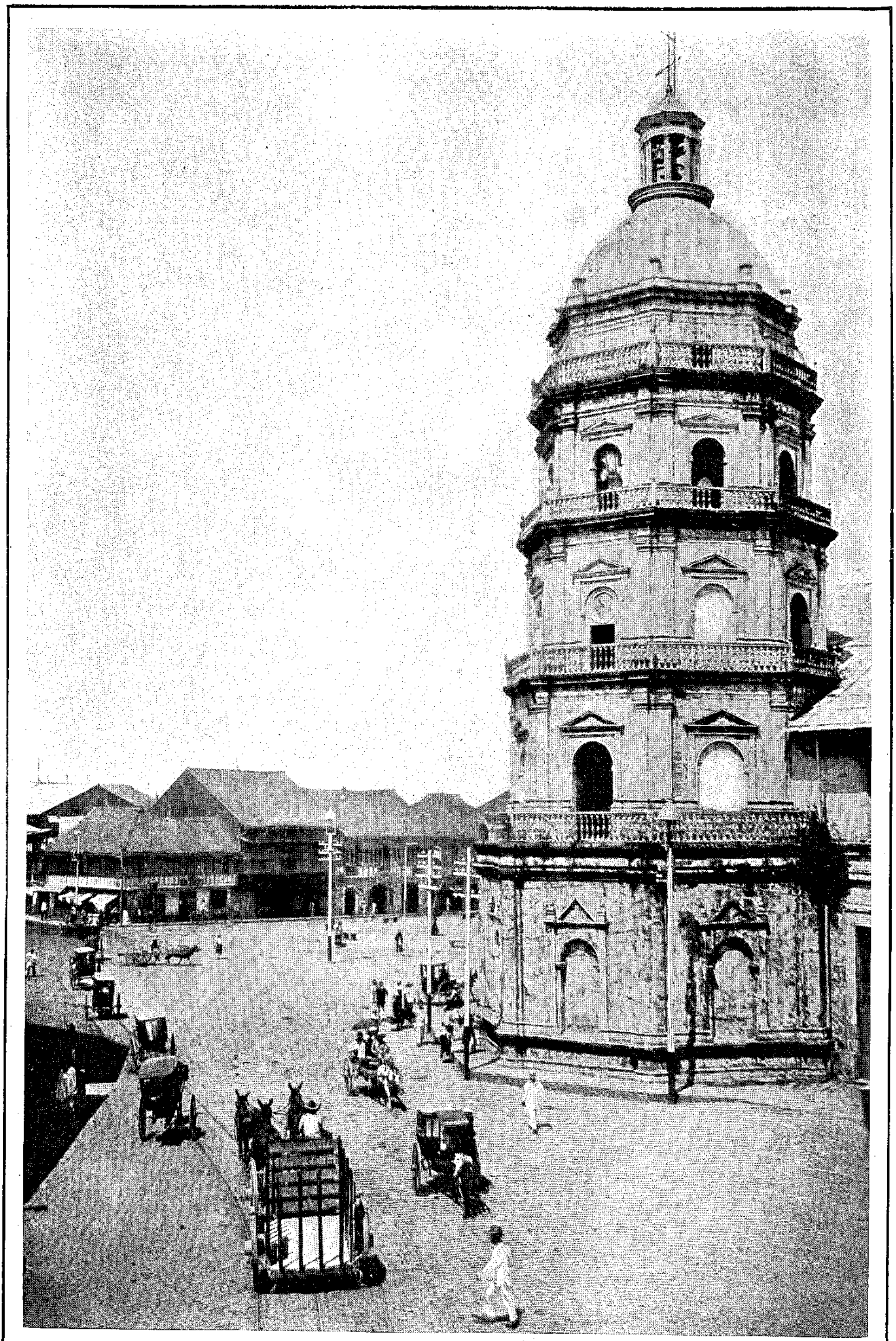
THE THIRD IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES "FOUR ISLAND CAPITALS"

BY FREDERICK W. EDDY

MANILA was well chosen as the capital of the Philippines, for no site in all the islands combines so many advantages. It excels particularly in climate and location. Newcomers do not yield readily to this view. One trouble with American arrivals is that they are not qualified to judge by the Oriental standard which applies there; they probably know little of tropical life; and the bad repute they give Manila certifies mainly to their own unfitness as critics. Many provincial places look brighter, and, exempt from the human detritus that settles in Manila and soils it, they seem more sightly and more tidy. Residence need not be long, however, to turn conclusions in favor of the capital, especially if it shall involve frequent visits elsewhere.

All considerations sink before that of tolerable living. There is a saying in Tagalog that wind and water love each other. In proof of it, natives point to Manila, with a stretch in front of twenty-five miles of broad bay cut in from the sea, joined by a winding river and numberless waterways to a mountain-bordered lake, as large as the bay, on the other side. The air is rarely quiet, and usually it moves so freely as not only to temper the heat but also to leave no lingering or lodging place for miasmic impurities. No other spot in the islands enjoys this blessing in any such measure.

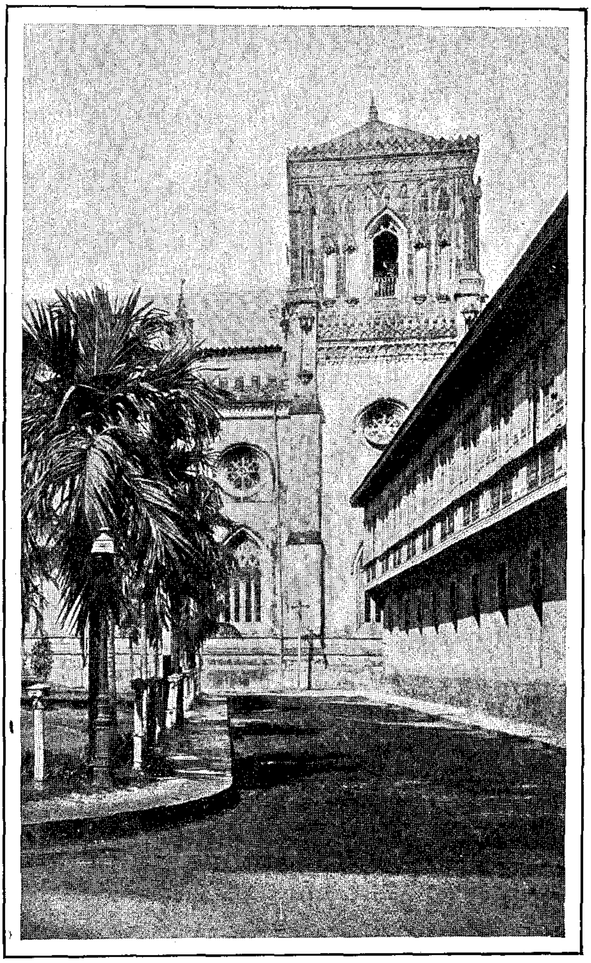
Summer, as gauged by the almanac, is not to be dreaded. Daily rains keep the air close but active, and the temperature more like that of May or September in the United States than that of the intervening months. The sky clears for permanent account when the rains cease, about November, and that month and those of winter furnish bright, pleasant days and cool nights, corresponding to weather in the northern part of the United States from the middle of September to



BINONDO SQUARE

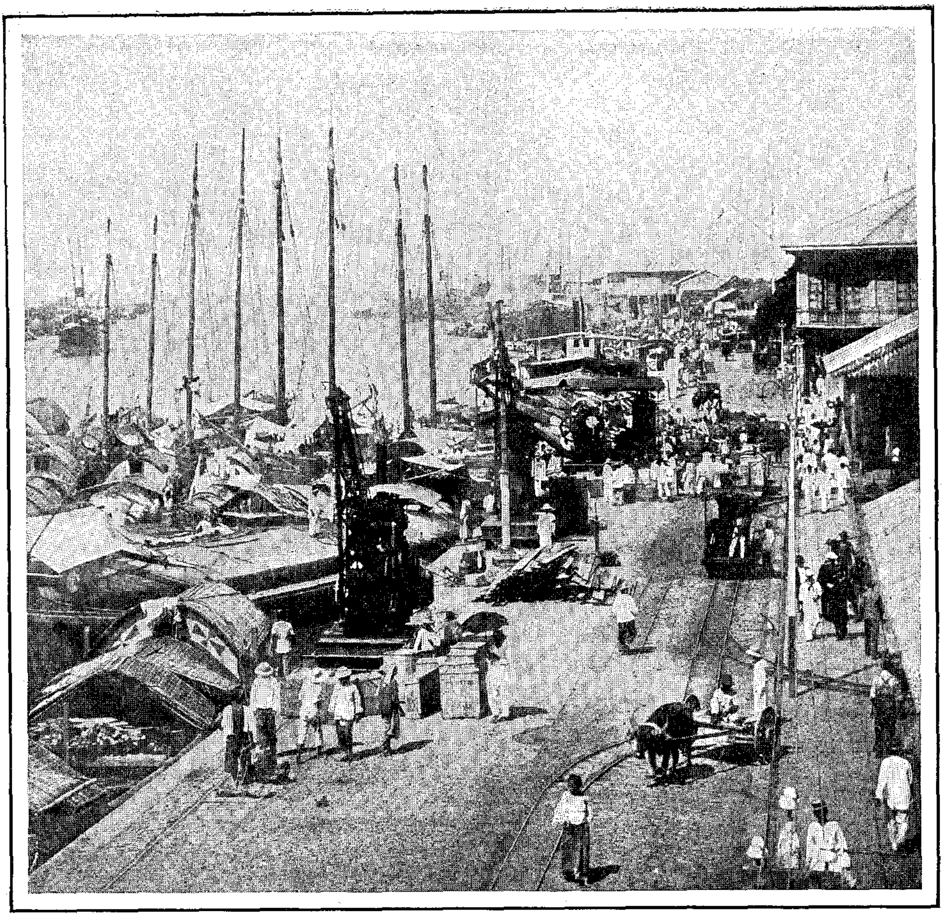
the middle of October. Spring is the hot season. From April to July prudent white people will either cultivate the midday siesta habit, or seclude themselves in shade and quiet during the noon rest. This season exacts penalties for hygienic slips of the past year. Literally few skins remain whole at that time.

If, in reaching Manila's latitude, the air has had its energizing properties burned out of it, it at least cools and purifies and makes almost enjoyable months in which sweltering weather is expected at home. A January mean of 78.4 degrees in fifteen years, reaching 86.5 in May, the hottest month, and 81.5 in July, fairly shows the good offices of Manila's breezes. Rainfall for thirty-three years averaged 7.865 inches in January, 10.114 inches in May, 31.882 inches in July, 43.134 inches in August, and 57.862 inches in September. A September fall one day reached 13.228 inches. Tropical drawbacks do not overlook Manila, but such notions as may yet prevail that Americans resident there broil and stew under a torrid sun imply a waste of pity. Manila may import plague and almost any other infection, and it has no recuperative merit, but fever and the shrinking diseases which returning transports discharge in San Francisco, as testimonials of Philippine life, began elsewhere than in Manila, probably in sightlier places. If man were half as kindly as nature, and permitted living at rates short of extortionate, Manila would justify much better advertisement than it will get until there shall be some recognition of equivalents.


THE SAN DOMINGO CHURCH

Manila's location is to be commended for both political and trade reasons. It must be central politically for many years. Distance to Jolo is twice as far as to Aparri, but three-fifths of the civil provinces are in Luzon, and that island will hold political supremacy for an indefinite time. The future commercially can hardly be estimated. Although the harbor is held between claws of land and guarded at the mouth by Corregidor Island, it is too large for safety in high storms and not deep enough to give it special distinction. Improvements now in hand will not only make it safe, but enable ocean ships to moor to piers—a most uncommon privilege in the East, where the practice is to anchor well out and to lighter cargoes. That is the way even at so important a port as Hongkong.

If business development in the Philippines shall be at all commensurate with expectations, liners now avoiding Manila will be able to receive and deliver Philippine freights more easily at Manila than at Hongkong, at which port the bulk of goods from the United States, Europe, and Asia is now shifted. This operation seems inevitable. It would lose business to Hong-

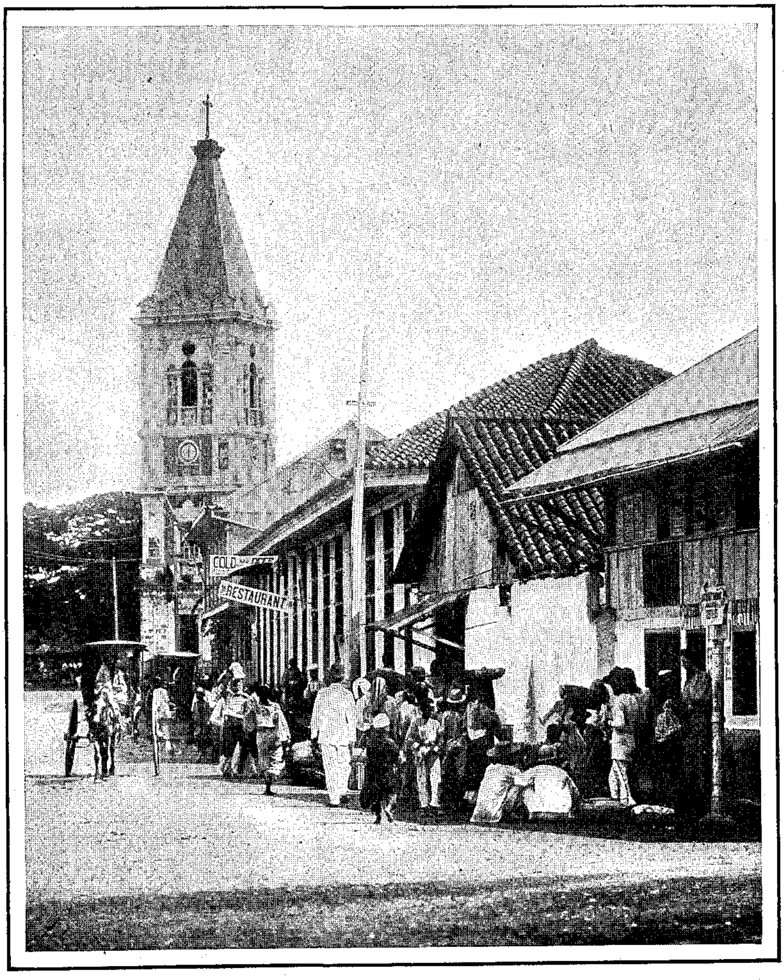


NEAR THE MANILA CUSTOM-HOUSE

kong and save Manila time and money. Ships naturally seek the easiest way. Manila would take them so little out of their course, if they were bound for Hongkong, as to make a call well worth while, if they carried and expected large Philippine business. The course for southern trips is less off the line than Hongkong, and many may skip the British port altogether. Facilities for dry-docking, minor repairs, and coaling will, of course, be provided at Manila. Government transports and naval vessels now needing repairs must go to Hongkong. That port seems likely also to be superseded by Manila as the distributing port for American goods consigned to Eastern markets. This change will necessitate increase in the number of ships now running between Manila and the China coast. Japanese and Australian ships will certainly call, as they are already doing, and the prospect may well encourage expectation of increased business from such lines, of possible new lines to those countries, to India, and to various Pacific trade centers. Whatever commercial growth the Philippines may enjoy will certainly be reflected in inter-island commerce, with Manila as the objective, or the clearing-house, for nearly all of it.

The improvement begun will cost two million dollars. It will provide an inner harbor six thousand feet long, four thousand feet wide, and thirty feet deep. The dredging is to extend seaward to natural soundings of thirty feet. Breakwaters already partly built will protect the new construction. Piers are to occupy a space now beach and public land south of the Pasig River and in front of the walled city. Ocean business must be conducted there. Should general steamship traffic follow, now stretched along the north bank of the Pasig, the pier section will become the business center, and overlap into the walled city, where most of the churches and conventos are. Great commercial growth would speedily solve tax disputes over that class of property, for it would become too valuable to be held for its present uses. The present expenditure is for harbor only. Other millions will be invested in docks and shipping adjuncts if the prospect warrants it. On the outcome of this improvement Manila's commercial future largely depends. It will determine whether Manila shall remain simply the entrepôt for the Philippines or become the chief port in the East.

From a point on the bay front, roughly two miles north of the Pasig, the city line describes a broad arc inland of about four miles, then deflects sharply, and, by a second broad arc three and one-half miles long, returns to the bay. There are nearly five miles of bay front. The space within the arcs is more triangular than anything else. It covers an area of about six thousand acres, and that is the city. The Pasig runs nearly parallel with the northern arc, at a distance averaging about one mile from it. Original settlement was at the extremity of the northern belt, close to the bay. The natives called it Tondo, meaning fishing village. That name clings to it, as do the natives, 23,598 of them, with 2,114 Chinese, 130 Americans, and 12 British, all other nationalities being represented by single figures. Chiefs in the old days held council there, and, true to traditions, it became a breeding-place for the last insurrection, and is now an anti-friar hotbed. Protestant missionaries

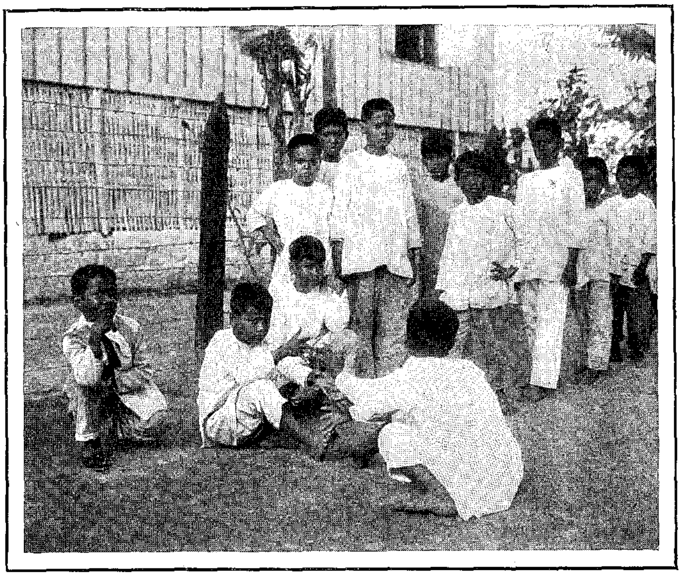


SAMPALVE STREET

think they have made great strides in that district. It is not yet reported that they have persuaded converts to love their enemies. When the explorer Legaspi decided that he could sleep easier in less intimate relation with his brown friends, he chose a spot south of the river that had been swamp and prolific in a weed known as nilad. Natives called the spot Maynilad, meaning a place where the nilad grows. Before Legaspi died, he laid out a plan for a fort at the mouth of the river on the south bank and impressed the natives to build it for him, and a walled town behind it. His successors put the plan through, and Fort Santiago and the walled city stand witness to that feat.

San Nicolas is a district between Tondo and the river, having also a bay frontage. There are 15,812 Chinese males in it, against 12,246 native males, but 11,966 native females and only two Chinese females. The district has 134 Americans, 50 Spaniards, and 12 scattering. Binondo is a district inland from San Nicolas, on ground slightly rising. The native name, Binondok, signifies rolling land. Population is not quite so dense as in Tondo, and it includes in the Chinese colony 18,755 males and 258 females, against 6,725 native males, 4,722 native females, and 431 Americans. Santa Cruz is the next district inland. The name seems permanently attached, but the natives still call it Paambumdoc, meaning cemetery. Those who gave it the Spanish christening probably had that use for it in mind, although nothing in its present appearance suggests it. Its population has a large Spanish mixture, classed as Filipino. Visitors always note clumps of floating green on the Pasig, resembling lettuce-heads. They come down from the lake. Patches gather with the incoming tide at bends in the river or in the creeks emptying into it. When the district directly inland from Santa Cruz was occupied, the name Quiapo was applied to it, after the floating plant. It is settled like Santa Cruz.

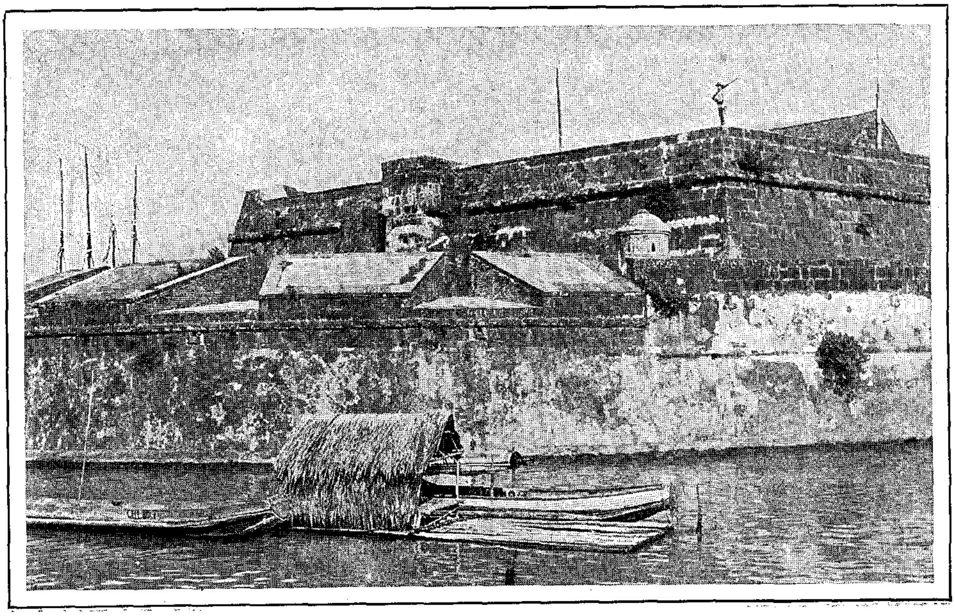
San Miguel is the name of the river district adjoining Quiapo. It is distinguished chiefly by Malacañan, a broad thoroughfare under overlapping trees, flanked by spacious private grounds and fine residences, notably the Governor's Palace. Aguinaldo has a mansion on this drive for a prison. No one speaks of going to San Miguel, but to Malacañan, and that name is Tagalog, meaning a place where cinnamon is planted. There had to be an overflow from the Malacañan to provide for the official and merchant class aspiring to reside close to the social center. A district back from the river, but within ten minutes' drive, furnished it. Tamarinds, for which the Tagalog word is sampalog, once grew there in abundance. The district became Sampaloc. San Sebastian is a pocket dipping into Sampaloc, on the road from Malacañan. There is small excuse for its designation by separate title except the presence there of one of the city's landmarks, a church with two spires for which some saint had to be sponsor. Beyond Sampaloc lies Santa Mesa, a settlement on a plain, as the name signifies, and of which few people know except that it has a racecourse. It is the last district within the new city limits, on the north side of the river.



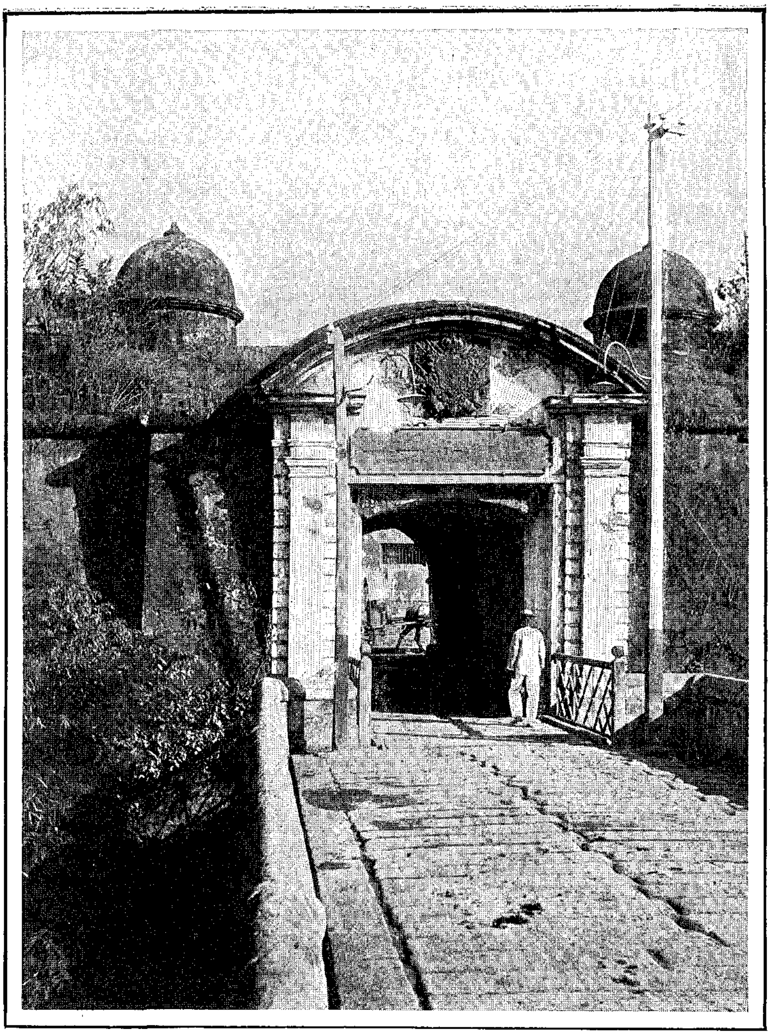
AFTER SCHOOL HOURS

These north-side districts contain 195,565 people out of a total population of 244,732 in the city, and one suburban settlement of 2,839 persons. They have 3,004 Americans in 8,461 altogether; 141,169 Filipinos, of 181,361; 49,601 Chinese, of 51,567; 938 Spaniards, of 2,382; 102 British, of 201; 172 Germans, of 206; 62 Swiss, of 78; 36 Portuguese, of 52; 202 Japanese (of whom 119 are women), of 203; 58 French, of 66; 15 Turks, of 16; and 3 Cubans, of 10. They have also 103 stray residents from India, Russia, Italy, Australia, Arabia, Chili, Malaysia, and Uruguay. Neither these districts nor those on the other side of the Pasig River are to be classed as wards. They never marked political boundaries, but had their origin in successive village settlements suburban to the capital and clustered about it. Manila not having become sufficiently unified to extinguish them, they cling, and are well defined in the minds of all who know the city. Native tenacity for things of the soil may also partly account for them. Tagalog families generally bear Spanish patronymics, which are scattered elsewhere in the islands. There can hardly be a blood reason for their universal adoption. Perhaps it may be explained by the inference that the people were indifferent to what the priests and the officials chose to call them, while for things they liked better they persisted in their own speech.

At the point where Sampaloc joins Santa Mesa it is possible to cross by small boat to Pandacan, the suburb included in the census figures given above. Foreigners favored it for residence in other years. It was burned over two years ago, and only the church and three or four large houses remain as evidence of choice tenancy. Occupants of nipa huts, built upon the ruins, now enjoy the breezes that continually sweep across the flats, inlaid with creeks, beyond which looms the Governor's Palace and the stately dwellings flanking it. Pandak, in Tagalog, means a dwarf. Possibly the Tagalogs let the stunted aborigines stay there until they wanted the place for themselves. Within easy view is Santa Ana, the first battleground in the insurrection in 1896. It has figured since American occupation in despatches reporting engagements near Manila. A broad stretch of well-watered green separates Pandacan from Paco, the next south-side settlement. Paco is an abbreviation for Francisco, but natives call it Dilao, the name of the plant that leaves a yellow stain—mustard. It has a cemetery and a scattered animate population, partly foreign. Coming down to the bay front, Fort Abad, where the Spanish had trenches, marks the south bound-



FORT SANTIAGO

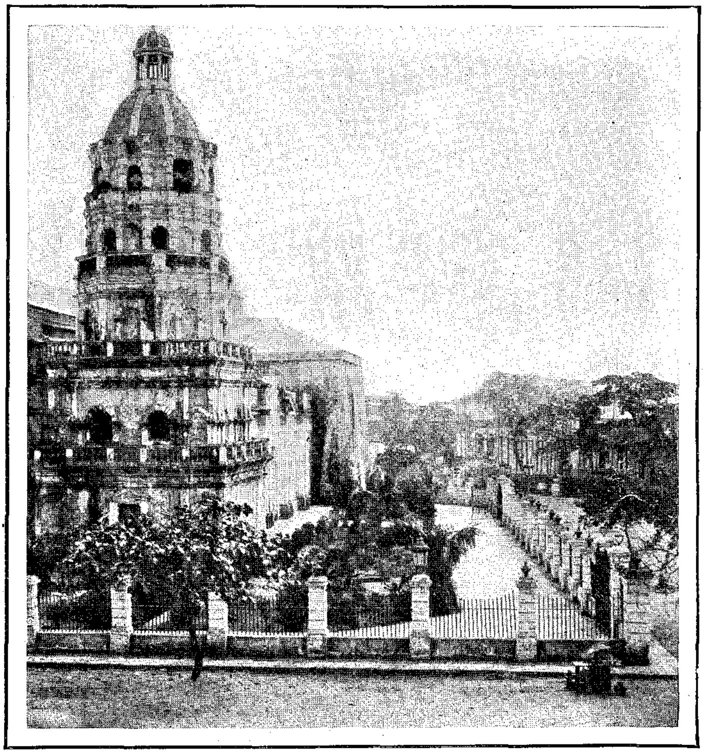


GATE IN CITY WALLS AT CALLA REAL

ary of the city. It is at the end of Malate, where many foreigners live in fine houses, kept cool by the bay breeze whenever it blows, but into which the land breeze drives hordes of mosquitoes, that settle there by force of inertia and make themselves familiar until the bay again becomes windy. Malate means a place where salt is gathered. Ermita extends from the bay front inland in the next district. It was doubtless secluded enough for a hermitage until it became populous and everybody's business there assailed, as at present, the ears of everybody else. The better class of houses, tenanted mainly by Americans, occupy it.

Ermita is bounded on the north and east by probably two hundred and fifty acres of public land. The Luneta, Manila's only drive and recreation spot, covers a small part of that area, although the name properly applies to all the area outside of the Lunette; or outer fortification of the walled city, which is back five hundred yards or more from the drive. What is popularly known as the Luneta lies along the beach for five hundred yards, curving in from it like a crescent, and covering not more than twenty-five acres. There are two band-stands on it. The Americans have broadened the drives until the one next the beach will easily accommodate a dozen carriages abreast, and the inner drives half as many. The band-stands are set in lawns, with ample walks approaching them. In the evening owners of carriages drive out there, and a crowd afoot may always be seen. Military bands conveniently stationed take turn about in furnishing music, usually from one stand, but occasionally from both. The sound blends with the roll of breakers on the beach, under a freshening breeze, and with the clear scene of green lawn, the lounging assembly in summer dress, the women without headwear, and the ships in the bay, thrown into relief in the gathering shades and touched with the glow from such piles and pinnacles of cloud as invest a Pacific sunset with rare beauty. Darkness ends the music, and the dispersal suggests a flight of fireflies as the carriage-lights speed homeward.

The upper end of Luneta Drive is marked by a bronze double statue of Legaspi and Urdeneta, the pioneer conquerors who planted the Spanish flag and the cross in Manila. It is a recent erection, although money was subscribed for it and the work finished before the Americans arrived. A monument to Rizal, the Filipino martyr, will probably be the second in place, for it was on a strip there facing the bay, called Bagumbayan, a Tagalog word for an unoccupied campus, or new city land, that Rizal was executed in 1897. From the Legaspi-Urdeneta statue to the Pasig a driveway of ordinary width skirts the beach. It ends on the river bank, at a monument to Simon de Anda, Governor-General after the British occupation, one hundred and fifty years ago, who distinguished himself by killing off the many enemies he had made during those stormy years, and then died doing penance in a monastery in Cavite. The Spaniards called the drive Paseo de Maria Cristina. It appears on the maps now as the Malacon Drive—a native name meaning stone wall or pier, which applied in Spanish time to the protecting wall at the river's mouth, near the Anda monument, but has since extended to the entire fifteen hundred yards of drive. Nearly all of the drive parallels that side of the walled city which faces the bay, separated from it by a tongue of land averaging there one hundred and fifty yards wide. It is thought that a



SANTA CRUZ

consequence of the harbor improvement will turn the Malacon Drive, for at least one-half its length, into a business street, and require for warehouses and other large commercial purposes the interlying tongue and the ground covered by the city wall there. Should this occur, it will confine the city's recreation spot to the Luneta area of five hundred yards of beach frontage and inland from it. Land of that width, happily, is public for a distance of nearly two thousand yards, to the Bridge of Spain at the Pasig, east of the walled city. The bay bounds it on the west, Ermita on the south, and the south and east walls of the city on the north. Camp Wallace, where some of the arriving and departing military commands have quarters while awaiting orders to move, covers part of it. There are barracks and military general headquarters within the area. It contains the Botanical Garden. A broad strip outside the city wall is moat and marsh. If these were filled and drained and a drive built next the wall, or where it stands, it would be easy to connect other drives with it and to give a carriage outing of five thousand yards, centering at the Luneta. Park plans cannot materialize for a long time, but the first enlargement in that respect will be in such drives, with shaded walks flanking them, and lawns spreading in generous expanse.

The only territory which the natives call Manila is the walled city. It has the Pasig on the north and the park land just indicated on the east, south, and west sides. Americans designate it as Intramuros. The line of wall fronting the bay and including Fort Santiago, directly on the river, measures nearly one thousand yards. On the park sides the combined length is about eight hundred yards. The Pasig flows almost under the north side, so that there is no way of driving or walking around the walls. A path in some places, and room for several carriages in others, show the varying thickness of the walls. They do not exceed twenty-five feet in height. Little solid masonry was used in their construction, dirt mounds having been faced and lined with stone. Their appearance is not unattractive, even if they do not remain as a worthy type of that style of defense. Vegetation has become rich over some portions of them. Overhanging vines and crusts of moss produce effects upon them quite pretty. So far they have escaped advertising anybody's soap or liver cure, although needs respectively native and foreign might thereby be served. Those who think the walls should come down say they never kept out an enemy, and cannot now interfere with one; that the three hundred years during which they have stood gives them no claim to age in a part of the world abounding in relics of real antiquity; that such sentimental affection as may attach to them should be satisfied with the preservation of Fort Santiago, built contemporaneously; and that the demands of modern hygiene and commercial utility make their room worth more than their company. They will probably not be picked by anything more destructive than opinions until the arrival of the harbor boom.

The walled city is of solid block construction. It contains greater value in property than any other district, but will rank among the poorest in yield to the tax-gatherer. With few exceptions, the public buildings are there. Churches, conventos, Roman Catholic schools of various classes and degrees, and charitable institutions fill a good share of its space. There are many non-taxable buildings a block long. It is a district favored by boarding-houses. Residents who can avoid it do so. It has a population of 33,340, of whom 3,051 are Americans, mainly in Government employ, 8,398 Filipinos, 665 Chinese, 1,183 Spanish, 22 British, 15 Germans, 3 Swiss, and 3 French.

Wholesale business, mainly shipping, crowds the north bank of the Pasig, below the Bridge of Spain. Island steamers can go in there, and river craft, propelled by hand, congregate as near that center as possible. The Escolta, which starts on the north side near the Bridge of Spain, in Binondo, is a narrow, winding, ill-paved, dirty lane which draws foreign shoppers. Calle Rosario, in the same neighborhood, produces from dingy Chinese shops champagne fizzed while you wait, with any label, all manner of other atrocious imitations of luxuries, and necessities of doubtful quality and endless variety at cut rates. In general the streets are quite passable, especially those of macadam and not cobble pavement. The walled city follows Spanish models and is checked out with narrow ways, as is the retail district. Many of the macadam streets have good width. Natural drainage, free absorption, and close watch by the authorities keep them in order. This is one of the advantages possessed by the site of Manila. When the rains pour in most places in the islands, the highways become mire. A city so large in area and population ought to be worth more than $25,000,000 on the tax books, but Manila is not, and therein lies a problem of management. Of 19,463 buildings which it contains, 3,739 are of wood, stone, or brick, of good construction and in repair, 1,135 poorly constructed and out of repair, 1,333 sheds built principally of old materials, and 13,256 shacks or nipa huts. These proportions indicate the financial status of the people. Government is not cheap, as Americans manage it; and current expenses, even if they may be cut as low as $1,250,000 per year, cannot be met from local resources. The insular treasury may need to pay nearly half of them. Under military rule work could be done more cheaply than now. Many streets were put in order, measures for sanitation in crowded districts enforced, and public markets were built, which confined for scavengers the litter that formerly defiled many open market-places and which the winds scattered promiscuously. Civil rule cannot manage with so little local outlay, and since it must pay all whom it hires from funds raised in the city or in the islands, instead of drawing on the army salary fund at Washington, there must be greater economy than before in supervision. Streets and sanitation will probably not be neglected, but forces of clerical and unskilled labor will be reduced, police protection cheapened, and an adequate water supply, a sewerage system, park provision, and city adornment must wait.

Manila does not make a good first impression. Its plan and construction seem to have been haphazard and its maintenance slovenly. The low buildings that cover it look better at a distance than at close range, where they lose their gleaming whiteness and become shabby and neglected. Only a prim people can withstand creditably the beating of the sun and rains in that latitude. Space never counted for official or church purposes. Thus the public buildings are more pretentious than imposing, and churches show scaling, discolored walls, although all but one of them had to be rebuilt after the earthquake of 1863. Some of the residences appear well, but the majority illustrate a common carelessness of disposition. There is not a decent private lawn in the city. In the pure Oriental no charm exists for the white race. Filipinos have a reputation for cleanliness, which comes from the free use of water for washing. River, creek, and bay waters which they favor are dirty; they take them at natural temperature unsoaped, and many have skin diseases.

Acquaintance with Manila lessens objections to it. It grows on one like vice or an acquired taste. The few natives whom whites meet in business or socially are courteous, quiet, likable people, even if whites never feel sure about trusting them. Native habits are not offensive. Everybody gambles and fights chickens, but both of these pastimes seek reasonable seclusion. There is no intemperance. Cafés and saloons do not obtrude their smells and noises on all sides, as in Havana. An American wonders at the few drinking-places until he learns that they cater only to his own kind, who constitute about three per cent. of Manila's population, and not more than four per cent. when soldiers flock to town. Natives keep to themselves. They do not gather in street crowds, except for church processions and fiestas celebrated in daylight. After dark they prefer the quiet of their own homes, where friends may drop in and enjoy a nibble of sweets and music.

Soil, sun, and bounteous rains make amends for human neglect by garments of waving green, rich with blossoms, which they spread profusely about the yards and houses. There are lovely pictures almost everywhere. When Manila shall learn modern ways, and become prosperous enough to induce the public improvements which it needs, and to popularize fresh paint and tidy habits among householders, it may be no longer mockery to call it "Pearl of the Orient."

The Spur of the Moment

By Sarah Orne Jewett

MRS. DARTMOUTH sat at a front window looking out upon very bad weather and a most uninteresting street. She had turned her back to the large room, as if all the books and pictures, which were badly enough lighted that day, only filled her with impatience. At the end of the room there was a cheerful fire. It looked as if the lady had just been sitting in a low chair beside it; there was a book dropped face downward on the rug.

"I never was so tired of myself in all my life!" grumbled the watcher at the window, and then smiled, as if she must recognize those who would be sure to protest at such a speech if they were only present.

The public square outside looked country-like that winter day, with fresh snow outlining the trees, and the broad walks quite empty of those figures which usually came and went and gave an air of hurry which belongs to the center of a great city. The sloping ground, snow-covered and deserted, might have been a part of some large rural estate; there were no foot-tracks, and you could not see, for the misty weather, the buildings that stood beyond. The lady at the window was not fond of the country for its own sake, and liked to see plenty of figures in all her landscapes; it was very seldom that she was left to pass a dull winter afternoon alone.

Now and then a carriage plodded by; the snow-storm was fast turning to rain, and the clogged wheels left black tracks in the thin snow and spattered mud into the white gutters. Across the street stood a poor-looking cab with a dreary white horse that kept nodding his heavy head down to comfortless sleep and being detected by his driver, who sat miserably on the box and jerked the reins as if he had nothing to do but to keep the poor creature broad awake. There was a roof of snow on the cab and on the driver's hat; once, happily, he fell into a doze himself and swayed about dangerously, until he waked with a start and pulled at the reins again and looked anxiously at the opposite houses.

The lady flushed with displeasure as she watched, and then suddenly availed herself with satisfaction of even so poor and unrewarding an occasion of interest.

"Horrid, hard-hearted man!" she said aloud. "Why can't he let that poor horse sleep?" Then she rose and went a step or two closer to the window to see if there were any prospect of a customer for the waiting cab; she wished that the poor appealing establishment would take itself off. Sometimes people came hurrying across the square and chartered this cab to carry them the rest of the way to a railway station back of the hill; but it now occurred to Mrs. Dartmouth that such patronage was never frequent in either the best or worst of weather; the cab seemed to be on its stand much oftener than it was absent on its brief errands.

"Nobody would want such a poor-looking thing for visits," she thought; she had never really given two thoughts to the matter before. "That has been a good horse once." Her vague grievances and sense of dullness were fast giving way to this new interest.

"Why doesn't the foolish fellow get a better turnout? Why doesn't he try what a little varnish might do? A trig little brougham would tempt dozens of persons that pass him by. I'm sure that I never should get into such a thing unless I were in some strait or other—caught in a shower perhaps. I dare say he's poor enough, but he must be a slack cabby, too. A little varnish certainly wouldn't ruin him—(Oh, don't jerk that poor horse so; you hurt his mouth!)" She fairly stamped her foot with impatience, but she could not stop looking. "I wonder where he lives. Why doesn't he go home out of the rain? They'll both be stiff with cold; there's not a creature in sight. Oh, dear, this is worse than thinking about nothing!"

The white horse drooped his patient head again. The cabman was either asleep himself or in a despondent brown study; at any moment he might twitch the reins.

"I cannot bear this another moment," exclaimed the watcher, who rapped such impatient, determined blows with her paper-cutter on the window that the driver heard them only too easily, looked up, touched his dripping snow-topped hat with a smart air, seized his whip and turned across the street toward the high, handsome house to take a most welcome order.

"Oh, what shall I do with him? Dear me!" cried the lady now, and at that very moment a man-servant came in to mend the fire.

"No, don't move my chair, Jenks," she said. "Please light the gas; it was really growing too dark to read there." She crossed the room to the writing-table and opened a drawer. "Will you take this money; there is a cabman at the door, ask him to go—to go to Miss Peet's, 18 Blight Street, and see if she has any errands for an hour or two."

"Miss Peet's, 18 Blight Street," repeated Jenks, who promptly disappeared. The mistress of the house gave a sigh of relief and seated herself by the fire. "Dear me!" she exclaimed again with a sigh of relief, "if that wasn't the spur of the moment! But what an afternoon!"

Miss Peet was sitting by the window all this time in quite another part of the city. Everybody had called her old Miss Peet for at least twenty years, and she was hardly seventy yet. Some persons always look out of place in spring and summer; they seem to belong only to winter, as if they were the dried stalks of what had once been growing, but one might feel a reasonable doubt as to whether poor Miss Peet had ever really been in bloom. She had an unhappy way of telling you more things to other people's disadvantage than to their credit, and when she had told you, and you saw fit to join in with blame, she looked satisfied at first and then grew severe and prim and reminded you that one must endeavor to be charitable. But somehow she never liked to hear others praised; she would say, "Oh, but she has so *much* money!" or, "Oh, it's *very* easy to make use of such opportunities as hers," or, "I have heard it said that he is very close about little things and does something large now and then because he likes to have it known!" Nearly all the really generous and kind actions of her old friend Mrs. Dartmouth had been at one time or another arranged under one of these three heads. In short, Miss Peet was one of those sad, unhappy souls who cannot help looking upon the prosperity of others except as some injustice to themselves.

She was now grumbling at the weather, and with some reason, for it was certainly bad weather, and was also preventing her from going to a funeral. It might be expected that such occasions possessed great attraction for so gloomy a disposition, though Miss Peet was by no means one of those who can only look on at the distress of their fellows as if it were a scene in a play. The poor lady's lack of sympathy so often prevented her being asked by younger people to join in any friendly occasions that she made the most of those public or semi-public social functions that fell in her way. This was the funeral of a friend who through all his lifetime had been indulgent to Miss Peet, and often affectionate; he had once been the younger business partner of her father. After going down with the rest of the company in the sad crash of 1857, he alone had regained his footing and been able to climb again to the top of the hill of fortune. He had been most kind in his remembrance of this poor, sharp-tempered lady's sorrows and needs, and his Christmas cheque had long been her main dependence. Perhaps she mourned the loss of this as much as the loss of the giver. She could not bear to think that the weather was going to make her miss going to such a funeral, but she sighed to think that none of his children would remember to send a carriage for her, as he had touchingly remembered to do years before when his wife died. This had seemed to Miss Peet only a proper tribute to the daughter of his former friend and associate.

Miss Peet had put on her best clothes and was ready and waiting. There was something most appealing in her appearance; you felt anew that she was one of those unhappy persons from whom every year has taken something away; whether it was her own fault or other people's, the fact remained that nearly everything pleasant had gone. She sat by the window watching the rain and sleet come down into the empty street. There were some bright little children bobbing and smiling and beckoning from a window opposite, but she did not see them.

"It's too late now; I shouldn't see the people come in, anyway," Miss Peet said, ruefully. "I believe I'll take off my things. I should think somebody might have remembered to call for me; I can't walk and run the risk of getting cold again, but nobody thinks of me now," and she leaned forward to give a last look up the street.

There was an old white horse just turning the corner, and her heart really beat a little faster with sudden hope; then she drew back. "It may be somebody coming to see me," she thought, "but I'm sure they'd take poor me to the funeral if I told the circumstances."

Hardly five minutes afterward Miss Peet was safe in the cab and only disturbed because the man did not drive faster. The pavements were growing icy now and the horse slipped, while the driver did not seem to know how to help him to keep his feet. Luckily, they had not far to go. "What made Mary Dartmouth send such a miserable old horse and cab as this!" grumbled our friend as she settled the limp bows of her bonnet. "Providence does sometimes provide for us," she handsomely acknowledged a moment later, when she was well on her way and had time to remember how great her disappointment would have been but for this accident of a friend's thought.

The line of waiting carriages seemed to darken all the gloomy street. Miss Peet was helped out of the cab and well sheltered under a large umbrella on her way up the steps, and the cabman drove away to take his humble place behind the more comfortable turnouts. Everything was cold and forlorn, dripping and icy and cheerless. The coachmen were well wrapped; their backs looked round enough under their mackintoshes, but nobody liked the weather, and the poor horses were badly off. Two or three men at a time left the line and drove discreetly to the corner and back. They spoke to one another from box to box, and appeared to be on friendly and even intimate terms. The cabman who came last was a stranger among them, and belonged, at any rate, to a far lower grade of the business than the private coachmen who were his neighbors.

Half an hour went by, and the conversation became more and more frank, and so distinctly audible that the undertaker's man on the hearse waved a rebuking hand.

"Nobody can't hear us in the house with this storm a-pelting down," said one of the most comfortable-looking and loudest-complaining men. "They'll not be out for another hour, I dessay, and keep us freezing. I don't want to be up all night over my team." (The delays of those who ride in carriages often seem foolishly unnecessary and thoughtless to those who drive them.)

"He was an awful kind-hearted, nice old gentleman, anyway," said the next coachman, a very large old man. "I knew him 'most forty year ago, when I first went to be helper to Mr. Duncan next door—long before I was ever on a carriage box. I used to bring round his ridin' horse an' Mr. Duncan's together; our stable was next door to each other on Chestnut Street. Many's the quarter he's give me, and quarters was quarters then. I come near going to him for helper when Mr. Duncan died, but one o' the sons kept me on, and give me the place as coachman after a year or two. I was there twenty-two years, and I'm with Wallis's goin' on twelve."

"Must be stupid," said the next man. "For me, I like a change. Hosses an' you gettin' old and fat together an' doin' the same bloomin' things over an' over—oh, *land!* I go off in summer, anyway, and I make a winter shift to New York every two-three year."

"Have to take a trick o' livery work in between; up all night with them big parties worst season o' the year," observed a neighbor, scornfully. He had been so indiscreet as to wear a bearskin cap, and it looked like a thatched roof fringed with icicles, which now and then broke off and slipped inside his collar.

"Know that missionary on the cab, back there?" inquired a coachman who was stirring his horses again.

"He ain't no edicated cabman; he come a few days ago to that stand o' old Dumphy's—Dumphy's laid up with a lung fever," said the big man, who seemed to be in receipt of every particular. "He looks natural to me; he used to live somewheres out in Broadwood, I think, but I can't place him."

"Looks as if he were down on his luck;

handles his reins as if he was fast to a fish," said the other. "That's been a plaguy good horse he's tryin' to drive; die game he will, too; drop down dead in's harness. Messenger colt, old Mr. Haines on Hill Street gave an awful price for when he was young; no style, but passed everything on the road and kep' it up all day. Lord! if I was rich I'd build a nice 'ospit'l for them game old horses, right out in the country in a snug place where they'd have good feed all summer and be out o' the wind come winter. I'd pay a lot o' old chaps like us, that's gettin' old for regular work and knowed how to use 'em well; top wages they should have to tend 'em up like cossets!"

There was a sound of approval from all the carriages within hearing.

"I know that fellow!" exclaimed the big coachman a moment afterward. "He's a man I want to see, too. I've got to start my team; I'll go and speak to him," and he drove slowly to the end of the procession and halted next the poor white horse.

"Your name Fallon?"

"Yes, it is," said the cabby, half rising on his box. He was soaked through, and his face was all lilac and yellow with cold. The rain-water dripped from his clothes; he had put both the poor blankets over the horse.

"Keep your sitting!" said the pompous private coachman, with a mock insolence that betokened warm good fellowship. "You used to live out at old Mrs. Douglas's place at Broadwood; you used to be a gardener out there, didn't you? an' went out West after a solid-gold job?"

"All so," acknowledged the cabby; "worst thing ever I done, too."

"Sportin' any?" asked the elder man, frankly.

"No, *sir!*" was the sorrowful answer. "Hard luck done it. I broke my arm all to pieces, an' then got burnt out just as we started in to keep house, folks got sick, an' everything. I guess I been one o' them that draws misfortune; 'twa'n't no gardenin' neighborhood, anyway, and I was too poor to leave."

"Don't say!" exclaimed the listener.

"Got back this fall; wife's stopping with some o' her folks—been sick all winter. I ain't used to drivin', but Dumphy's their neighbor and he's down sick and I'm spelling him two-three weeks or so. I went right out to Douglas's an' asked if they'd take me on. 'Not till spring'—that's what everybody says. So I'm driving this chari't o' victory. To-day's last day."

"You go right out to Douglas's again!" exclaimed the harbinger of good fortune. "The old lady heard you'd been there, and she remembered you and said you was lucky with some of her old-fashioned things in the greenhouse. She's been passin' the word to have us all look out for you. I didn't know you when I first see you, either. I guess you'll find you've got it all safe in your hand this time."

"I was goin' to start to-morrow an' tramp it back to New York," said the poor fellow, and then he could not speak. The warm color rushed into his cold, despairing face. "I know them things she means, sir," he added almost gayly to his benefactor; "them old daphnes and lemon-trees; she used to say they belonged to her mother before her. I kind o' favored 'em along, and nussed 'em into bloomin' well. Well, I've thought all day long I see my finish."

The door of the house opened, the big coachman made a lordly gesture as he went on duty again, and moved away to his place. The funeral pomps went on in solemn orderliness and the street was empty after the procession passed.

Poor little Miss Peet had been the last of the funeral guests to slip into the house, and she felt an odd sinking of the heart in the warm, rich-colored, familiar old rooms whence her best friend had departed. She even began to accuse herself for once, instead of other people, and wished that she had done more for Mr. Walton; he had been an invalid for some time, and she was one of the few persons who could talk with him about old times and early interests. She now felt a curious nearness to him and his affectionate kindness, and remembered with an unaccustomed pang how anxiously she had thought of what she might get for herself, instead of thinking of what could be done for him. But the old sense of his affectionate kindness, all lost forever, came over her as she stood in the doorway.

"He knew my lot was hard," she lamented, "but his lot was hard, too. I believe I've been sort of ungrateful and *selfish!*" said Miss Peet. Some persons learn a great many lessons in their lives, and others are all their lifetime learning only one.

Miss Peet was standing in the light just at the doorway of the room where the mourners sat, and before any one had time to bring her a chair and she sat down and was lost in the indistinguishable group, some one had time to notice her pale face and look of sincere feeling. It was the old friend's daughter, who lived at a great distance and who had not seen Miss Peet for many years; who might never have thought of her again. This was something that brought the tears afresh into one's eyes. Mrs. Ashton remembered all her father's patience and loyal interest and kindness; she also felt a curious thrill of nearness to his heart, and a new sense of loss; she said to herself that she would find out what he had done for this old acquaintance, and continue it for his dear and generous sake. Miss Peet had provoked her many a time in earlier years, but how old she looked now, and how lonely! She must try to see her, and do all that could be done. And Miss Peet little knew that, while she let go one friendly hand, another was being held out to her that would never let her fall unbefriended in her stony and narrow little path of life.

Oddly enough, Mrs. Dartmouth could never understand why her old friend Mrs. Douglas sent her such exquisite offerings of flowers from time to time after this. She had often sent some fine roses or a bunch of violets, but she no longer chose them herself, and one can hardly expect one's gardeners to put much sentiment into the choice of flowers for unknown persons. Yet now, when Mrs. Douglas's flowers were announced, they were always a wonder and delight, and Fallon always brought them himself so that they would not get shaken, and left them with Mrs. Douglas's compliments at the door. We all have our little superstitions; and poor Fallon could never forget the handsome lady who sat at the window and watched him that hopeless afternoon, and gave him the order for an hour's work that turned his luck.

Oddly enough, too, Miss Peet happened to be calling upon Mrs. Dartmouth one day when the flowers came. Her face lightened at the sight of them, and she went away with a lovely bunch in her hand. Mrs. Dartmouth could not help noticing that she seemed better pleased with life, and more cheerful than she used to be, and said much less about her own troubles.

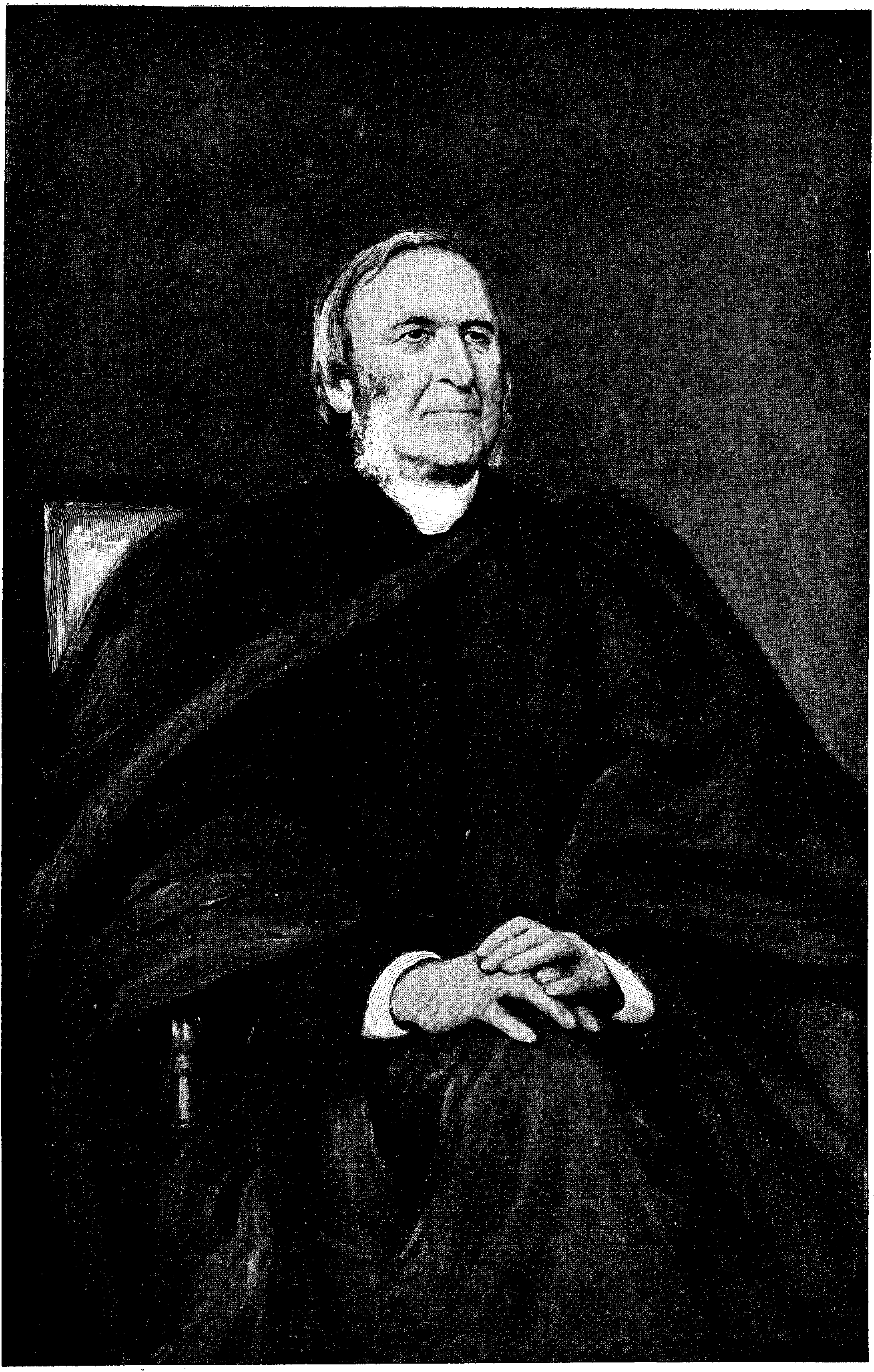
There is always the hope that "our unconscious benefactions may outweigh our unconscious cruelties," but the world moves on, and we seldom really know how much we have to do with other people's lives.

The Guest

By Mabel Earle

One answered, on the day when Christ went by,
"Lord, I am rich; pause not for such as I.
My work, my home, my strength, my frugal store,
The sun and rain—what need have I of more?
Go to the sinful, who have need of Thee,
Go to the poor, but tarry not for me.
What is there Thou shouldst do for such as I?"
And He went by.

Long years thereafter, by a palace door,
The footsteps of the Master paused once more,
From whence the old voice answered piteously,
"Lord, I am poor, my house unfit for Thee;
Nor peace nor pleasures bless my princely board,
Nor love nor health: what could I give Thee, Lord?
Lord, I am poor, unworthy, stained with sin."
Yet He went in.



THE MOST REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
From the portrait by Herkomer.

THE PRIMATE OF ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM DURBAN

THE British people think more than any other nation of the "old boys" of their great public schools. When General Baden-Powell came home recently, on a brief furlough from South Africa, one of his first visits was to the Charterhouse School in London, where he was greeted as the chief of all living heroes in the eyes of the boys, who viewed their college as glorified in the person of its former alumnus. It is one of the peculiarities of the English that they never forget the academic antecedents of any man who has once attained distinction. Of all the "old school-boys" now alive, the finest record belongs to the present Primate. In the heart of that romantic district of lovely Devonshire immortalized by Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" is the charming town of Tiverton, famous in the world of learning for its grammar-school, Blundell College, familiarly known as Old Blundell's. This was the institution responsible for the early education of Frederick Temple. The association will never be forgotten. The Archbishop only the other day revived it very vividly indeed by a visit to his Alma Mater. With pathetic expressions he described his longing to go back, if it were possible, to the ecstatic happiness of that idyllic boyhood.

On many occasions I have been able to take the measure of this wonderful man. The last time I spoke to him he was entertaining a number of temperance representatives at Lambeth Palace, his London residence, on the south bank of the Thames, opposite the Houses of Parliament. Almost an octogenarian, at that garden-party he yet looked fresher and was more animated than many of the guests thirty years his juniors. I have repeatedly sat near him on the public platform, have listened to his speeches and sermons, and have eagerly watched much of his career. It seems to me that the very qualities which in this phenomenal ecclesiastic constitute the most attractive attributes of personality would in any other man produce only a repellent effect. Archbishop Temple is loved, admired, and renowned on account of his unique endowment with those natural factors of temperament and demeanor supposed to be most nationally representative. His voice is powerful but very raucous. He is brusque, abrupt, and often even rude, especially to the clergy, the very set in society most keenly sensitive to even the slightest appearance of disrespect. He delivers his public addresses in a style so abrupt, so unstudied, so devoid of rhetoric, so contemptuous of classic polish, that no noted preacher or speaker can in any way compete with him in the exercise of the most audacious oratorical nonchalance. He is the very "Rupert of Debate" in the House of Lords, and on such questions as temperance and education he is the terror of Lord Salisbury, whom he has constantly thwarted as no other Peer has ventured even to attempt to do. Here we have exactly the kind of man, or, at any rate, one sort of man, to whom a strenuous people will look up. The English love to prove their loyalty to a leader who does not fear them or flatter their fickle collective caprices, but who to splendid intellectual powers adds the faculty of constantly doing something worth doing. All our really popular idols have been statesmen, ecclesiastics, or officials who have been faithful to the practical side of genius, initiating grand and novel enterprises in some one of the chief departments of national life. A scholar of the very highest rank and of the most brilliant university standing enters English public life with magnificent vistas of potential usefulness and success opening out before him.

The whole life of Frederick Temple is a concatenation of romantic incidents. He was cradled in the midst of the loveliest of foreign scenery, his birthplace being Santa Maura, one of the enchanting Ionian Islands. That Elysium of the blue Ægean is the spot known to the old Greeks as Leucadia. It is famous as "Sappho's Leap," and it is also the scene described in the most famous of Kingsley's poems.

Though Gladstone gave back that glorious Ionian archipelago to Greece, with the cordial assent of all England, many English people still reside there. When, a few years ago, I was sailing about in the region, I met some of these and found that they had their own English clergyman, whose pleasant acquaintance I made. It is easy to understand, after visiting these islets in Greek waters, why an old officer like Frederick Temple's father should for a few years pitch his tent on one of them. The Primate comes of a dominant race. His father, Major Octavius Temple, had been Governor of Sierra Leone. Many of Dr. Temple's most admiring friends ascribe his aggressive attitude at every critical juncture of his career to the hereditary military instinct.

This chief of Church dignitaries is a born athlete. Here we have another of the secrets of his tenacious hold on the affections of the people. The pugnacity of the old English school-boy is fully represented in his record. There are several of our bishops of whom stirring traditions are extant with reference to their physical prowess as lads, but Dr. Temple likes himself to tell the story of his boyhood. When recently talking about his reminiscences of Blundell's, he recalled "his first fight." His assailant was six inches his superior in height, but that difference was totally disregarded. Says Dr. Temple, "He was not a good boy, I am sorry to say, and, to tell the truth, he was also a bit of a coward. He hit out at me, but I contrived to dodge him; and then my turn came. The end of it was that he turned tail and ran away, with me after him, shouting as he went, 'Take him off! take him off!' But," added the Archbishop after a pause, "I was not always successful on this spot."

The versatility of Frederick Temple is another secret of his universal popularity, and this arises from his remarkable early experiences. As a lad he was comparatively poor, especially after the death of his father. His life from that time was one of real struggle, and he had to climb the academical ladder by the hardest effort. His family could not afford to send him to the University unless he could win a scholarship at Oxford. Accordingly he determined to aim at this prize in the most renowned of all the Oxonian colleges, Balliol, and he succeeded. But his father had destined him to agricultural pursuits, and accordingly many of his youthful days were passed in toil in the fields. Here he contracted a love for farming which has lasted right on. When he was Bishop of Exeter, he would delight some old farmers by entering enthusiastically as a real bucolic expert into all the minute and difficult details of Devonian husbandry. Few men of high status can manage to be all things to all men by reason of actual diversity of practical qualification, as can our Primate. As a Devonshire lad he acquired the habit of pedestrianizing without fatigue. I have often met him thus exercising. He astonished his family, when Bishop of London, by his disregard on emergency of the usual conveniences of locomotion. Thus, on the occasion of a hurried journey to the North of England, he returned to London and landed at Euston Station by night mail train. There were no conveyances, for all the Euston cabs had gone out. The Bishop found his bag and walked with it to Fulham. That meant a solitary, dreary, and fagging walk in the dead of night of five miles; and yet, before the Palace was well awake, its master was at work.

Like his successor in the See of London—Dr. Winnington Ingram—the Archbishop of Canterbury is at heart a big boy. His fresh elasticity has been conspicuous at all periods of his life. His fame was achieved as Head Master of Rugby, our most famous public school since Arnold brought it to the top. As I had the good fortune to live close to him at Fulham for several years, I had special opportunities of gaining knowledge of his ways. One of his dearest pleasures was to play at cricket on his own lawn with his little sons. His playfulness has ever been irrepressible. The English people regard their Primate as the finest living incarnation of muscular Christianity. The late Archbishop, Dr. Benson, was one of Dr. Temple's dearest friends. When Benson was appointed first Head Master of Wellington School, which was opened by Queen Victoria, Dr. Temple was invited to come over from Rugby to be present. After the inaugural ceremony, seeing a large number of boys wandering about,

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY AND YORK

Dr. Temple on the left and Dr. Maclagan on the right.

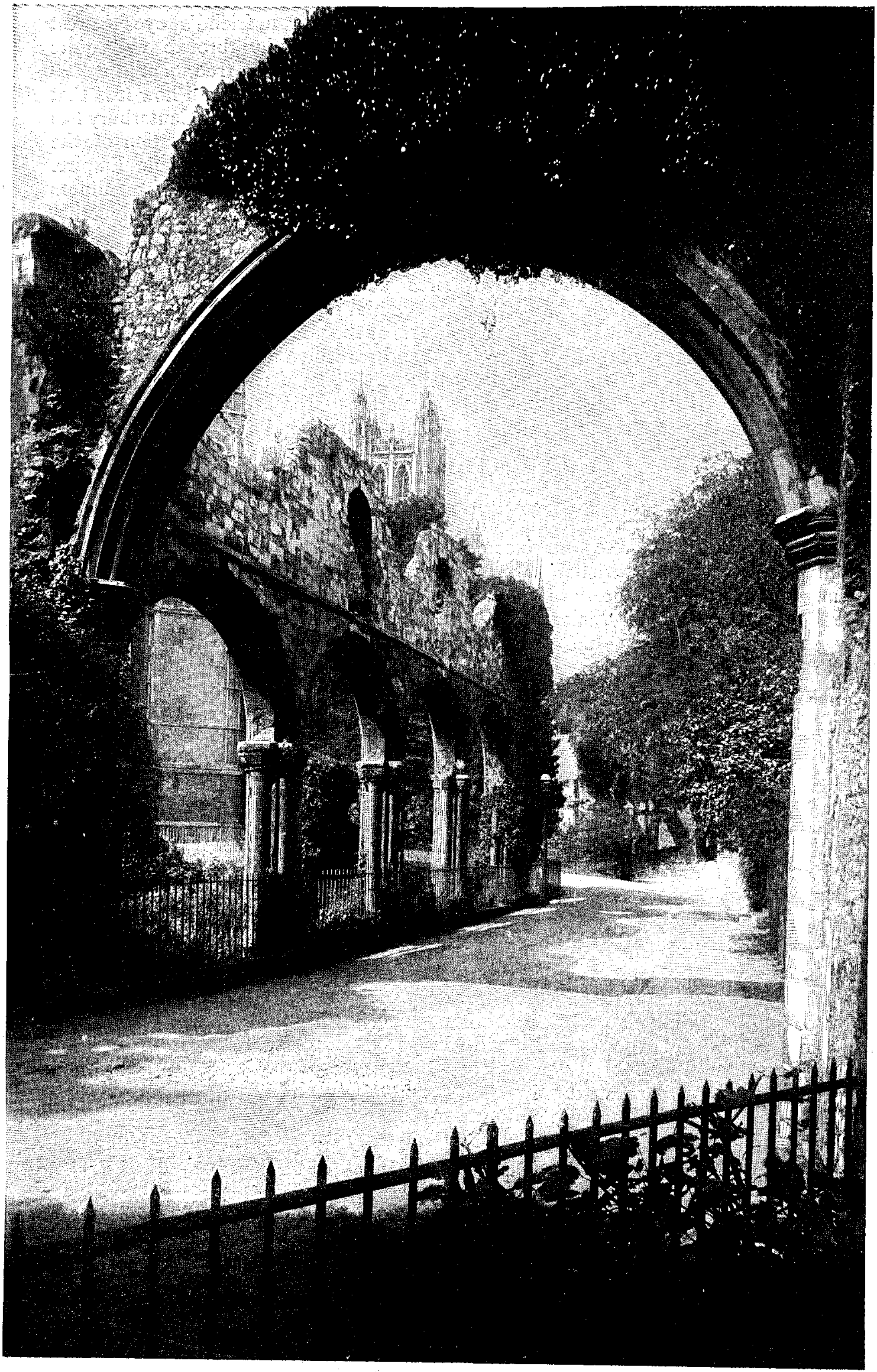
apparently aimlessly, he organized a steeplechase, and induced the newly fledged Principal to join him. In the result the two reverend dignitaries were leaders, even the biggest boys being simply "nowhere." In the woods near Wellington was a grand old beech which Dr. Benson was showing to some visitors. Dr. Temple, after looking closely and admiringly at the glorious tree, called out in a word or two that he could not resist the temptation, added, "Look out!" and then, making a run and a leap, scrambled up the bole of the old beech with the agility of a school-boy, looking down with delight at the company, who entered heartily into the fun of the venture.

Only the stalwart manliness of the Primate could have saved him from melancholy retrospection of his long experience as an Anglican martyr. For every Englishman who knows the history of the last half-century is painfully conscious that the man who is now universally honored as worthy of his exalted position was for over twenty years the subject of the most virulent displays of the *odium theologicum* witnessed in this country during the long series of acrimonious controversies of Queen Victoria's reign. While Frederick Temple was Head Master of Rugby that volume was published which marked the high tide of Broad Church influence. It was the famous "Essays and Reviews," which raised the worst religious cyclone that has swept through the Church of England during the whole of the nineteenth century. Not even the Colenso trouble, or the outburst occasioned by the Tractarian movement at Oxford, could compare with this commotion in the elements, which involved personality and caused the bitterest recriminations in all ecclesiastical circles.

The conduct of Dr. Temple throughout the whole period of the seething controversy was admirable. The peculiarity of the incident was that it excited the whole community by a kind of reflex wave which spread far beyond religious society. Indeed, the "Essays and Reviews" commotion was the *scandalum magnum* of the '60's. And yet that unparalleled stir in the English-speaking world was occasioned by a book of the most excellent purpose, its general aim being to establish religion more firmly in the hearts of the people by bringing it into harmony with the results of science and criticism. The seven writers of the chapters had no communication with each other, and each was responsible only for his own essay. Dr. Temple's paper on the "Education of the World," showing the progressive nature of divine revelation, would now be accepted by everybody alike as expressing an obvious truth. It was the first of the essays, and therefore seemed to render the author in a sense primarily responsible for the contents of the whole volume, although it was itself scarcely reprehended at all by even the severest critics. But some of the chapters appeared subversive of the whole structure of the Christian religion, and therefore the public excitement was intense. The other contributors were Professor Jowett, Dr. Baden-Powell, Mark Pattison, Dr. Rowland Williams, Dr. H. B. Wilson, and C W. Goodwin. All these were Anglican Churchmen of the highest eminence for erudition. Baden-Powell was Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford; Benjamin Jowett was the famous Oxonian Professor of Greek; and Dr. Rowland Williams was Vice-Principal at the Theological College at Lampeter. The essays of Williams, Wilson, and Baden-Powell gave the chief offense, while those of Temple and Jowett were generally exonerated from the direct charge of dangerous heresy.

The wild and panic-stricken agitation which ensued is almost indescribable. Dr. Temple's contribution had been already preached at his own University, where it gave not the slightest offense. But when, two months later, it appeared with its companions in "Essays and Reviews," the storm at once commenced. The celebrated High Church Bishop Wilberforce gave the signal by a trenchant article in the "Quarterly Review" of January, 1861, and the outburst which at once commenced almost smothered the other commotion simultaneously arising on account of the epoch-making book of Charles Darwin, "The Origin of Species." Many of the Bishops spoke against "Essays and Reviews," and the most influential of the clergy, including Liddon, Pusey, Wordsworth, Goulburn, and Burgon, denounced it as "infidel." Scores of books and tracts poured from the press with alarmist titles, such as "Must We Burn Our Bibles?" A heated debate occupied Convocation, and that august body of the higher clergy declared by a great majority that "awful consequences were to be dreaded." So popular, indeed, is a heresy hunt that no fewer than six thousand of the clergy memorialized the then Archbishop of Canterbury to fulminate in some encyclical against the new rationalists.

It is an extraordinary fact that the most innocent of these seven theological collaborators should have been made the scapegoat for all. Frederick Temple was for years a subject of ceaseless invective and unrelenting persecution. Nothing could have been more chivalrous and heroic than his conduct through an ordeal which he calmly endured for long years. All that was required of him was that he should, by a disavowal of sympathy with most of the other writers in the offending publication, dissociate himself with heretical opinions. He remained silent while the cyclone raged around him, refusing to notice the clamorous demands for his resignation of his Rugby mastership.



A CORNER OF CANTERBURY

His magnanimous imperturbability was inspired simply by motives of manly honor, for he could not by any pressure be induced, even by implication, to cast a slur on those with whom he had been accidentally associated.

Ten years passed, and the uproar was virulently renewed when Mr. Gladstone nominated Dr. Temple to the Queen for the Bishopric of Exeter. The zealous ecclesiastical foes of the Head Master of Rugby used every possible expedient to prevent the consummation of the appointment. Pusey accused him of having "participated in the ruin of countless souls." The Dean of Exeter wrote: "The agitation in the diocese becomes greater every day, and from all parts of the country I have letters about the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, exhorting us to go to prison, and promising us visits there." Dr. Temple expressed his own sentiments concerning the movement against him in truly Christian words. "Many of those," said he, "who have taken part against me will think it necessary to hold aloof from me for conscience' sake. But if it please God to send me to Exeter and to give me a little time, I have no fear about winning them." But his antagonists did not have it all their own way on paper. A writer in one of the Devon papers gave expression to the view that "the Tories disliked Dr. Temple's politics, and pretended that it was his religion they objected to." Mr. Gladstone and the Queen were unmoved. The protests against the consecration were sent in by the Bishops of Gloucester, Hereford, Lichfield, and Lincoln. When the ceremony had been duly performed, in spite of the vehement opposition of High Churchmen and Tories in all parts of the country, one Church newspaper said in an editorial jeremiad: "And so, on that darkest day in the whole year, was perpetrated the darkest crime ever committed in the English Church"! Such a sentence as this shows to what a height the animosity had run. Dr. Benson, the most intimate of all Temple's friends, thus described his bearing during that memorable incident in Westminster Abbey: "Dear Temple's face was white as ashes, and his jet-black hair and whiskers and the white and black of his robes made him look in his stillness a sad sight for a friend's eye to rest upon. His healthy bronze was quite gone, but he looked a true man."

Those last words explain how it is that the present Archbishop of Canterbury has gained his grip on the admiration of the nation, and indeed of the whole Empire. He is an ideal embodiment of manliness in its most popular attributes—sincerity, firmness, fidelity to friends, and adhesion to conviction. Dr. Temple had his desires amply fulfilled. At Exeter God "gave him time," and he quickly won the hearts of the people throughout his beautiful and extensive Devonian and Cornish diocese. When, after several years, he was translated to the see of London, it was acknowledged that his rule had been a splendid success. He had governed a most difficult diocese, which contained a large percentage of fox-hunting and turbulent parsons of the notorious Jack Russell type, who had "never been bothered by bishops," but who were now subjected to ruthless discipline but consistent justice. In the cider-drinking West of England Bishop Temple became famous as one of the very few "teetotal bishops" of those years. Long before total abstinence was as popular in the Church of England as it is to-day he was its uncompromising advocate. Those who knew how tender and delicate he could be in his private intercourse with the poor and the sick were amazed at seeing him, square-jawed and defiant, on an Exeter platform, facing the shower of flour-bags flung by enraged saloon men and their rowdy friends. To-day, as the Archbishop of Canterbury and President of the National Temperance League, he is the foremost representative of organized temperance. The longer he lived and worked in Devonshire and Cornwall the more profoundly revered and esteemed did he become with every class. When he removed to London, again at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, the West felt that it had lost its greatest man.

Curious episodes have been crowded into the life of this wonderful Englishman. He has the habit of reciting these both publicly and privately, to the amusement of his listeners. He is more famous for the faculty of humor in conversation than any other living clergyman. I have never heard him speak on any platform without finding him equally serious and witty. He is one of those men who can find an inexhaustible fund of singular facetiæ in his own personal experiences. In the West of England he one afternoon spoke at an Agricultural Society's meeting, a kind of occasion at which he was eminently at home from his knowledge of farming. But he could not miss the opportunity of giving some temperance hints and advice. He remarked, with his accustomed grim humor, that "he himself had never been drunk in his life." On his way home he heard the boys in the street with the papers shouting, "Remarkable statement of the Bishop of Exeter." The headline was certainly a startling one. The Bishop with some curiosity opened the paper to see what he had said, and found his phrase used as a special heading—"Never been drunk in his life!"

One of the first qualifications needful in an Anglican Primate is statesmanship. And as an administrator Archbishop Temple has shone pre-eminently. He has all through his career enjoyed a reputation for the strictest impartiality. One of the younger lads at Rugby wrote to his father in a fit of indignation, saying, "Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast." The Head Master received the lad's letter inclosed from the amused parent. Instead of resenting the ascription, Dr. Temple declared that he regarded the lad's estimate as one of the greatest compliments ever paid him. It is a remarkable fact that the last four Archbishops have been ex-Head Masters—Dr. Longley, of Harrow; Dr. Tait, of Rugby; Dr. Benson, of Wellington; and Dr. Temple, again of Rugby. Many of the clergy have complained that Dr. Temple is apt to treat them as mere school-boys. Sometimes a ruffled cleric will openly resent the lack of courtesy which the Archbishop certainly displays when unduly pressed with work. A clergyman who was shown into the study at Lambeth Palace stood some minutes unnoticed while Dr. Temple went on writing. At last the lesser light by certain movements gave signs of his presence. The Primate looked up and with some asperity asked, "What do you want?" "I want a chair," replied the other, rather resentfully. After that the interview proceeded amicably enough. Dr. Temple is as witty as Sydney Smith, that famous Canon of St. Paul's whose sayings are so frequently quoted. He has an inimitable method of blending the most caustic and yet harmless sarcasm with his serious advice to his juniors, especially to candidates for any sort of preferment.

A certain curate applying to be licensed by Dr. Temple was asked to read a few verses of the Bible as a test of his fitness to conduct services. When the recitation was over, the Bishop said, "Not loud enough." "Oh, I am sorry, my lord," was the reply of the curate, who added, "A lady yesterday said she could hear me quite well at the bottom of the church." "Ah!" remarked Dr. Temple, giving the curate a keen glance from under his bushy eyebrows; "are you engaged?" "Yes, my lord," was the answer. "Now, listen to me, young man," said his lordship, with a grim chuckle: "while you are engaged to her, never believe a word she tells you; but after you are married believe every word she says."

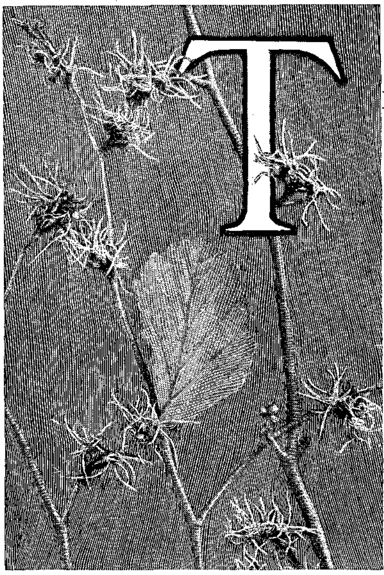
In relation to the people Archbishop Temple has secured universal favor by his identification with the national conscience. He was a foremost Gladstonian Liberal all through the ascendant career of the greatest statesman of the age, although after Mr. Gladstone's retirement and the consequent confusion of the party of progress he has himself appeared to be less progressive. But in religious, sociological, and political affairs Dr. Temple had never receded from that position which he laid down in his famous essay that Conscience is the judge of Holy Scripture. Not only is he the leader of the temperance party, but he has been for years the champion of religious education by the State. In listening to him I have uniformly been struck with his curious contempt of oratory. I have known him to talk from rough notes on the back of an envelope, thus addressing an audience of four thousand people, after several polished speeches by great orators; yet on each such occasion his talk has been the most impressive of all. He was once famous for his beautiful style. Of this his Bampton lectures are a fine type. But he long since consecrated himself to constant and ready work for the nation which has long learned his worth.

ALONG THE BARBED WIRE FENCE

FLOWERS OF LATE AUTUMN

BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



WITCH-HAZEL

> " The melancholy days are come,
> The saddest of the year,
> Of wailing winds and naked woods
> And meadows brown and sere."

THESE oft-quoted lines I repeat here only to take issue with them. To the true nature-lover no outdoor days are melancholy. It is rather the time spent face to the desk, immured in the concerns of business, when the call of the season is strong in the veins, that is depressing and devitalizing. And of all the year, the glorious days of late autumn, when one may breathe deeply of the crisp air, wade through the soft carpet of fallen leaves—woven loosely of nature's richest fabric—and come with delight upon the flowers and berries that claim the season for their own, are anything but melancholy.

There is abroad a warmth and subdued richness of color, a fullness of effect, a satisfying completeness, following upon the summer's effort and growth, that tunes one's whole being to joy, not sadness. The work is done; the result is spread out before us. The landscape is mature, rich, mysterious—the clouds seem to cover in the distance other scenes of finished work and growth, and the atmosphere is soft and hazy with the season's feeling, in strong contrast with the sharp clearness of spring and the wavering heat-currents of midsummer.

The leaves of the trees are no longer only cool green, to temper the summer sun. They range now into indescribable shades of red and yellow, and as they change and fall and fade, the soft browns and neutral tints only emphasize more strongly, in combination with sky and earth and tree-trunk, the wonderful chromatic balance of the seasons, the marvelous compensation of color for temperature, which seems not to have been revealed to Bryant.

The shocked corn is not of summer's green—it is now dressed in warm tones, hiding the deep gold of the matured ear. The frost dyes the chestnut burr from green and yellow to tan, as it opens to disclose the plump brown nuts warmly cushioned in velvet. The tropical sumac leaves take splendid color, and as they lose brilliance they fall in company with the deep purple blackberry foliage, revealing in graceful lines the peculiar whitish briery stems of the familiar fruit plant.

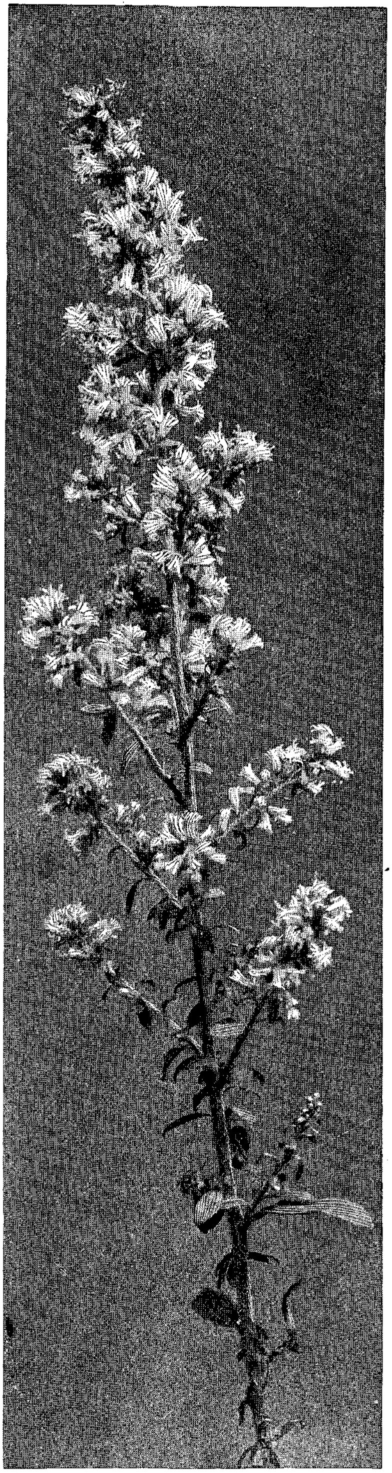
In early spring the spice-bush disclosed upon search its delicate and inconspicuous flowers of greenish yellow; now it flaunts in the wind its glowing red berries. The chaste white dogwood was the glory of the woods in June, and the less noticeable flowers of the sassafras followed after. As we walk afield these autumn days, the brilliant scarlet and black fruits of both challenge the eye and invite the birds.

Is this a sad time, when nature warms with glowing color the wood and the hillside, showing forth the richness and completeness of her work? As one spies amid the roadside tangle, or hanging from its tightly twined twigs among the tree-tops, the bright orange and scarlet berries of the bittersweet, reaching their full beauty only as the leaves fall, is there in anything outdoors a reason for melancholy? Ask the romping school-boy as he shakes the chestnut-tree—inquire of the chattering squirrel laying in store of beechnuts!

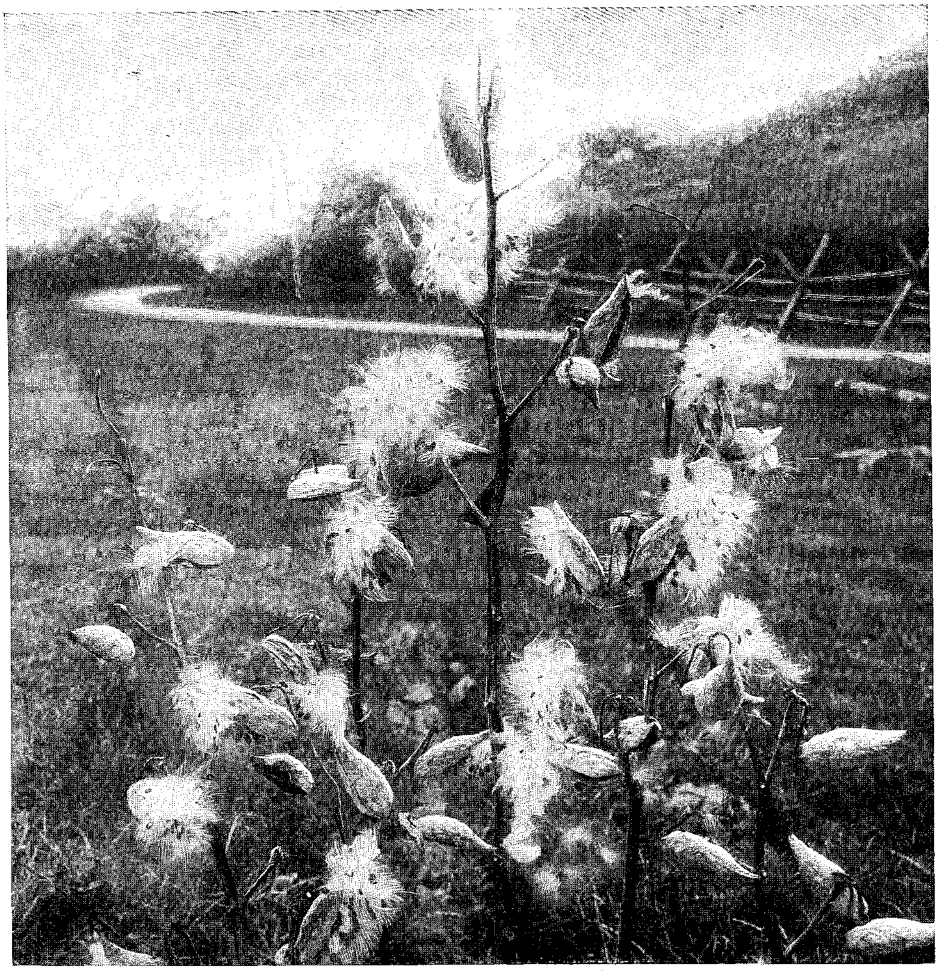
"The naked woods"—how beautiful they are! What a rare and delicate tracery is revealed to the eye, against the sky of autumn softness, as the "wailing winds" bring down a protecting covering of matured leaves upon the earth from which next season shall spring again exuberant life! And as we look closely at the plump buds set along the bare twigs, we see there a fulfillment of the season's promise, a guarantee for the bursting joy of next spring. In each little solid, well-protected bud is packed the potential leaf, the evidence of summer well spent, in entire readiness for the ordeal of winter's rain and snow and frost. If there is a truly sad winter, I think it must be the tropical rainy season, with no naked woods—but I am a Northerner!

In those "meadows brown and sere" we may find, even in December, hidden in a south-pointing nook, a lingering spray of goldenrod, or maybe a bright dandelion, or a hardy, cheerful aster. Look sharp, and a pink clover-blossom will reward you, as fragrant as in June; and there may be here and there the final flowers of the "butter-and-eggs" of early summer. And if Jack Frost has breathed on these last of the flowers, they yet hold a singular attractiveness. I have found in midwinter great clumps of goldenrod only changed from chrome to fawn, and reflecting even more light as the sun shone on their winter cheerfulness than in their days of full color. The milkweed, humble flower of summer roadsides, has long since exchanged its dull red blooms, which the bees love, for oddly shaped green seed-pods; and these spring into white silky adornment of glistening down with the first hint of chill in the air. Who shall say that this new elegance is anything but bright and cheery? The bloom of the clematis passed in September, but the feathery seeds give us now a second effect of delicate beauty as they shine in the sun's rays.

All the seasons have their flowers of special import. The bewildering rush of spring bloom—let him realize it fully who begins to keep a photographic record—gives us much to seek and find. The summer brings its own, and as the heat waxes and the early profusion of flowers wanes, the ferns in the cool depths of wood or bog appeal to us most strongly. Long before there is evidence that summer is ending, the early goldenrods begin to shake their yellow heads in the passing breeze, and all along the fall months other members of the same family bloom in a bewildering succession of forms. It has been said that a proper punishment for an offending botanist would be to set him to describing all the species of the genus Solidago—



A WAND OF THE CURIOUS SILVER-ROD

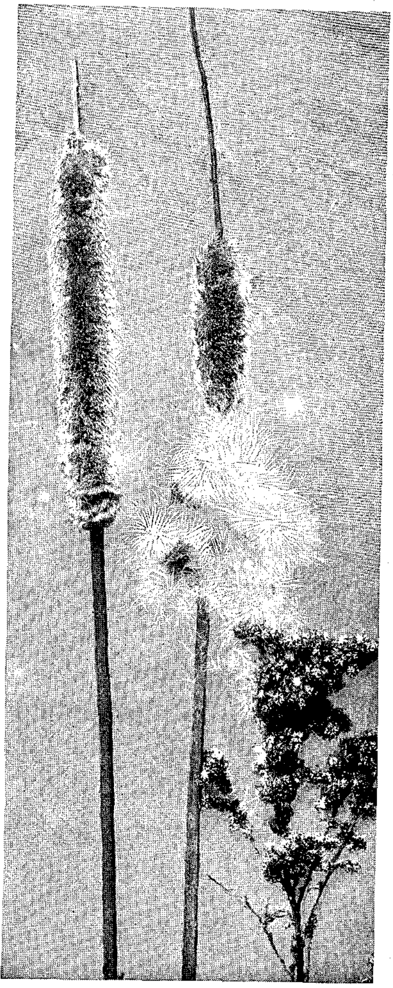


THE SILKY MILKWEED

THE POKEWEED BERRIES

GOLDENROD

THE NOBLE NEW ENGLAND ASTERS



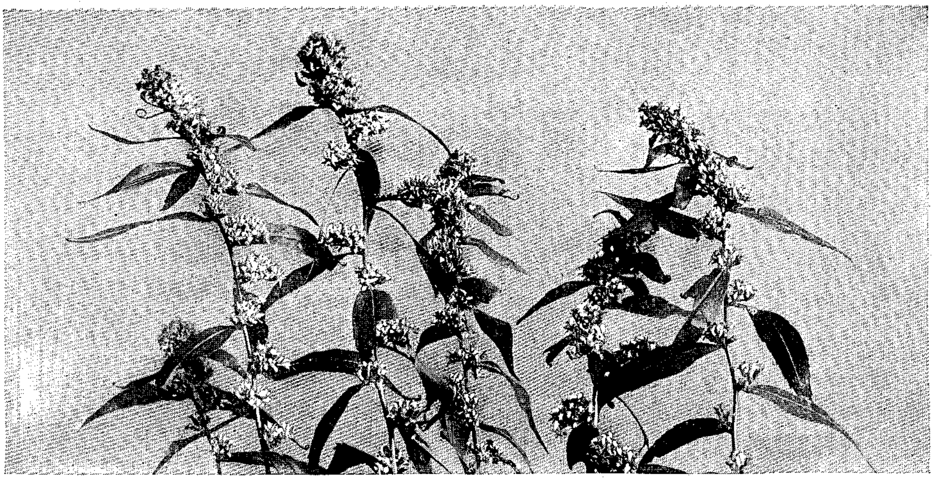
THE CAT-TAIL FLAGS

otherwise goldenrod. The differences between some are minute, and to be detected only by microscopic examination. But as we go afield in autumn days, with expanding lungs and seeking eyes, we need no microscope and but little botany to fully enjoy the family.

Perhaps, as we look about, we shall find a wand of the curious silver-rod, but a pale reflection of its more brilliant sister, or we may chance on the scented form. But always, everywhere, goldenrod is beautiful, whether growing back of the barbed-wire fence in the old orchard, clustered with a delicate purple aster, or close around a sturdy tree-stem in company with a white kuhnia. I have a pleasing memory of one rare plant of the Canada goldenrod growing along a steep railroad embankment in northern Pennsylvania, and lighting up the rocks with its warm glow. It would not be photographed, however, for it shook its stately head at me for a long half-hour in the gentle breeze before exhausting entirely the camera's patience.

At the very edge of the "meadow brown and sere," what is this glorious blue flower with its golden center? It is the noble New England aster, the queen of all the fall flowers, adorning with elegance the fence-corners and the edges of the little brook. New England has no monopoly of this royal flower—it is nowhere more luxuriant than in the Middle States.

It is not only this conspicuous member of the family which the English call "Michaelmas daisies" that is attractive. A form with very small white flowers, produced so abundantly as to give an effect of mist, is the redeeming feature of many a dusty roadside and waste place. A starry lilac variety—cordifolius—makes shady



THE EARLY GOLDENRODS

A TALL ASTER

spots and fence-corners bright, and it resists the frost for many successive attacks. In swampy places we may find early in autumn a tall species with delicate lavender flowers—Aster puniceus. The whole family of asters is a delight, and I could wish the flower-lover who has expended much money and effort on tender geraniums and the like, nothing better than a collection of these star flowers that will become more and more lovely under care and attention, enjoying removal from the less favorable surroundings they have beautified.

At the edge of the wood, just out from the steady green of hemlock and pine, one may find a stately pokeweed, with its deep purple fruit, like clusters of glossy little grapes, shining in the afternoon sun. The leaves are dropping, but they only give more prominence to the glowing wine-red stems. I dislike "pokeweed" as a name, for it surely discounts a beautiful plant. Phytolacca, the true name, seems just right.

Only in these days of late autumn may we hope to see the last flower to bloom—the delicate witch-hazel. Inconspicuous, but beautiful and very sweet, it is worth a long tramp to find and remember.

Let us go abroad again, after hard freezing has still more fully warmed the colors of the aftermath and cleared away the last of the leaves. Now the cat-tail flags are turning to silky down, the asters still have a silvery calyx to show where the flowers were, the varied hues of tree twig and branch are revealed, and there is nothing but brightness and interest for the lover of every season, every flower and tree. When snow covers the earth, there will develop more brilliancies of color, new delicacies of twig tracery, new reasons to seek to know more and more of nature's secrets.

October, 1901.

BEQUOGININI, LAST CHIEFTAIN OF THE OJIBWAYS

In the Land of Hiawatha

By Martha Craig

YOU bade me leave the city's din,
And crowded haunts of care,
And go where spruce and fragrant pine
Perfume the sunlit air.
Then sink to rest, on Nature's breast,
From worldly trouble free,
Where fourteen hundred islands fair
Bedeck with nature's jewels rare
Peerless Temagami.

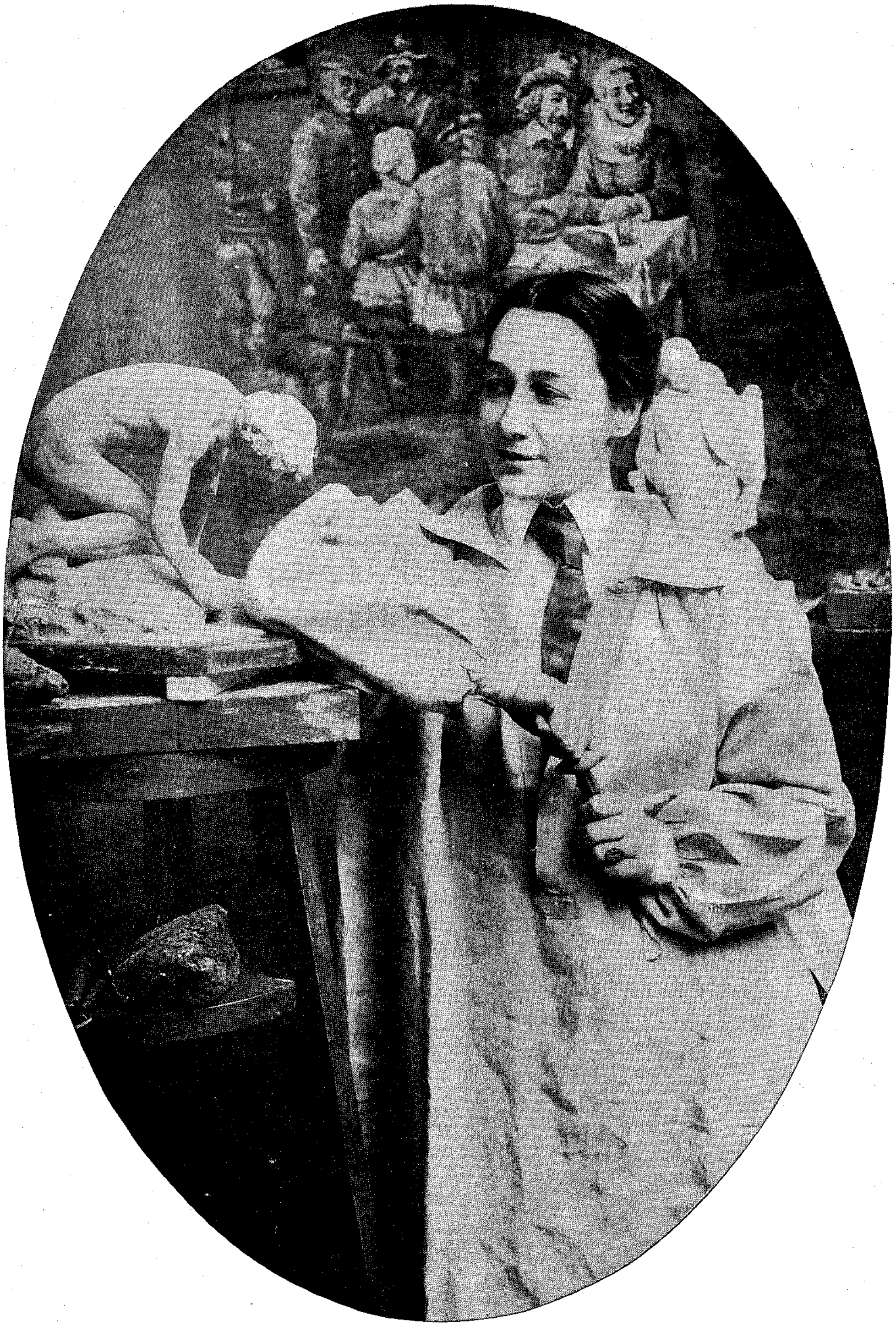
You bade me take a bark canoe,
And from the lonely shore
Of some wild lake, with stately isles,
List to the rapids roar,
Then catch the spell you know so well,
'Midst beauties I would see,
Where poplars breathe a mystic tune,
When shines the silvery crescent moon
O'er lone Temagami.

You bade me seek the solitude
Of the lone forest street,
Where high above the verdant sward
The tangled branches meet,
And then to look through Nature's book
And in her records see
Where mastodon in days of yore
Through virgin forests fiercely tore
Near wild Temagami.

Then I took up my bark canoe,
And from the lonely shore
Of a wild lake, with stately isles,
I heard the rapids roar,
And in my dreams, by crystal streams
That dashed along with glee,
I found the trace of moose and bear
And sought the gray wolf in his lair,
Near lone Temagami.

You led me close to Nature's heart
Deep in the forest glade.
The treasure found by memory there
Shall never pass or fade;
And when at last, my wanderings past,
O'er land and stormy sea,
I'll close my eyes, and in my dreams
Through rapids dash and crystal streams,
Near blest Temagami.

The mark of change and death is stamped
On all things here below:
The flowers bloom, then fade away,
The seasons come and go;
But memory still, through good and ill,
My treasure-house shall be;
E'en in that glowing land afar
I'll think of thee, earth's brightest star,
Peerless Temagami.



MISS ENID YANDELL IN HER STUDIO

Enid Yandell, the Sculptor

By Richard Ladegast

IT was not so long ago that any statement concerning the work of a woman in sculpture was made with apologies, which, however unnecessary, were rather expected by a public unused to the sight of a woman laboring in this distinguished field. As late as 1900 the novelty which required so many explanations seemed scarcely to have worn off. There has been startling progress in this field since then, and the need of introducing a woman is not so urgent. She has become rather a prominent factor in American art as in European.

This is interesting solely because of the brevity of time in which the introduction has been accomplished. Thirteen years ago the first class in modeling in the United States was established in connection with the Art Students, League. Since then some five members of classes of subsequent years have received critical recognitions in this chosen field, and one of these, Miss Enid Yandell, has risen to the distinction of being the first woman member of the National Sculpture Society.

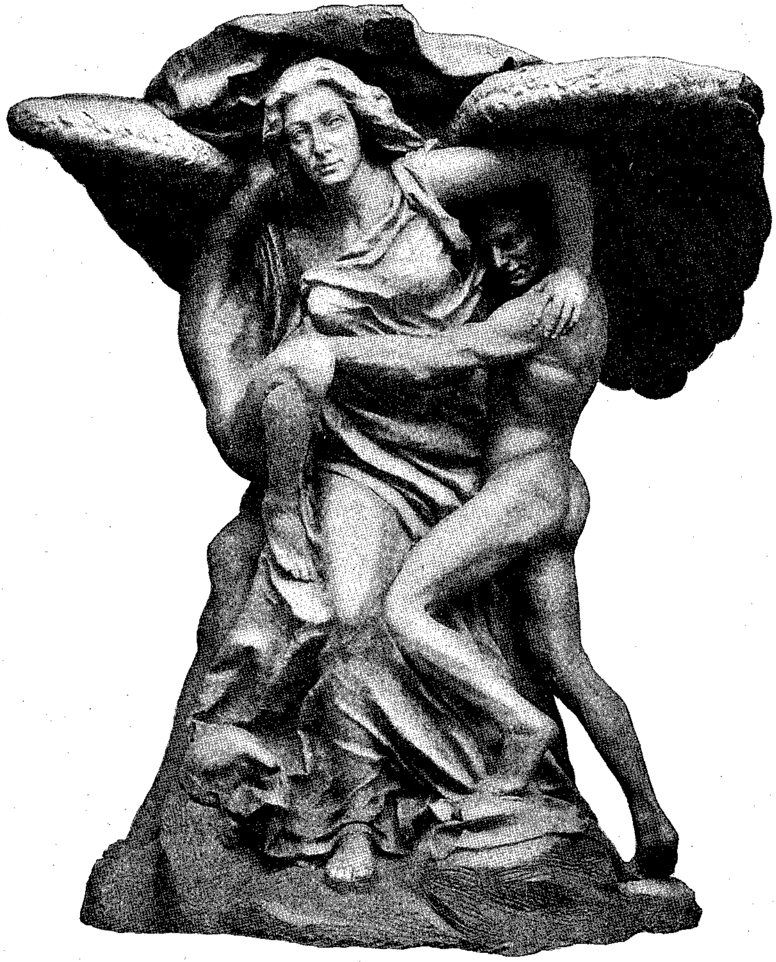
Here is distinction achieved with enviable rapidity, and yet it is not by any means undeserved. The amenities of the labor of the artistic aspirant are not numerous. The sculptural field is as crowded with applicants for honors as any other known to the common mass. A hundred men in New York alone are struggling to achieve something important in this field every day. The sum total of things worth while being done in ten years could be actually counted upon your two hands. For a woman's labor, if it be ambitious, sculpture is particularly hard.

The most imposing product of Miss Yandell's genius was the heroic figure of Athena, twenty-five feet in height, which stood in front of the reproduction of the Parthenon at the Nashville Exposition. This is the largest figure ever designed by a woman. The most artistic was probably the little silver tankard which she did for the Tiffany Company, a bit of modeling which involves the figures of a fisher-boy and a mermaid. The figure of Athena is large and correct; that of the fisher-boy and the mermaid poetic and impassioned. An old Rhine legend impressed into service for the banquet-board is not so unmeritorious as to be passed by among larger figures. The boy kisses the maid when the lid is lifted. He is always looking over the edge as if yearning for the fate that each new drinker who lifts the lid forces upon him.

Miss Yandell has done other work. The Caryatides supporting the main entrance of the Woman's Building and a heroic figure of Daniel Boone in picturesque trapper's garb were both a part of the wonderful sculptural exhibit of the Columbian Fair. At the Tennessee Centennial her interpretation of a Hindu at prayer was admired, and awarded a silver medal. Another work of Miss Yandell's is that of a pewter tankard included in the Louis Tiffany exhibit. In the Fine Arts Building at Buffalo she exhibited two busts, one of Senator John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, the other of her friend the Baroness de Braunecker. Both are striking likenesses and fine examples of her powers.

Miss Yandell has lately modeled a bust of her uncle, Dr. David Yandell, and presented it to the medical department of the University of Louisville, where Dr. Yandell was a lecturer. It is of plaster of paris, larger than life size, and is said to be an expressive likeness. The expression on his rugged features is a characteristic one, representing him as he appeared when lecturing to a class. She has made busts of Emma Willard and others, and lately the execution of a fountain for the city of Providence has attracted more critical attention than anything she has heretofore accomplished.

The Carrie Brown memorial fountain, given to the city of Providence, R. I., by Paul Bagnotti, of Turin, Italy, in memory of his wife, was recently unveiled. It is built of bronze and granite and stands twenty feet high, and the lower basin is



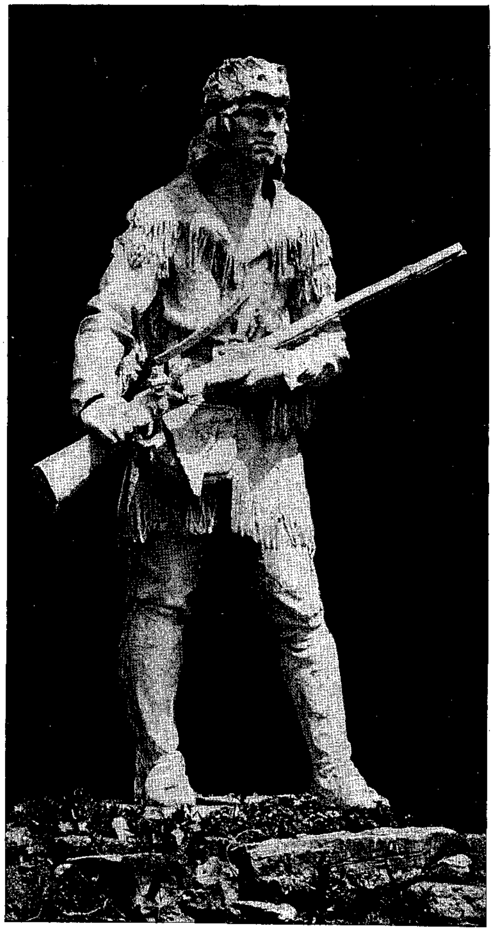
THE PASSIONS
Statue by Enid Yandell.

thirty feet in diameter. The figures forming the group are twelve feet high. The fountain is peculiar in that it involves a really spiritual idea—something rather unusual in American art, sufficiently so at least to be noteworthy. The design of the fountain represents the Struggle of Life symbolized by a group of figures which is intended to portray, according to Miss Yandell, not the struggle for bare existence, but "the attempt of the Immortal Soul within us to free itself from the handicaps and entanglements of its earthly environments. It is the development of character, the triumph of intellectuality and spirituality, I have striven to express." Life is symbolized by the figure of a woman, the Soul by an angel, and the earthly tendencies—Duty, Passion, and Avarice—by male figures. Life is represented as struggling to free herself from the gross earthly forms that cling to her. The figure Life shows a calm, placid strength, well calculated to conquer in a struggle, and the modeling of her clinging robes and the active muscle of the male figures is firm and lifelike. The mantle of Truth flows from the shoulders of the angel, forming drapery for the whole group and serving as a support for the basin. Dolphins, spouting water, ornament the edges of the basin.

The silhouette formed by the mass of the fountain is most interesting and successful from all points of view. The lines of the composition are large and dignified, especially noticeable in the modeling of the individual figures, which is well studied and technically excellent. The mass is full of color and movement. The cost of construction was $10,000. The fountain was exhibited in the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo and received honorable mention. When the water of the fountain is playing, the central group is seen through a thin veil of mist. The scheme of water effect in this fountain is the reverse of the ordinary—coming up and not down. The water spouts in numerous small streams from a pipe just below the rim of the main basin.

Miss Yandell is a daughter of Kentucky. Her family is well known in that State. Her father, Dr. L. P. Yandell, was prominent in the medical world both here and abroad. There is not so much to say of her entrance into art, except that she was once a pupil of the Cincinnati Art Academy, studied later in New York with Mr. Philip Martiny, and then in Paris for three years with Mr. Macmonnies and Rodin, exhibiting regularly in the Paris Salon. Coming back to her native country, she opened a studio at New York, and recently she was elected a member of the National Sculptor and Municipal Art Society. She seems to have been an admiring student of Rodin, the famous French sculptor; at least when she had the Bagnotti fountain to design she went back to Paris to get his advice. Any one intellectual enough to follow Rodin sympathetically could hardly fail to achieve something above the average at least. Her real opportunity came at the time the Columbian Exposition was building. That architectural and artistic feat is bound to loom up in the future as the one important artistic feature of the nineteenth century so far as America is concerned. More genuine art was embodied in the buildings and decorations of the White City than was ever before collected in one place. Historians will perceive some day that we owe the crystallization of art ideas in architecture, sculpture, painting, and decoration to the wonderfully poetic spirit which breathed from every detail of the great World's Fair. Sculptors were busy, their assistants also. Americans, men and women, had a chance. Among those who were aided by this opportunity were half a dozen women sculptors, Miss Enid Yandell among them. She did the caryatides of the main entrance of the Woman's Building, under the direction of the supervising architect. The statue of Daniel Boone mentioned was an ornament of the Kentucky State Building—a commission which was given her by the Filson Club, a historical Society of Louisville, Kentucky. When the tokens of approval were subsequently bestowed, she was one of the three women to receive the Designer's Medal from the Directors of the Exposition. Since then she has had her share of labor in the various expositions planned and executed, the latest being a fountain and some other details at the Pan-American.

Of Miss Yandell's Bagnotti fountain at Providence she declared: "It must be so fine that its fame will make persons stop over a train to look at it." Certainly there is nothing to quarrel with in an ideal of that sort.


THE DANIEL BOONE STATUE

JOHANNES BRAHMS

The Work of Brahms

By Daniel Gregory Mason

OF all the figures of modern music, brilliant and varied as they are, impressing one with the many-sidedness and wide scope of the art, there is perhaps only one, that of Johannes Brahms, which conveys the sense of satisfying poise, self-control, and sanity. Tschaikowsky is more impassioned, in some respects more poetic; Dvořák's palette has richer colors; Wagner is far more deeply initiated in the passionate secrets of the willful individual heart; Grieg is master of a more delicate and intimate lyricism; but Brahms alone has Homeric simplicity, the primeval health of the well-balanced man. Accordingly, there is about him a very individual and abiding charm; from whatever side we approach him, whether as musician, student, teacher, or man, we get a quite unique satisfaction from his deep-founded stability. In an age when many people are uncertain of themselves and the world, victims of a pervasive unrest and disappointment, it is solacing to find so heroic and simple a soul, who finds life acceptable, meets it genially, and utters his joy and his sorrow with the old classic sincerity. He has no "message" for an errant world; no anathema, either profoundly gloomy or insolently clever, to hurl at God; he has rather a deep and broad impersonal love of life; universal joy is the sum and substance of his expression.

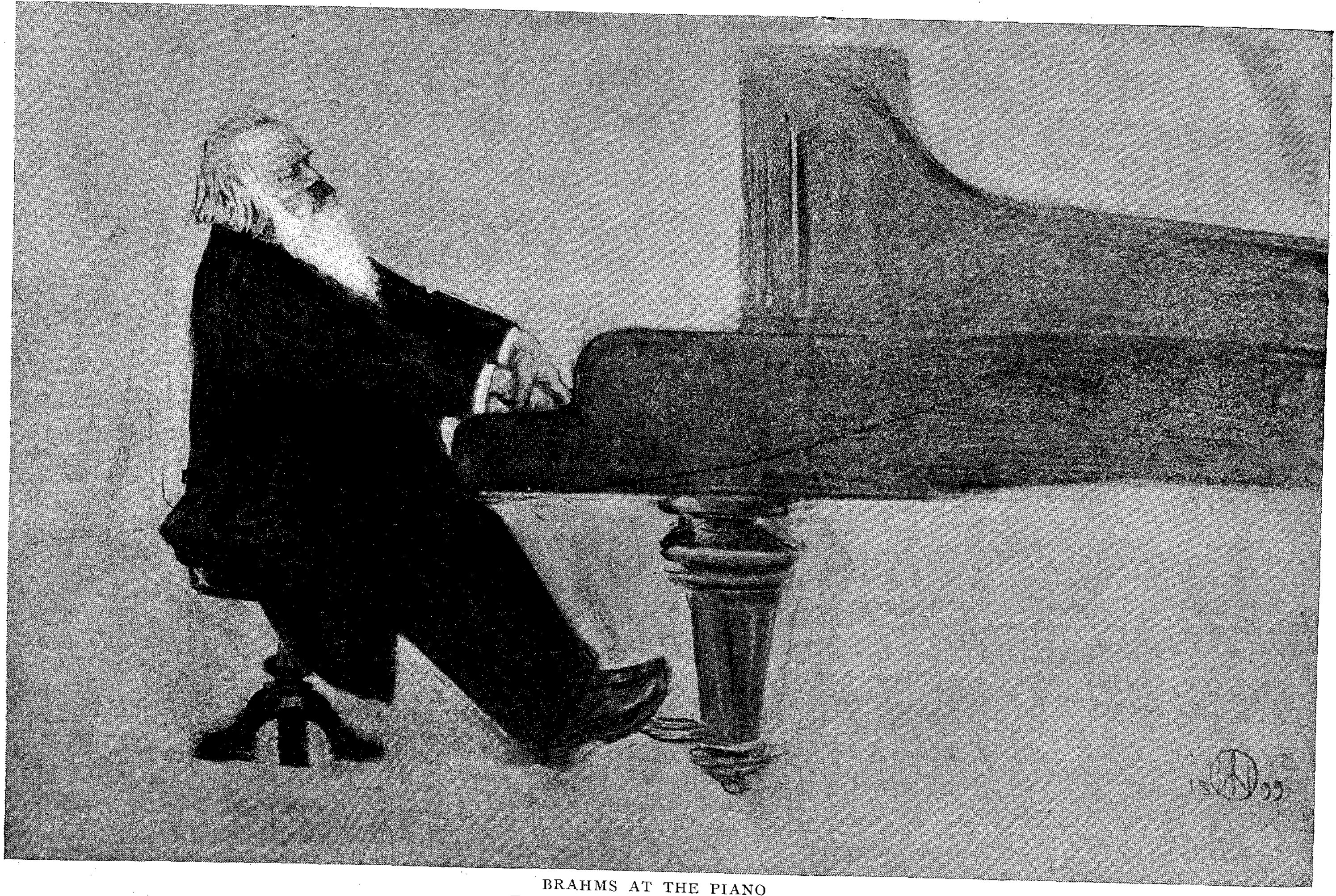
This breadth and geniality, this homely and yet heroic virtue, appear in his life and in his music. They are the vital effluence of him; he existed to express them. Bearing that in mind, we may glance for a moment at his personal history. Outwardly his life was uneventful. Born in Hamburg in 1833, the son of a double-bass player, he was trained for music from his earliest years almost as a matter of course; he was a good pianist, and after his removal to Vienna in 1861 he did some conducting, but his fame is, of course, based upon his compositions. From about 1860 until his death it grew gradually and surely, and his last years were full of public honors, which did not, however, disturb the homely simplicity of his life. He died in 1897.

There are many anecdotes illustrating the simple, large traits of the man. His pleasures were homely, his ambitions inward and vital. He cared little for fame, and was annoyed by the foolish adulation of the crowd. To a long and flowery speech addressed to him on the presentation of some sort of tribute he answered, with admirable brevity and utter prose, "Thank you very much." Once when a party of his friends were gathered together to sample a rare old wine, somebody pompously announced, "What Brahms is among the composers, this Rauenthaler is among the wines." "Ah," snapped out Brahms, "then let's have a bottle of Bach now." He often remarked that one could never hope to get upon the level of such giants as Bach and Beethoven; one could only work conscientiously in one's own field. He had the disgust of shams that one expects in so sincere a lover of the genuine, and the armor of roughness and sarcasm with which he protected himself against the pretentious is said to have been formidable. There was about him something shaggy, bear-like, and one can imagine the foxes and weasels scattering at his growl.

But for everything fresh, simple, and genuine Brahms had the heartiest love. He is said to have always carried candy in his pocket for the children he knew, and a lady described in a letter how she had seen him on the hotel piazza, on all fours, clambered over by his young playmates. He was on cordial terms with waiters and servants, and told Mr. Henschel with emotion the story of a serving-maid who lost her position in order to shield a careless postman, who, being married, could not afford to lose his. Another pretty story, showing at once his modesty and his catholicity of taste, recounts how all the musical friends of the daughter of Johann Strauss, the great waltz composer, were writing their names, with phrases from their works, in her album. When it was his turn, the composer of the German Requiem wrote the opening phrase of the "Blue Danube" waltz, and underneath it the words, "Not, I regret to say, by your devoted friend, Johannes Brahms." So wholesome and unaffected was the character of this great man.

It would have taken a keen observer, perhaps, to discern under Brahms's quiet exterior the stirring life of thought and feeling that filled his uneventful existence with meaning. Yet Thoreau is right in saying that our thoughts are the true events of our lives, all else being but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here; and if we examine Brahms's life with that truth in mind, we shall find it to have been full of incident and adventure.

In a drama of action we do not expect the *dénouement* in the first act; no more, in an internal drama like that of Brahms's mental growth, do we expect the early stages to anticipate the later; they merely lead up to them. Thus it was that, although the essential quality of his mature work is that classical balance and restraint which we shall presently study more at length, his first compositions reveal an exuberance, a wayward fertility of invention, thoroughly romantic. His first ten opuses, or at any rate the three sonatas and the four ballades for piano, are frequently turgid in emotion and ill-considered in form. The massive vigor of his later work here appears in the guise of a cyclopean violence. If he had followed out this path as any contemporary observer would have expected, he would have become one of the most radical of romanticists. And when we consider the temptation it must have been to him to continue these easy triumphs, when we



BRAHMS AT THE PIANO
From a crayon portrait made in Munich.

imagine the inward enthusiasm of creation with which he must have been on fire and remember the praise that was lavished upon him by Schumann, who greeted him with the famous phrase, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!"—when we consider all this, we are ready to appreciate the next event of the drama.

That event was withdrawal from the musical world and the initiation of a long course of the severest study. When he was a little over twenty-one, Brahms imposed upon himself this arduous training, and commanded himself to forego for a while the eloquent but ill-controlled expression hitherto his, in order to acquire a broader, firmer, purer, and stronger style. For four or five years, to borrow Stevenson's expression, he "played the sedulous ape" to Bach and Beethoven, and in a minor degree to Haydn and Mozart. The complex harmonies of his first period gave place to simple, strong successions of triads; for an emotional and often vague type of melody he substituted clearly crystallized, fluent, and gracious phrases, frequently devoid of any particular expression; the whimsical rhythms of the piano sonatas were followed by the square-cut sections of the Serenade, opus 11. Of course the immediate effect of all this was a great sacrifice of what is called originality; had Brahms not had complete faith in the vitality of his genius he could not have surrendered so much of immediate attainment for the sake of an ultimately greater mastery. It is a profound lesson in the ethics of art that a man who could write the fourth of the Ballades, opus 10, should have been willing to follow it up with this Serenade, opus 11. Yet Brahms knew what he was about, and his first large work, the Piano Concerto, opus 15, shows his individuality of expression entirely regained, and now with immensely increased power and resource.

From this time until the end of his life, a period of only a little less than forty years, Brahms never departed from the modes of work and the ideals of attainment he had now set himself. He labored indefatigably, but with no haste or impatience. He was too painstaking and conscientious a workman to botch his products by hurrying them. He thus described to his friend Mr. Henschel his method of composing: "There is no real *creating* without hard work. That which you would call invention, that is to say, a thought, is simply an inspiration from above, for which I am not responsible, which is no merit of mine. Yes, it is a present, a gift, which I ought even to despise until I have made it my own by right of hard work. And there need be no hurry about that either. It is as with the seed-corn: it germinates unconsciously and in spite of ourselves. When I, for instance, have found the first phrase of a song, I might shut the book there and then, go for a walk, do some other work, and perhaps not think of it again for months. Nothing, however, is lost. If afterward I approach the subject again, it is sure to have taken shape; I can now really begin to work at it." Another inkling of the severity of his standard we have in a remark he made after pointing out certain imperfections in a song of Mr. Henschel's. "Whether it is beautiful also," he said, "is an entirely different matter; but perfect it must be." With such a standard, we need not be surprised that he imposed so severe a training upon himself at twenty-one, or that he continued all his life the practice of writing each day a contrapuntal exercise, or that he wrought for ten years over his first symphony, that Titanic work. Thus laboring always with the same calm persistence, returning upon his ideas until he could present them with perfect clarity, caring little for the indifference or the applause of the public, but much for the approval of his own fastidious taste, he produced year by year an astonishing series of vocal, instrumental, chamber, choral, and orchestral works. No one has better described the kind of work that made Brahms great than Matthew Arnold in those lines about labor

which in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes; accomplished in repose;
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

A just conception of this broad scheme of Brahms's ideal and of his thoroughness in working it out is necessary, we must insist, not only to appreciation of the man himself, but to any true understanding of his relation and service to music. As we have seen, Brahms was enabled, by the tireless training to which he subjected his fertile and many-sided genius, to couch romantic feeling in classic form.

Yet we have here made a statement the full implication of which could be grasped only by one who had in mind the whole history and psychology of music, for the story of music has been a long series of conflicts, under many phases, between romantic feeling and what we may call classic—or intelligible—form. Unfortunately we have space here for no more than the barest outline of what we mean by these two warring principles, and of the historic tendencies their interplay has generated. If such an outline can awaken the reader's interest in the deeper study of music, or aid him to a clearer sense of Brahms's greatness, it will do all that can be expected of it.

The prehistoric germs of music were the vague, instinctive wails and groans of highly wrought emotion. Formless and indeterminate, they bore the same relation to modern music that the unorganized cries of an infant bear to articulate speech. But gradually they were remembered and repeated, and so began to take more definite shape. By a process the slowness of which we can hardly imagine, the unorganized wailing passed into groups of tones of definite pitch and relations to each other, and after hundreds of years these tones were classified into modes and scales. Similarly their duration became fixed, and time and rhythm emerged from the primal chaos. After a while other voices were added to the one melody, a long time of experiment being necessary before musicians learned the principles of relation involved; but when they were learned, harmony began. The next step toward definiteness was made when harmonists learned to group their chords about one common center, and the principle of tonality was established. Then, when music began to be played on instruments instead of sung by voices, some method of construction had to be devised that should give it the intelligibility no longer supplied by words; recognizable groups of notes, called motifs, were selected, and the piece built up by repeating, lengthening, shortening, inverting, and otherwise variating them. A process so long and many-sided can be no more than suggested; the concrete steps of it, revealed partly by Greek and other early records, and partly through the study of the savage music of to-day, interesting as they are, cannot be here described. What we wish the reader to note is merely the general interaction that has always been going on in musical expression between man's primal emotional impulse and his desire for intelligibility. First the urge of feeling drives him to a formless cry; then the wish to be understood induces him to formulate this cry by means of some device; finally, as soon as the formula is felt to be inadequate to further expression, it is discarded in favor of one more elastic and complex. The conventions that are helpful at one stage prove hindrances in the next. The same forms that subserve growth up to a certain point, beyond that point hamper it. Accordingly, in the history of music, formulation has always been followed by relaxation of the formulæ to admit of new expression; and when new expression has been thus evolved, a new and more complex form has had to be worked out to regulate and fix it.

Such a period of relaxation was that which intervened between Beethoven and Brahms. The romanticists, headed by Schumann, seized upon the possibilities of poignant expression that they were quick to recognize in their heritage from Beethoven, and developed an extraordinarily mobile and eloquent instrument for voicing personal emotion. At the same time they inevitably lost the perfect control of form, the transparent lucidity of structure, that had characterized Beethoven. In some respects more moving, they were on the whole less intelligible. They were enriching their art, and must leave the perfect subordination of the new material to their successors. It is most interesting to trace the analogy between this development of musical expression and the growth of emotional life in the individual, and to observe how in both the period of experience, in which emotion is felt in all its immediate stress, inhibiting all else and being therefore conceived in no relations, but merely as a single and ultimate fact, is followed by the period of meditation and self-inspection, when the whole emotional life is grouped into order, and the man learns to see the significance and spiritual value of his feelings. With the romanticists music necessarily became more and more the medium of personal passion, less and less the revealer of universal order.

Chopin filled his nocturnes and preludes with the lovely but often unhealthy poetry of the romantic dreamer; Wagner, isolating the passion of love from the other interests of the heart and thus throwing out of balance the spiritual economy, sacrificed as much in health as he gained in potency; Grieg, pouring out his "unpremeditated lays," voices personal romance with unrivaled tenderness and delicate beauty, but never strikes the heroic or tragic note; Tschaikowsky utters a noble but pathological despair. All these men had their legitimate place; their message of passion and unrest, already audible in Beethoven, was the inevitable expression of the self-conscious period in man's development, when he first knew himself an individual and recognized his finitude. Their utterances make a deeply pathetic appeal to us, for they reveal all the terrible sadness of personal life which as yet finds no resting-place in the universal. Aspiration and disappointment, bitter grief and blind pain, speak in their fragmentary loveliness. The romanticists will never want for our love, since they interpret to us a part of our own experience.

But, as we have said, after man suffers emotion he reflects upon it; after he feels the parts he learns the whole; after musicians have developed new capabilities of expression they proceed to subordinate them to plastic beauty. Adjustment follows discovery, and the romantic takes on classical perfection. The chaos of one age is thus the order of the next; and after Schumann and his fellows had enriched the world with their beautiful but fragmentary and wayward feelings, it remained for Brahms to essay a further conquest; to commence at least (and perhaps he has not done more) the task of making these new feelings more intelligible, of clarifying their turgidity, of subordinating their conflicts in a more complex harmony. Or, to state his function in more specifically musical terms, he had to discover how rugged melodic outlines, bold harmonic progressions, and the large-spanned phrases of modern musical thought could be organized and brought into that unity in variety which is beauty.

We are now in a position to grasp the full significance of that severe training to which Brahms subjected himself in his youth. Without it he would have gone on doing brilliant work of the romantic order, like his first compositions, but he would never have attained the grasp and self-control that raised him above all his contemporaries and that made possible his peculiar service to music. That period of training was the artistic counterpart of what many men undergo when they discover how many sacrifices and how long a labor are necessary to him who would find a spiritual dwelling-place on earth. Many pleasures must be renounced before happiness will abide; evil and suffering are opaque save to the steadfast eye. So, in music, effects and eloquences and crises must be the handmaids of orderly beauty, and tones are stubborn material until one has learned by hard work to make them transmit thoughts. Technic is in the musician what character is in the man. It is the power to stamp matter with spirit. Brahms's long apprenticeship was therefore needed in the first place to make him master of his materials; in the second place to teach him the deeper lesson that the part must be subordinated to the whole, or, in musical language, expression to beauty.

He achieved this subordination, however, not by the negative process of suppression, but by conquest and co-ordination. Emotion is not deleted, it is regulated; his work is not a reversion to an earlier and simpler type, it is the gathering and fusing together of fragmentary new elements, resulting in a more complex organism. Thus it is a very superficial view to say that he "went back" to Beethoven. He drew guidance from the same natural laws that had guided Beethoven in constructing his immortal edifices, but he applied these laws to a material of novel thought and emotion that had come into being after Beethoven. Had he repudiated the new material, even for the reason that he considered it incapable of organization, he would have been a pedant, which is to say a musical Pharisee. One masters by recognizing and using, not by repudiating. And just as a wise man will not become ascetical merely because his passions give him trouble, but will study to find out their true relation to *him* and then keep them in it, so Brahms recognized the wayward beauties of romanticism, and studied how to make them ancillary to that order and fair proportion which is the soul of music.

It was, perhaps, inevitable that in this great work of synthesis and formulation he should sometimes be led into dry formalism. In the first place, one who concerns himself so indefatigably with the technic of construction naturally comes to take a keen joy in the exercise of his skill; and this may easily result, when thought halts, in the fabrication of ingenuities and Chinese puzzles. Some pages of Brahms consist of infinitely dexterous manipulations of meaningless phrases. And then, secondly, it is undeniable that Brahms's feelings were rather of the earnest and highly spiritualized type than of the impulsive, passionate, and spontaneously poetic. He was not easily impressionable, but when he felt it was with the quiet intensity that comes from meditation, self-knowledge, and thorough intellectual understanding of his emotion. Thus, much of his work that bears to the superficial the air of dryness is found on deeper study to be pregnant with earnest meaning. And so, whatever reservations we may make in our estimate of Brahms on the score of occasional academicism or austerity, we must still consider him, for consummate mastery of his medium, for high synthetic power over a wide range of musical expression, and for health, largeness, and nobility of temper, the greatest composer of his time.

NOTE.—Of particular works of Brahms that the reader might wish to study, here are some of the most characteristic and well known. Piano pieces: The Waltzes, opus 39; the Clavierstücke, opus 76, particularly No. 2; the two Rhapsodies, opus 79; and, in his later, more complex style, the piano pieces opus 116, 117, 118, and 119. Songs: Liebestreu, opus 3, No. 1; Wiegenlied, opus 49, No. 4; the Sapphic Ode, opus 94, No. 4; Ständchen, opus 106, No. 1; Meine Liebe ist grün, opus 63, No. 5; O Kühler Wald, opus 72, No. 3. Chamber works: the two Violin Sonatas, opus 78 and 100, are among his most genial works; the Quartets, opus 25 and 26; the Trio, opus 8; the Sextet, opus 18. Of his orchestral works none are finer than the Second and Third Symphonies, the Violin Concerto, opus 77, and the Variations on a theme of Haydn, opus 56a. The choral works, of which the Song of Destiny is the greatest, are unhappily seldom given.

The Hand of the Potter

By Lilian Brooks

"WHAT about Horner, sir? He will be here to-day by appointment."

The junior partner looked up from the mass of papers on his desk with a gesture of weariness. It was long past noon, yet from earliest morning and half of the previous night he had been at his post despatching gangs, ordering out emergency supplies, and attending to the innumerable incidental questions that required instant decision. The firm of MacRae & MacRae, bridge builders and contractors, was famous throughout America. What they undertook to accomplish they accomplished, and their word was as good as their bond. There had been a tremendous storm two days previous in the interior of the State. Much of the preliminary work of a great engineering enterprise had been swept away, and the already overworked office was being driven to the verge of mental and physical collapse. The junior partner was General Superintendent of Construction, having all the handling of the immense force of employees in his hands. There were dark circles of fatigue under his eyes, and the drawn lines around his mouth indicated strained self-control. Idealism, disillusion, had stamped their traces indelibly upon him, and the warring elements of spirituality and dogged resolution which made his face such a striking one were never more clearly marked than now. Yet the dominant effect of his whole personality was strength—strength to do, dare, suffer, and accomplish.

"Horner?" he questioned, with a preoccupied air, "who is Horner?"

"He's the man you were speaking about some weeks ago, sir. The man who applied to you for work on one of the gangs. He was with Patterson all last summer on the new Crampton Bridge, and seemed to do very well; at least so you said, sir."

"Ah yes, I remember now. A Western man—worked his way through college and got a little ahead in summer by working on the construction gang. He is of a type that I believe in encouraging if possible. I regret that you will have to see him, Carter, in my place. That cable business will take me to Bristol this afternoon. Let there be no misunderstanding regarding the kind or the severity of the work he is applying for. On the whole," he said quickly, and ringing the bell, "I think I will write a line myself for you to give him after you have explained matters."

Send Miss Mathews to me," to the office-boy who appeared in answer to the bell with the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box, "and take these instructions to Mr. Winter. I must leave this matter regarding the disputed right of way in your hands, Carter. The record of the proceedings so far is on file in the Law Department. Ready, Miss Mathews."

Pushing aside some of the many papers that still littered his desk, the junior partner rested his head on his hand and sat thinking.

"Mr. Andrew B. Horner—Dear Sir," he said at last. "In reply to your letter of the eighteenth applying for a position on one of the construction gangs, I beg to state that there is such a vacancy at the present moment. Mr. Carter, my representative, will explain the nature of the work required, the remuneration, etc. Owing to pressing business, I shall be unable to keep my appointment with you this afternoon, consequently I will now state by letter what I had intended stating in person. I can offer you no special encouragement regarding advancement, neither can I offer you any immediate prospect of an increase in salary. The work is hard, doubly hard for a man of your education and ambition. The hours are long, the associations far from pleasant; but if, as you say, you have courage and endurance, and must, moreover, earn your daily bread, no matter how, then I do say that I will do for you whatever lies in my power. I have always tried to think of my employees as very separate individuals—to advance their interests and watch their development. It is not the policy of this office to tolerate restlessness, or to countenance personal applications for higher remuneration. I have the welfare of my men at heart, and push their advancement to the utmost of my ability.

"Should you accept, under these conditions, the position I have to offer, please report for duty the day after to-morrow, according to the directions you will receive from Mr. Carter.

"Yours truly,
"ROBERT MACRAE."

He then proceeded to dictate a number of other letters, wrote a personal note, glanced at his watch with a sigh, and picked up his hat.

"Just about time for a sandwich before the boat leaves," he said to himself. "If we get that temporary work through this week, as I intend we shall, we still have a chance to pull things out well ahead of time. Confound these freshets! they always come at the very worst moment. No chance of seeing little Pollie to-night, or for many a night for that matter. She won't like my breaking that dinner engagement, but does she ever like anything I do, I wonder?"

The swiftly passing days flew by, recklessly changing themselves into weeks, months, years. The second long dark winter since MacRae's record-breaking bridge contract had at last been hurried into the innumerable company of yesterdays. There was a thrill of awakening, of infinite promise in the air, as though nature were only waiting for one long ungrudging day of sunshine to burst into a dazzling spring glory. Robert MacRae walked with his swinging gait up the one straggling street of the little village hidden so far away in the interior of the great Empire State, and felt the blood course through his veins, and a song ring in his ears, as he realized the promise and the joy this spring would hold in store for him. His dark eyes glowed with a warm, steady light, and the bitter expression of the mouth had softened and sweetened into a quiet, strong content. He swung around the corner and into the shabby little inn, the only one of which the town could boast. He seated himself at one end of the long table in the dining-room, and, after ordering something to eat, he called for Riley, his foreman. A few moments later a man entered the room, and, walking up to the table, stood quietly waiting. The junior partner put down his newspaper and looked up with a genial smile. It changed quickly to an expression of surprise as he observed the man before him.

"I expected Riley," he said, simply. "Who are you?"

"The sub-foreman, sir."

MacRae was struck by the cultivated voice and respectful manner.

"Have you all the reports and specifications?" he asked. "This is a very important matter, and I cannot possibly make the journey again this year."

"Yes, sir, I have all the data. Riley has been ill with rheumatic fever for some time now, and I have attended to all the important details personally. I hope the progress we have made will prove satisfactory."

The junior partner studied the man before him keenly for some moments before replying. He was a superb specimen physically. His face was clear-cut and clean-shaven; the immense chest and shoulders tapered down to a slim, supple waist, while the whole poise of the body indicated both power and agility. The face was bronzed to a deep copper by constant exposure, making the light hair and bright blue eyes a strange contrast.

"What is your name?" asked MacRae at length. "I do not recall it."

"Andrew Horner."

Neither name nor personality conveyed any sense of familiarity to MacRae's mind, but, motioning the man to be seated, he asked for the papers and data. The matter was a most complicated one, calling for unusual specifications and the handling of a delicate engineering problem. As the interview proceeded, the sub-foreman's intelligence impressed MacRae more and more, and when they finished he rose and shook him warmly by the hand.

"This is very satisfactory, Horner; particularly so as Riley is under the weather; and I congratulate you on your good work. Your grasp of the matter is very gratifying, and I shall put it down to your credit in future."

The sub-foreman's face glowed with pleasure, and he colored deeply under his tan.

"I am so glad of this opportunity to say what I have long felt in my heart, sir," he answered, his deep voice trembling with earnestness. "I want to thank you for all you have done for me. It's been a long, hard pull, away from everything in this forlorn, forsaken country, myself, along with everything else around me, at an apparent standstill, and the years going by. Often and often I have been on the point of giving up in despair and telling you that I hadn't the pluck to stand it out any longer; but when I used to get too downhearted I would take out your letter and re-read it, although I could have repeated every word of it in the dark. The men who know you all told me to hang on—that I would see in good time that you had plans for me, that you hated to have your purposes spoiled by restlessness and importunities; and when I saw how the men in your employ trusted you, how you worked for them and fought for them, my courage returned, for I knew I also was one of them and that you were working and fighting for me, too; and you were! This increase you have given me, and my appointment as sub-foreman, have put new life into me, sir. They have made me feel like ten men, and if faithfulness to my duty and trust is any indication, I shall be able to prove my gratitude for all your goodness to me."

The junior partner listened with his eyes fixed on the speaker's face. His ruddy color slowly changed to a deep pallor, and the expression of his mouth returned to the old one of intense repressed pain, while his hands grasped the back of the chair with a grip that made the veins swell like whipcords.

"Do not speak of it, Horner," he said at length, with a great effort. "Whatever advancement you have had is due entirely to yourself—the unaided result of unusual courage, patience, and self-control. I am glad that you feel encouraged, and after to-day I will bear your advancement in mind still further. Good-by."

A look of almost dog-like fidelity shone in Horner's eyes as he grasped the junior partner's hand, and, turning, walked away without another word.

As the last echo of his footsteps died, Robert MacRae sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. After many minutes he rose and walked to the window.

His face was white and drawn with an expression of intense suffering.

"All these weeks, months, years—here in this hole, working along from day to day, without friends, poor, yet believing so absolutely in me, in my care, in my thought of him, while I—my God! I had forgotten him."

Religious Life at Yale[1]

AMONG the one hundred or more young men enrolled at Yale during the college year 1794–1795, certainly not over one in ten openly professed religion. On the first of January, 1901, fifty-nine per cent. of the total enrollment in all departments of the University *are* church members, and that, too, of more devout, frank, consistent type than ever. On a widely accepted principle, so well stated by President Woolsey, that, of the three great advantages gained by college education, amount of knowledge, power and skill in use of knowledge, and character, by far the most important is *character*, such deepening and purifying of the springs of manhood as are illustrated in this volume will meet a well-nigh universal welcome. Though this book is the first attempt to give a history of the religious life of students in an American college, and marks a new field for historical study and record, no other Yale bicentennial publication thus far announced exceeds it in importance of theme, of sources, or of results. It is edited by a Committee of Yale graduates appointed by the Graduate Advisory Board of the Students' Christian Association. The Introduction is contributed by President Cyrus Northrup, of Minnesota University, formerly a professor at Yale, and, during his professorship, closely associated with the religious life of the College.

The first six chapters, written by Professor Henry B. Wright, are devoted to the history of the religious condition of Yale since its foundation. Special attention is paid to the period following the American Revolution and to the great revivals of 1801 and 1833. The gradual development of vital religion among the students is traced, and the more recent tendency to gather all the student religious activities into one strongly centralized organization is recorded. Special chapters are contributed by ex-President Timothy Dwight on "The College Pastorate;" by Professor A. S. Cook on "The Influence of the Faculty over Student Religious Life;" by Harlan Beach, M.A., on "Yale and Foreign Missions;" by Richard C. Morse on "The Dwight Hall Secretaryship;" by Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., on "The Present Religious Condition of the University;" by Samuel H. Fisher on "The Class Deacons," and by William H. Sallmon on "Organized Christian Work at Yale."

Occasional bad conduct of a few reckless students easily finds its way into certain newspapers, while good conduct of the vast majority of students excites neither note nor comment. Contrast the distorted popular fancy of university life with its real chief aims and issue as distinctly traced in "Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale," and the worthlessness of the former will be most manifest. Yale's founders' purpose everybody knows; it is here seen that that purpose (broadened and developed to meet wider and more varied demands without, sharper struggles and intenser devotion within) has, with a few brief interruptions, characterized and dominated the entire history of Yale. College church and pastorate, chapel exercises, and especially now the Young Men's Christian Association, have undoubtedly been instruments of spiritual power in student life, but this suggestive book places the emphasis on personal conviction, contact, and intercourse with the devouter men of the Faculty as the most direct, potent, and fruitful force making for nobility of Christian character in students.

The book is not without its humor, and it includes characteristically kind Yale lessons to "distinguished alumni" conspicuous at club and society for laudation of conviviality or for mockery of instructors. Lists, appendices, citations, bibliography, tables, and index complete the work most satisfactorily.

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[1] *Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale.* Edited by J. B. Reynolds, S. H. Fisher, and H. B. Wright. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

A B C Book of Birds (The): For Children, Large or Small. By Mary Catherine Judd. Illustrated. A. W. Mumford, Chicago. 8×10½ in. 108 pages. $1.

American Political History: To the Death of Lincoln. By Viola A. Conklin. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 435 pages. $1.50.

The young girl who remarked, "I don't like American history. There are no women in it," expressed perhaps the reason why cultivated American women are so signally lacking in the knowledge of our own country's history. But whether or not this is the reason, there can be no question of the fact. Miss Conklin has recognized this and set out to help remedy the condition confronting her, not by the fictitious method of giving individual women a prominence in our history they never had, but by the true method of telling the events which have deeply concerned both women and men, and which the thought and sentiment of American women have affected more profoundly than the thought and sentiment of court ladies have affected corresponding events in any part of Europe. Her book is a great success, and can be warmly commended, not only to studious women, but to all women with intellectual vivacity who would like to have an intelligent grasp of our country's history.

Babylonia and Assyria. By Ross G. Murison, M.A., B.D. (Bible Class Primers.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3¾×5¾ in. 115 pages.

This is an effective condensation of a fascinating subject.

Better Lives for Common People: Studies of the Way of Peace. By John Maclean, Ph.D. William Briggs, Toronto. 5×7¼ in. 129 pages.

Bird Calendar for 1902. A. W. Mumford, Chicago. 9½×12½ in. 50c.

Bright Days in Merrie England: Four-in-Hand Journeys. By A. Vandoren Honeyman. Illustrated. Honeyman & Co., Plainfield, N. J. 5×7¾ in. 422 pages. $1.50, net.

By the Higher Law. By Julia H. Twells, Jr. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 285 pages. $1.50.

The theme used here is a daring one. A wealthy widow, young, of ideal refinement and beauty, returns from Europe, where she had lost her husband. She becomes at once a bright particular star in New York's upper social circle. Here she meets her man of destiny. He is regarded as somewhat blasé, non-marrying, entirely master of himself, and tacitly glorying in his extreme indifference to woman. Despite all this he is soon startled into a discovery of this woman's power over him. She eludes, he pursues. There is much social fencing, character play, and the cut and thrust of clever conversation. She keeps him off, and anon embarks again for Europe. Dejected, half heartbroken, she catches another unexpected glimpse of him on the steamer's deck as it is about to sail, and, moved by desperate, headlong impulse, confesses to him the horror of her married life and the secret that drives her from him—she has killed her husband, and never been suspected! Then and there comes mutual reconciliation. The author evidently knows the life she talks of, and maintains an air of verisimilitude throughout.

Commercial Trusts: The Growth and Rights of Aggregated Capital. By John R. Dos Passos. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 137 pages. $1.

A plea for trusts, by an author who begins by confusing them with great corporations. As a matter of fact, there has never been any serious public sentiment against great corporations which have attained their greatness by giving better service than their competitors. The sentiment against trusts is distinctively against corporations of whatever size which have sought to attain greatness by the combination of competitors so as to get rid of the need of bettering service to hold trade. The old Carnegie Company was not a trust despite its greatness, because it had attained its greatness by intensifying competition. The old Cordage Company was a trust despite its weakness, because it had attained its position by checking competition. The distinguishing feature of the trust is not its size but its method, and the distinguishing method of the trust—whether for good or evil—is the substitution of combination for competition. It need hardly be added that a book which fails so completely in its definition of trusts fails equally to meet the real objections urged against them.

Dictionary of Architecture and Building (A): Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., and many Architects, Painters, Engineers, and other Expert Writers, American and Foreign. In 3 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. Illustrated. Vol. III. O—Z. 7½×10½ in. 606 pages. Sold by subscription only. Per set, $18.

The third and last volume of this admirable dictionary emphasizes anew the capital plan of its construction, to which The Outlook has already called attention.

Dominion and Power: Studies in Spiritual Science. By Charles Brodie Patterson. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. 5×8½ in. 217 pages. $1.

Earlier Renaissance (The). By George Saintsbury, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 423 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Elements of Architecture (The): A Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems. With Characters of Sundry Personages and Other Incomparable Pieces of Language and Art. By Sir Henry Wotton, Kt. The F. A. Bassette Co., Springfield, Mass. 5×8½ in. 307 pages.

A reprint in facsimile of a rare work which came from "the curious Pensil of the Ever Memorable Sir Henry Wotton Kt," in 1624, and has been commonly called the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.

Face of Jesus (The). By J. F. Taintor. Illustrated. The Beard Art and Stationery Co., Minneapolis. 5×7 in. 29 pages.

Fireside Chimes in New-Thought Rhymes. By Martha J. Foster. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. 5×6½ in. 65 pages.

Forest Trees and Forest Scenery. By G. Frederick Schwarz. Illustrated. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 183 pages.

This conveniently sized, well printed, and beautifully bound book is a real contribution to popular knowledge concerning trees. It may be doubted whether the æsthetic value of our commonest forest trees has been fully appreciated even by those who account themselves forest-lovers. A stimulation of any such appreciation on their part must follow a reading of these chapters. Leaving the æsthetic for the utilitarian, we find that the book is, in this latter respect, no less valuable, since it sets forth the necessity for forestry in impressive language; yet work in the field of forestry is after all artistic, if it replace present methods of cutting over timber lands and then abandoning them.

Fors Clavigera: Letters to the Workmen and Laborers of Great Britain. By John Ruskin, LL.D. (Fourth Thousand.) George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, England. 6×10 in. 26 pages. Paper bound. 20c., net.

From Death to Life. By Harry Marschner. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 392 pages.

Greek Art. By T. W. Heermance, Ph.D. Illustrated. A. W. Elson & Co., Boston. 4×6¾ in. 25 pages.

The little primers of history begun by the late Edward A. Freeman have done much to interest the ordinary reader in that department of literature, and the present volume might well be the beginning of a series of primers on art, sure of equal success. No publication of the kind may be more heartily commended to the tyro than this, originally planned as an introduction to a series of illustrations of Greek sculpture. In its present form—a model of size, paper, print, and binding—it must appeal to a far larger class of readers. We wish that this or some other excellent summarizer would do for mediæval and Renaissance art what has now been done for Greek art. The world at large would be the gainer.

Henry Drummond. By James Y. Simpson. (Famous Scots Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×7½ in. 164 pages. 75c.

As a detailed account of Drummond's life, we already have Professor George Adam Smith's biography. For the general reader, however, this biography, like Professor Allen's "Phillips Brooks," is rather too long. The present volume, therefore, fills a need. It is needed even by readers of Professor Smith's book, for the new biography (a quarter as large as the other) includes some interesting letters now printed for the first time. In them we see anew a wonderfully attractive and magnetic personality, one who always had a sense of humor. We read, "A reporter of 'The ——' asked me if I would mind very much his not mentioning me among the Northfield speakers, as, in the eyes of its readers, it would compromise Moody, the paper, and Northfield. Of course I implored him not to defile his pages." The description of Drummond's closing days reminds one of Stevenson's brave gayety: "His hair whitened with the pain. The attempt only slightly to turn his head bathed his brow in perspiration: he could not endure the gentlest pressure of a friendly hand. . . . It might have been supposed that it was he who wanted comfort, and yet he devoted an hour at a time in trying to brace up a broken-down journalist. He collected stores of anecdotes and jests from his friends, retailing them with his old aptitude. He took a lively interest in politics and literature, and at the time of the Cretan troubles remarked that he wished he 'could have a shove-in with a catapult.'" The biographer truly sums up Drummond's work in the remark that he was no mere biologist invading the world of religion; he was a poet who invaded and captured the world of science. He stood back and regarded science as a whole. He did much to stimulate popular interest in scientific subjects; and it was largely because he had done so much in this material direction that, when he tried to interest men in spiritual things, he met with such success. No one, on either side of the Atlantic, could have ever been brought into contact with this Scot and gone away unrefreshed. His lithe, military figure, his eagle eye, his simple, spontaneous manner, remain in the memory, the physical incorporation of a lofty spirit, whose work will never be done, but must go on in wider and wider waves, purifying and energizing mankind for all time.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By George Rice Carpenter. (Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 3½×5¼ in. 150 pages. 75c., net.

An admirable brief biography from a trained writer who knows American literature at first hand, and is entirely familiar with Longfellow and with his period. The story is told with freshness, and, although very condensed, has movement and color.

Her Father's Legacy. By Helen Sherman Griffith. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. (Brentano's, New York.) 5×7½ in. 345 pages.

Her First Appearance. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 53 pages.

Idol of Bronze (An). By Louise Palmer Heaven. The Grafton Press, New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 244 pages.

In Memoriam. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 146 pages. $1.20, net.

The first issue in the Caxton Series, which is to consist of illustrated reprints of famous classics. Among the issues of the near future are Irving's "Sketch Book," Herrick's "Hesperides," and "Pilgrim's Progress." These little volumes are extremely well made, bound in leather, printed from a very large type, widely spaced, so as to give the impression of an open page, lying easily open in the hand, with an artistic title-page; and, in the present volume, a series of highly imaginative illustrations by Alfred Garth Jones.

In the Crucible. By Laura M. Dake. Illustrated. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. 6×9 in. 142 pages. $1.

In Time with the Stars: Stories for Children. By Thomas K. Beecher. Hosmer H. Billings, Elmira, N. Y. 5×7 in. 165 pages. 75c.

One of these parables has appeared in The Outlook. Mr. Beecher had the rare faculty of infusing moral teaching into a tale or apologue without spoiling the narrative. An original vein and an art of putting things give these stories pith and force. Parents and teachers will find, we think, that children will enjoy them.

Jingle Book of Birds (The). By Edward B. Clark. Illustrated. A. W. Mumford, Chicago. 8×10½ in. 36 pages. 60c.

Lester's Luck. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 362 pages.

Letters on Life. By Claudius Clear. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 277 pages. $1.75, net.

The editor of "The British Weekly" could not write a dull book, and it may be doubted if he could make one more entertaining than this. Its wide range of topics is indicated by such as "Firing Out the Fools," "R. S. V. P.," "The Man in the Street," and "Growing Old." These short papers, many of which have appeared in the periodical prints, show the hand of one who knows the world widely enough, and has communed with hearts deeply enough, both to think wisely and to speak with vigor and with grace to the point of very varied situations and experiences.

Liars (The): An Original Comedy in Four Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 120 pages. 75c.

Life and Work of the Redeemer (The). By Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Rev. W. Alexander, D.D., Rev. Professor Marcus Dods, D.D., Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Rev. F. B. Meyers, B.A., Rev. W. Lefroy, D.D., Rev. W. Croswell Doane, D.D., Rev. James Stalker, D.D., Rev. Principal A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Rev. Alexander McLaren, D.D. Illustrated. Cassell & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 340 pages.

Twelve eminent clergymen have contributed this series of articles on the main features of the character, the ministry, and the experience of Christ. They are expository, practical, devotional. The list of writers includes Dr. Abbott and Bishop Doane, Principal Fairbairn, Drs. Stalker and Dods, with the Bishops of Ripon and Durham, and other distinguished Anglicans.

Loiterings in Old Fields. By James B. Kenyon. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7 in. 250 pages. $1.

Measures of Nine Hundred Double and Multiple Stars made with the Eighteen-Inch Refractor of the Flower Astronomical Obversatory. By Eric Doolittle. (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Astronomical Series. Vol. I., Part III.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 9½×12¼ in. 146 pages.

Mr. **Munchausen: An Account of Some of his Recent Adventures.** By John Kendrick Bangs. Noyes, Platt & Co., Boston. Illustrated. 5×7½ in. 180 pages. $1.50.

A modern continuation of the famous Munchausen stories, with elements of exaggeration drawn from recent inventions and from contemporary conditions.

New Catechism (A). By M. M. Mangasarian. The Independent Religious Society of Chicago, Ill. 4¼×7 in. 188 pages.

This is altogether and strictly "new." It is atheistic: "a subjective God is all we can have any relations with;" that is, there is no God other than the idea of God that may exist in any mind. Likewise, of course, there is no immortality: our thoughts and affections "perish at death" like the particles of the body. The author has not been careful to keep out of bald literary falsehood. Quoting from the Westminster Confession, with the American edition before him, as his foot-note shows, he thus proves that it recommends "physical force against heresy:" "Article IV., Chapter XX., reads: They (heretics) may lawfully be called to account and proceeded against by *the power of the civil magistrate*." For the italicized words the American edition substitutes "by the censures of the church."

Our Accursed Spelling: What to Do with It. The Answer of Max Mueller, LL.D., William D. Whitney, LL.D., L.H.D., S. S. Haldeman, LL.D., L.H.D., Francis L. March, LL.D., L.H.D., William T. Harris, LL.D., Hon. Joseph Medill, T. R. Lounsbury, LL.D. Edited and Published by E. O. Vaile, Oak Park, Chicago, Ill. 5×6½ in. 142 pages. Paper cover, 25c.

Scotland: Historic and Romantic. By Maria Horner Lansdale. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in.

This work occupies an intermediate place between the learned histories and the mere book of travel. Its chapters are of the nature of sketches rather than treatises, and the narrative style is easy and pleasant. In its scope it covers the history of Scotland from the War of Independence in which Wallace and Bruce figured, but there are references going back to the time of the semi-legendary Macbeth and Duncan of the play. The method is topographical—that is, the country is taken up county by county, and the stories, personalities, and incidents connected with the history of each are woven into a narrative complete by itself. Anecdote, tradition, and legend are freely employed. There are some forty acceptable pictures.

Short History of England for School Use (A). By Katharine Coman, Ph.B., and Elizabeth Kendall, M.A. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 429 pages. 90c.

This is certainly a well-planned and well-wrought compendium. It is sufficiently personal and ancedotical to avoid the dryness of a skeleton narrative of events, and, as in the larger history by the same authors, the life of the people and the social development receive adequate treatment both in the text and the illustrations. The judicious condensation that has been effected gives, for instance, but ten lines to the last war with this country, but a page to its causes.

Stories from English History: From B.C. 55 to A.D. 1901. Edited and Adapted by Henry P. Warren, L.H.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 482 pages.

This little book comes as near being the ideal thing for boys' and girls' use as could well be devised. It is equally well adapted as a text-book for young pupils or as a story-book for home use. No effort is made to crowd in multitudinous details, or supply all the dates required for the filling in of a continuous history. The more salient and important incidents are selected, together with the chief acts and characteristics of the men who have made English history and left behind them enduring landmarks. With this definite object kept well in hand, interest is sustained and tediousness avoided.

Tower of London (The). By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½×9¼ in. 231 pages. $6.50.

In many ways Lord Ronald Gower's history of London's most famous relic of the past is well fitted to replace Dixon's familiar book which has held its own for many years and continues to find purchasers despite its old-fashioned style and occasional tawdry sentiment. Lord Ronald writes in sober historical vein after minute study of the authorities. The form of his book is nearly square, it is handsome in typography, and the full-page reproduced photographs furnish suitable illustration. On the completion of the work we shall review it as a whole.

William Hamilton Gibson: Artist-Naturalist-Author. By John Coleman Adams. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 275 pages. $2.

It has been said that Mr. Gibson was primarily a naturalist rather than an artist; that he saw nature too close at hand to be a great painter. Yet we think that Mr. Adams is right in putting the word artist first in the triple characterization of the man in his title. For Mr Gibson was a great deal more than a scientific student of plants and animals; he was a naturalist in the sense of a nature-lover. He saw beauty as clearly as he saw adaptation of means to ends and microscopic wonders. Moreover, his skill in depicting this beauty had so much of grace, delicacy, and essential charm that his pictures, unpretentious though they were, still were of art in a true and high sense. The choice of Mr. Adams to write this biography was a capital one, for he has shown in his "Nature Studies in Berkshire" just the needed sympathy with Mr. Gibson's pursuits and tastes. Letters written by the subject of the memoir are included in large numbers, and bring out well his cheerful temperament, his intense interest in work and play, and the many things which made him, apart from his work, a man of singular charm.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Will you tell us briefly what Theosophy is? How does it affect one's belief in Revelation? Can one be a true Christian and a believer in that fad? Is it a heathen religion in its origin? Need one be anxious about a once devout friend who has embraced it? S. C. D. P.

Theosophy makes little of the historical element which is a marked feature of theology; it is almost wholly a speculative religious philosophy, recognizing the human consciousness alone as the source of revelation. It is found among many nations, and antedates Christianity. For a definite account of theosophy consult the cyclopædias or Wright's "Principles of Modern Theosophy" (Theosophical Society, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York). Its chief distinctive doctrine is that of successive rebirths—reincarnation. Theosophy does not appear to us philosophically consistent with a rational psychology or a rational theology, and therefore not philosophically consistent with the intellectual postulates which are involved in Christianity as a system of doctrine. But a theosophist may be a sincere and devout follower of Christ. So long as your friend endeavors to follow Christ in spirit and conduct you need not be anxious about his opinions.

1. Please give the meaning of the "sin unto death" spoken of in 1 John v., 16. 2. Name some of the best books on ethics. J.

1. It is indefinable in precise terms, though a specific name is given to it in Matthew xii., 31. It probably refers to sin as a habit rather than a single act, and to an irreparable result in the paralysis of the will and the extinction of the moral faculty. 2. Muirhead's "Elements of Ethics," Thilly's "Introduction to Ethics" (Scribners), and Bowne's "Principles of Ethics" (Harpers) are comparatively brief and very good. Larger works are Sidgwick's "Method of Ethics"—closely critical—Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory"—two volumes, historical and critical—and Wundt's three volumes, "Facts of the Moral Life," "Ethical Systems," and "Principles of Morality" (Macmillan). The evolutionary school is represented by Leslie Stephen's works, Herbert Spencer in his "Data of Ethics," and Samuel Alexander's "Moral Order and Progress," the best of all, though hard reading (Isbister, London). The "History of Ethics" is a small but excellent work by Sidgwick.

1. Please give me a list of choice works on Egyptian religions. 2. Where can I secure translations into English of the various sacred books of the East? 3. Also translations of the Eddas and of the sacred writings of the Druids. 4. Please furnish a table showing the chronological order of the books of the Old Testament as to the contents, according to the latest scholarship; also a list showing the order as to date of composition according to the latest scholarship. E. B. T.

1. Renouf's Hibbert Lectures (Scribners, New York, $3.50), Tiele's "History of Egyptian Religion" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $3). 2. Of the Macmillan Company, New York. 3. The Edda Sacmunder, Mullet's translation in verse, is in the Bohn Library (Macmillan, $1.50); the Edda Snovoi Sturlusonar—"the Younger Edda"—Anderson's translation in prose, is published in Chicago ($2). There are no extant writings of the Druids. 4. This requires more space than this column can afford. See it in Appendix B to Bennett's "Primer of the Bible" (H. Holt & Co., New York, $1.25).

Please name a good book to give a young medical student who thinks little of religion. B.

A volume of brief but extremely well written popular essays, "Studies of the Soul," noticed in our book columns November 30. (T. Whittaker, New York. $1.25.)

Correspondence

Miss Stone's Captivity

The writer from whose letter to one of the editors of The Outlook the following extract is taken has been for many years a resident in the Turkish Empire, and is qualified to speak from a knowledge that few outside of diplomatic circles possess. It is especially gratifying to be assured by so competent an authority that our Consul-General, Mr. Dickinson, does not deserve the adverse criticism which he has incurred in the case of Miss Stone. The unfriendly activity attributed to Russia in the affair is, of course, not now demonstrable. But the view taken by the letter-writer tallies with facts already established. It is believed by many that it was Russian influence that prompted the restrictions which the Turkish Government years ago began to lay upon the work of American missionaries, and that it was also Russian influence which urged on the small revolutionist party among the Armenians, whose proceedings gave the Sultan a pretext for the massacres in which the missionary churches suffered so greatly.

There are some lessons that ought to be learned from the case of Miss Stone for future use. Before the end of September, evidence gathered by the Bulgarian missionaries identified the "brigands" with the Macedonian-Bulgarian Revolutionary Committee, although, of course, this has been denied by those interested to veil the truth. Very early in October the business of finding some way to release the captives without paying a huge sum in ransom was taken out of the hands of missionaries, either here or in Bulgaria, by the intervention of newspaper "enterprise" and a public subscription in America, and by official action at Washington. Mr. Dickinson, our Consul-General here, was sent to Sofia, October 9, and remained until November 23. It became evident before he went that the high officers of the Bulgarian Government feared the revolutionist committee more than the men of that committee—one of whom at least is known to be in an influential position in America—feared the Bulgarian Government. It is asserted and denied that the captives and their guards are on Bulgarian territory. We believe they are, since shortly after the capture. Gradually the concealed "hand of Joab" has emerged into evidence. It is certain that Russia strongly desires two things: first, paramount influence and virtual control in all the Balkan States; second, the elimination of American missionary influence wherever Russian influence is dominant. In the light of these two facts you are asked to say *what* influence has foiled all effort to bring the Bulgarian Government to aid at all the release of the captives. Here is what the Russian Consul-General at Sofia said to Mr. Dickinson (his wife is an American lady, well known in Washington): "What you have to do is to find and pay over the twenty-five thousand pounds, and let those fools—the American missionaries—see that they are not wanted in Bulgaria." Had the case been one of ordinary brigandage, it would have been settled long ago by the payment of a small sum as a *solatium*, provided the public had not meddled, and if the business had been left to local intelligence; but the affair has been and was doubtless intended to be one of international importance and involving international complications. Even at this writing the end is no nearer in sight than two months ago. There are two consolations for us all: first, we have reason to believe that the ladies are still alive and well; second, we know that the Lord is mindful of his own. Documents that I have just read lead me to think you will very probably have published facts, now or soon to be public property, showing the strongly hostile position of the Russian representative in Sofia, and exonerating Mr. Dickinson from the charges made by Mr. Curtiss.

December 9, 1901.

Association Work in Pittsburg

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Pittsburg is a city of great possibilities and of great philanthropies. Its ever-growing population, much of which is induced by its many industries and business opportunities, make it a city where all classes of associations that disseminate the "gospel of help" can and do flourish. A few weeks ago the Young Women's Christian Association celebrated its tenth anniversary.

Nearly all great organizations are the result of the concentrated thought of one person, and this was no exception. A quiet school-teacher used, every morning, to meet large numbers of young women hurrying to their work, and she learned that they had needs which had never been met by any association. She pondered over this until she called a number of women together to tell them of her plan and thought. The result of this meeting is the splendid Young Women's Christian Association.

At the annual meeting Miss Lily M. Strong, the State Secretary of Pennsylvania, made a fine address. She pointed out how the Association, as a whole, meets the needs of all young women—for those who have much to give as well as those who have many needs; that the Association does use its opportunity of exalting and supplementing the life of the home; that it is important as a strictly and definitely preventive work; that it is being recognized as a large factor in the general modern movement toward improvement in industrial and social conditions among women.

The Association in Pittsburg occupies a downtown house, at 120 Fifth Street, which a few years ago was a private residence. In the building, all too cramped, is carried on all the class work, in a most practical manner. The work is divided into departments with Directors at the head, all of whom are graduates of the best training-schools in this country; thus, with work so well championed, is it any wonder that we find an enrollment last year of 1,024 pupils? More women are studying each week here than are enrolled in any one of our women's colleges, save one.

There is a well-equipped department of Domestic Science, with 260 pupils; a department of Domestic Art, with 205; a gymnasium, with 248; educational classes, with 201 pupils. In this latter department we find pupils studying French, German, bookkeeping, stenography, music, both vocal and instrumental, and the mandolin; many who are struggling with the simplest elements of the "three Rs," as well as others who are even being taught to read. Each year new features are being added, and this year it is attendant nursing. Large classes in Bible study, under a definitely trained secretary, are conducted at the building, as well as in different parts of the city.

Added to this work at the central building is a South Side branch which is operated on the lines of Gospel settlement work.

One department of the work which has strongly appealed to many is that known as the extension work. This means the holding of five non-religious meetings in as many factories, the establishing of cooking and sewing classes in industrial centers, the organizing of clubs, all looking toward improvement in personal knowledge and conditions. Men are learning that improved conditions produce better work. In this industrial work about one thousand young women are met each week who are not included in the two thousand membership. It is the aim of the Association to teach woman the womanly things which shall make her of more value to herself and the race.

Pittsburg, Pa. F. M. B.

A Question of Translation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wonder whether Mr. Edwin Keen, who translated the Persian epigram in the last number of The Outlook, ever saw Sir William Jones's translation of it, which my father used to think was one of the really fine bits of verse in the English language. I have not thought of it for years, but reading the lines in The Outlook last week brought it back to me. You may perhaps care to reproduce it, or you may not care, and you will not feel bound to take any notice of this unless you like to.

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
  Weeping, thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled.
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
  Calm, thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

The date was somewhere between 1746 and 1794. W. C. Doane.

Albany, N. Y.

[We have received a large number of letters similar in tenor to the above, which we are very glad to publish, from Bishop Doane, of Albany. We were of course familiar with Sir William Jones's widely known quatrain, which may be found in various anthologies and books of quotation; but the version by Mr. Keen, who is an Englishman living in London, seemed to us to possess enough interest to warrant its publication.—The Editors.]

Not Quite New

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The innovation in school work mentioned a few weeks ago in The Outlook was in successful operation in Grammar School No. 76 about a dozen years ago, and later in this school when the organization of No. 76 was transferred to this building. The plan has been many times explained in educational papers, particularly in "The Journal of Education." It seems to be quite natural to discover Brooklyn school ideas after a decade or so when they appear in the East or the West.

Brooklyn, N. Y. F. B. S.

"The Negro: A Business Proposition"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have had inquiries from all parts of the country about my article, "The Negro: A Business Proposition," in The Outlook for November 30. If agreeable to you, I will cover the ground as nearly as I can in a short letter through your columns.

I do not belittle intelligent efforts of philanthropists in behalf of the negro. I think Hampton, Tuskegee, and some other institutions are doing a great deal of good. But philanthropy is necessarily by the few, for the few. Take Tuskegee, for example. People all over the country, North and South, are practically in accord as to the merit of the work there, and still the Principal is in a constant struggle for necessary funds. If Professor Washington should die before the school is properly endowed, the school would probably collapse. If the philanthropists cannot see their way clear to give decent support to this institution—about which there is no question as to merit—for twelve hundred students, with due allowance for indirect influence, what hope is there of reaching through philanthropy the nine million negroes in the country?

Greed has the elements of universality, perseverance, and get-there, and is backed by the shrewdest intelligence in the country. A low motive? Yes. But it surpasses sentimentality and academic discussion in getting things done. Convince the business men that there's money in giving the negro a better chance in life than he is getting, and the business men will not stop until that chance has been offered to every negro in the land. There will be no lack, either, of careful demonstration to the negro as to just where the benefit to him comes in.

The business men will also check that unfortunate tendency of the politicians to play to the gallery on the negro question.

As to ballot-box corruption in the South. The best men of the South would defend the sanctity of a virtuous ballot-box as they would the honor of a virtuous woman. But if, in spite of all that they could do, the woman should fall among strangers and become a prostitute, they would not consider the defense of her honor a very inspiring cause. It should be remembered that these troubles grew out of unwise National legislation before the smoke of the Civil War had cleared away. State legislation to correct the errors is open to criticism, but legislation is usually a compromise between good men and bad men, and this State legislation framed by men on the ground and familiar with conditions is more likely to get good results than if framed by statesmen from Massachusetts who go to Washington and pass laws relating to the negro, and then go to their quiet homes where all the people are white. The Northern critic should not overlook the fact that the white man North dominates no less than does the white man South. The white race is the *dominant* race. And are you quite sure that the difference in methods in Illinois and in Mississippi is not due chiefly to the fact that negroes constitute less than two per cent. of the population of Illinois, and more than fifty-eight per cent. of the population of Mississippi?

About investments. The small investor alone cannot afford to employ the right kind of management to settle lands in the South with negroes. If he takes stock in a large land company, he is not in position to know the inside workings, and is likely to be swindled. The best chance for the small investor is a partnership, or syndicate, or corporation of his own friends and neighbors, large enough to employ a capable manager, but still small enough for all interested to know what is going on and to have a voice in the management. I have suggested this before, and something has already been done in some of the smaller towns.

Such an association should buy not less than three thousand nor more than ten thousand acres of land.

JOHN M. F. ERWIN.

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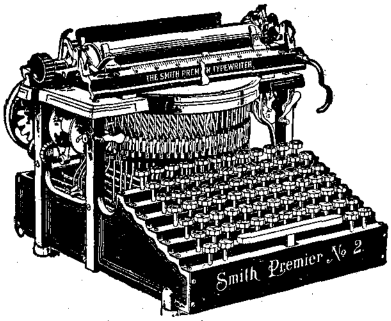

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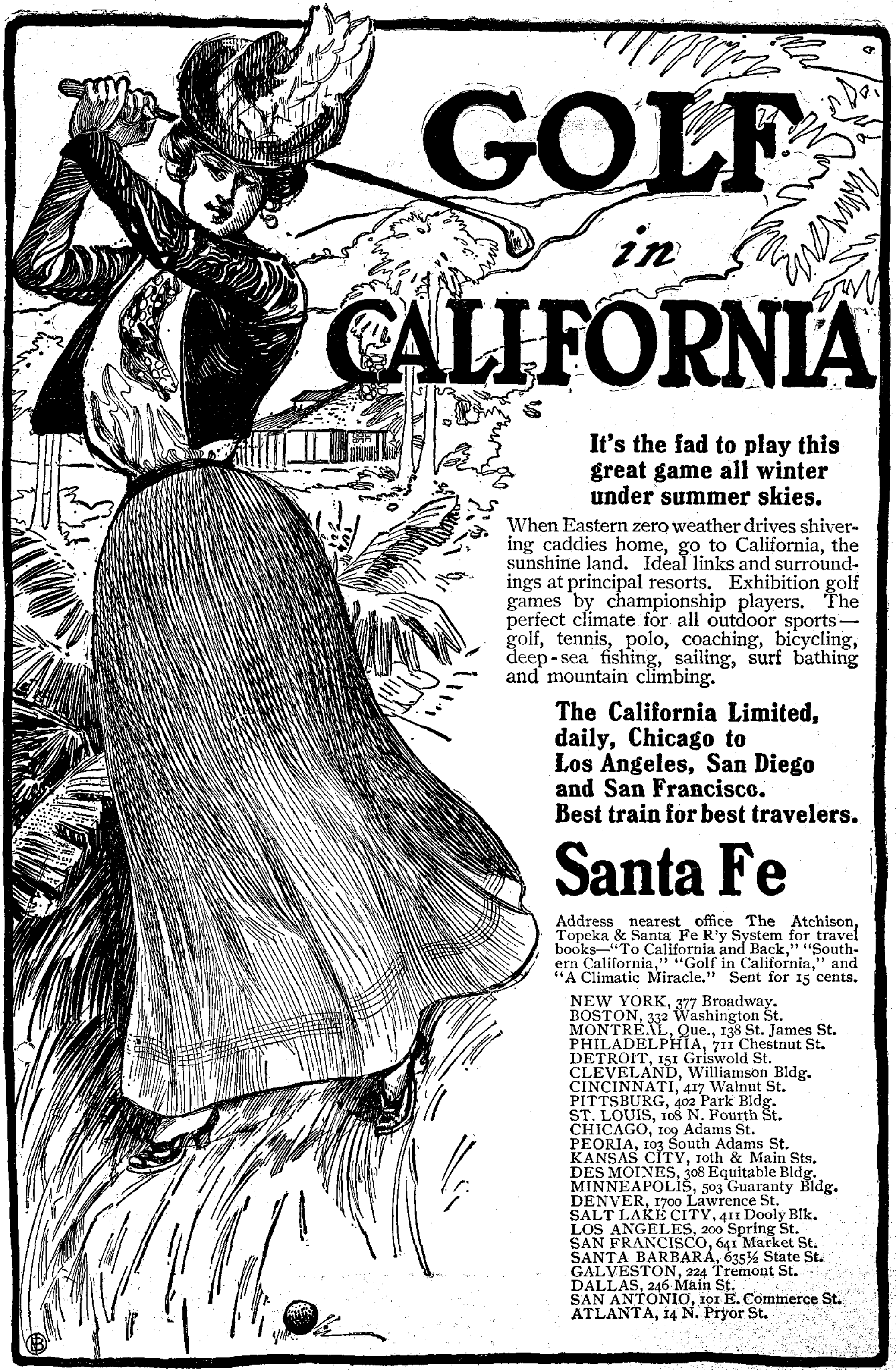

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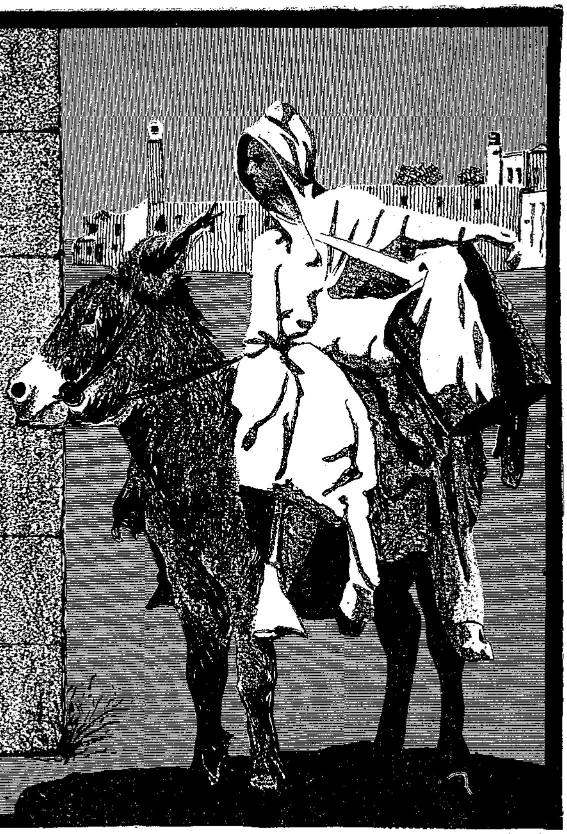

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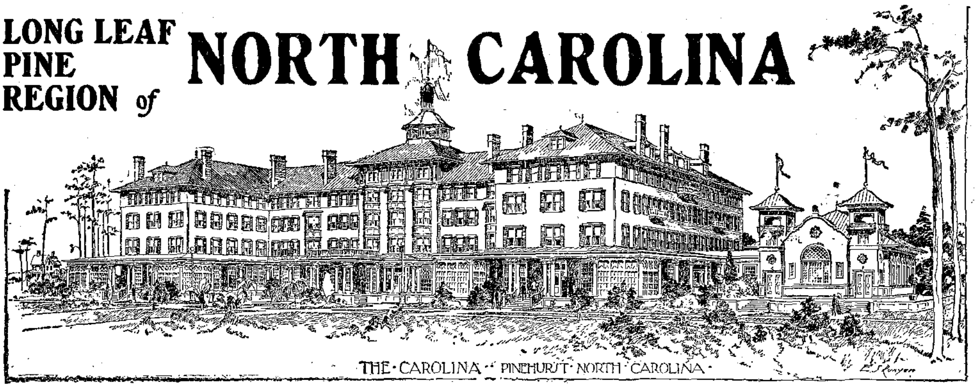

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